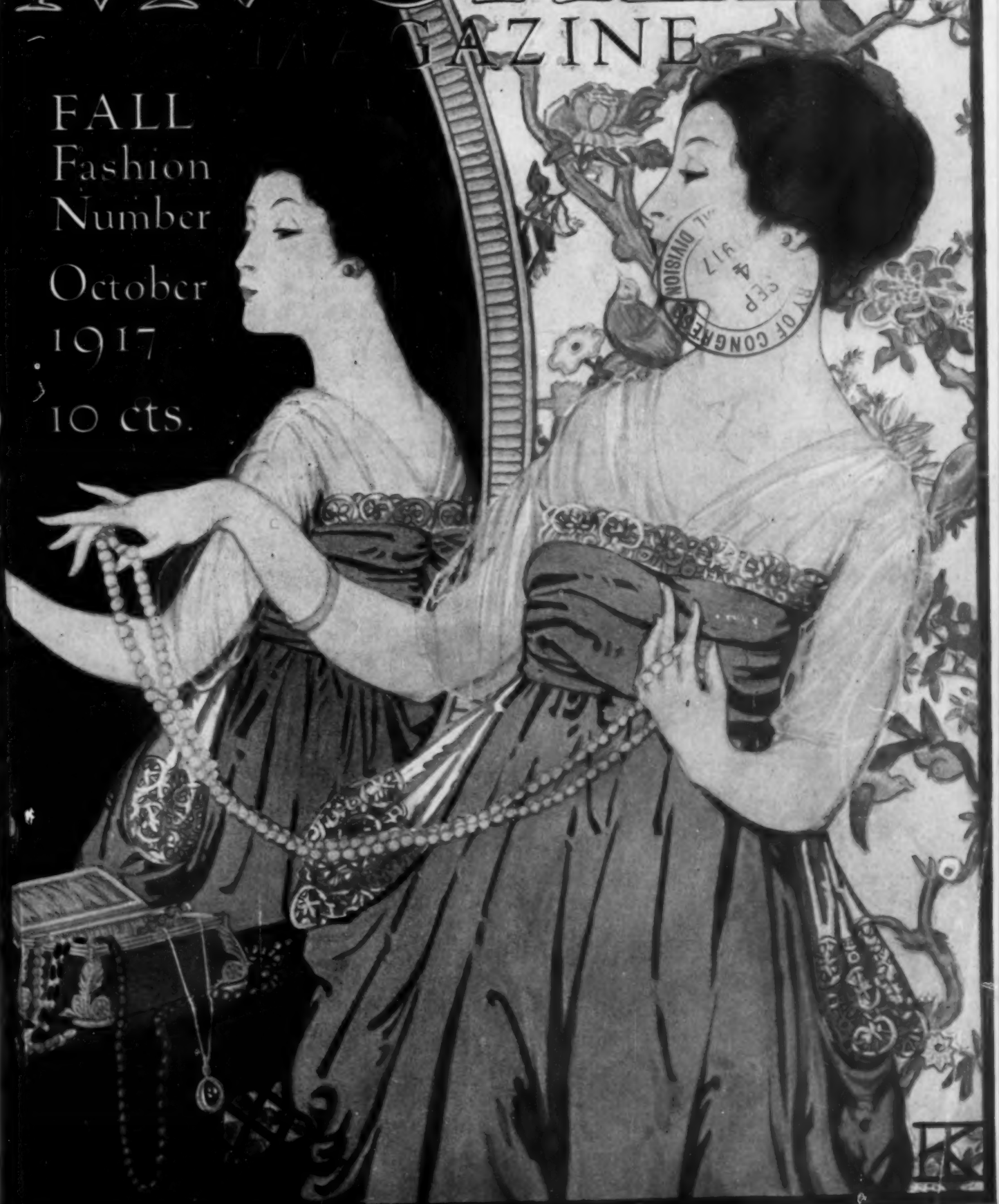


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FALL
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OCTOBER McCALL'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XLV No. 2

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IMPORTANT

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SPECIAL OFFER

To McCall Readers

See Page 97

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"MR. AND MISS GRUNDY"

NEW SERIAL

By Nalbro Bartley

NOVEMBER McCALL'S

IT takes only one girl and three other people to cement this unique romance—a new kind of serial for McCall's. "One can either break one's heart or one's life in a crisis," says the charming young mother of Laurie, the irrepressible, who refuses to go fatherless or husbandless so long as she holds the reins of Fate in her own hands. But of this more later, for here we are giving you not a synopsis but rather a forewarning that you may be on the lookout for the events that are shaping themselves in your first instalment coming next month. A stirring story by a big author whose name, familiar to every magazine reader, stands for itself as a symbol of good fiction.

The Junior Reserves

It would be spoiling a good surprise to tell you about them before the November number, but I warn you that all of you will want to read about them and that every girl under sixteen will want to join.

The Boycott By Anne Bunner

This is the interesting story of a group of women who band themselves together to break down the power a certain man has over all of them. Unusual in its theme and well worth reading.

The Shadow of Youth By Mary Heaton Vorse

Youth and love and the joy of life!—age is apt to forget that these three are boon companions. Read this vivid story, with just such a situation, by Mrs. Vorse in the November McCall's. Mrs. Vorse's work you already know. Her name stands high among American short-story writers.

Countess Sophie Panine By Princess Radziwill The Keys of Heaven By Mary Eleanor Roberts

The true and exciting story of Russia's new Minister of Public Welfare—a woman. We have secured it for the November McCall's. Don't miss it.

When earnest young ministers fall in love, the path they must travel is apt to grow brambles. An engaging story! Read it in the November McCall's.

In addition to all this, the November McCall's stands out with a large number of unusually attractive designs for fall and winter clothes, and with half a hundred pages of practical problems met and solved.

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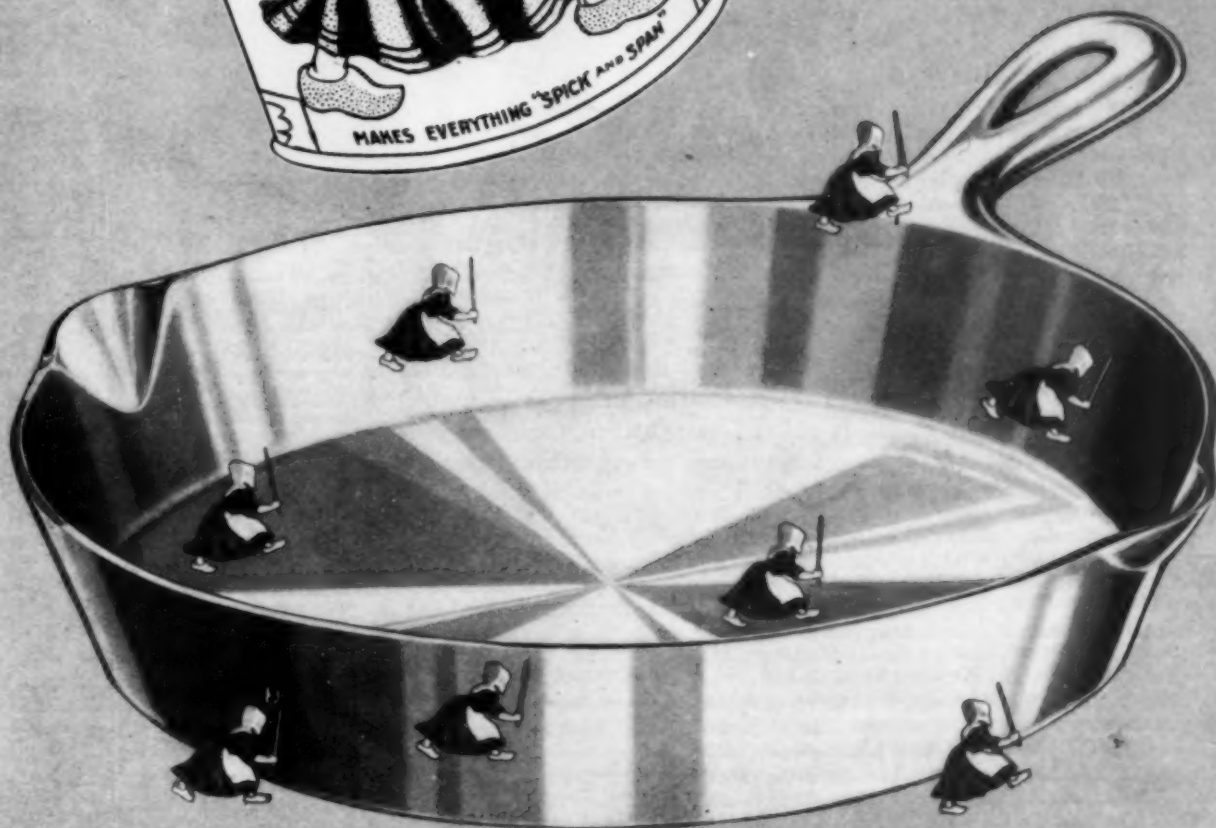




ILLUSTRATION BY CHESTER R. SMITH

FOR lace curtains to look fresh and unworn in spite of repeated washings, something more is required than careful handling in the laundry and on the drying frame. The really important factor is the soap. If ordinary soap is used, they soon will show signs of wear. The delicate threads simply cannot withstand the destructive action of the free alkali and other harsh ingredients.

On the other hand, if they are washed with Ivory Soap, only common sense handling is needed to eliminate all risk of injury. Ivory Soap being free from uncombined alkali and all harmful materials, does not affect the strength and life of the finest threads. It does nothing but cleanse, and in the gentlest way imaginable.

To Wash Lace Curtains

SHAKE and brush to remove the dust and soak in soapy water over night. Work the curtains gently up and down in the water and squeeze them between the hands to get the dirt out. Put them into clean warm suds and keep changing the water until the curtains are clean. Never wring curtains by hand; lay them on a strip of cloth and put carefully through the wringer. Rinse well in several waters, and put through hot, moderately thick starch. If the curtains are white, the starch should be blue; if cream color, strong coffee should be added to it. Pin each point carefully to the drying frame and set in the air to dry. Two or three curtains may be dried at the same time on one frame. If you have no frame, lay clean sheets over the floor of an unused room, stretch the curtains into shape, square and true, and pin each point so that it will not slip. If points are out of shape when dry, they may be dampened with a cloth and ironed.

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IT FLOATS

OCTOBER

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

1917

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

By the EDITOR

Juvenile Crime



O you know what the war is doing to children, not to the children in the path of the advancing armies, but to the children at home, back in the cities from which the army has been drawn? To your children! The sweeping social changes that the war will bring about and has brought about are very largely lost sight of in the more dramatic events of the battlefield. Juvenile crime has doubled in both France and Germany, according to the published statistics, and the brutality of a great proportion of the crimes has been appalling. Now the war has come to America, to our children, and it is the women who must shield them from the fate overtaking those across the ocean.

In France and Germany, there are two contributing causes: the fathers have gone to war so that only one parent is left to do the disciplining; and incomes have ceased and prices gone up so that mothers have to go to work and leave the children to their own devices for the major portion of the day. The first cause has not as yet struck us so heavily, although there are many, many thousands of fathers in the State militias, but the second is already upon us.

Perhaps you are thinking your own little ones are as safe as ever, but that is a fallacy. Every juvenile delinquent in your community increases the danger to your own child. Delinquency respects no fences. Now, while we still have the breath, is the time to increase the agencies in every community for juvenile control. In a great war, where the nation has to act as one, your neighbor's child is your responsibility equally with your own.

That Small Quarter

WE all of us learn in the course of the years that everything we do or get has a price that must be paid, but that a nation works under the same laws few stop to consider. Down in Washington the other day, I heard a woman talking to one of the Food Administration officials.

"But what real difference can it make to the government if last year I spent twenty-five cents a week for ice-cream sodas and this year I don't?" she declared vehemently. "And," she added laughingly, "I think it's decidedly impertinent of the government to inquire into the matter." Perhaps the connection between that small weekly quarter and the needs of the United States government seems rather remote, but it is there, nevertheless.

We are at present engaged in entertaining that most costly of all luxuries, a great war, and the nation can only pay for it in two ways: by increasing the production of commodities that some other nation wants and will pay for, and by conserving the money that in ordinary times is paid out for things that are not necessary to our well-being—in other words, that small weekly quarter. Of course, if the quarter went into the family stocking it would only have accomplished a small part of its work, but supposing, as is more likely, it went on its way to a Liberty Bond or a Red Cross fund, or into the capital of an industry vital to the nation's needs,

then the war would be in a fair way to be paid for.

Once we look over the national account-book and realize that our present enterprise is not only unproductive from a material standpoint, but also demands a large daily income, then it is easily apparent why the government must have that quarter.

THE DAILY REMINDER

1. Eliminate food waste.
2. Save your money for the next Liberty Loan.
3. Knit for the Red Cross and the Navy League.
4. Keep your magazines and books to send to the nearest training camp.
5. Make it your personal responsibility to see that none of the families of the enlisted men in your community suffers.
6. Find out the men who are going to the front from your town and if they have no family to write them, appoint yourself as the family.
7. Watch legislation in your state to be sure that none of the labor laws protecting women and children is suspended on the excuse of abnormal war conditions.

YOUR SHARE

The task before the women of the country—A statement by Florence M. Marshall, the newly created head of the woman's bureau of the Red Cross

WHEN the United States entered the war on April sixth and pledged her men to stand with the Allies for the freedom of the world, the women of the country were equally pledged for the same cause. For every man that joins the Army or Navy there are mothers, sisters, daughters, and wives behind, anxious for his welfare; so that same April day held a task under the Red Cross for every woman's hand. For while the Army and Navy perform their military duties abroad, the United States government has recognized the American Red Cross as its only official agent for military relief.

Out of the many tasks the Red Cross has to do, two—nursing and sewing—definitely call for women. No day passes at the National Headquarters of the Red Cross, down behind the State, War and Navy Building, without its cabled appeals from Europe to the Red Cross War Council. They come from France, from the refugees of Rumania. Others ask for Russian ambulances, or tell the needs of Belgian hospitals where are the soldiers of King Albert, or ask aid for the wives and children hidden from them for three years by the mighty barriers of war. There are those also with a still more touching appeal for women—the cables that tell of the hundreds of homeless French children whose great foster mother America must be.

TO meet these constant and appalling calls for aid, the Woman's Bureau of the Red Cross was formed. Its special task is to stimulate women, both in and out of Red Cross chapters, for the kind of non-professional war work they can do most quickly, and with the minimum of special training. Equally important is the providing of facilities under the Red Cross by which thousands of offers to help from countrysides where Red Cross chapters have not yet been formed, might be promptly



FLORENCE M. MARSHALL

utilized and turned into service.

A committee of prominent women, chosen from cities where chapters had been doing distinguished relief work ever since the beginning of the European war, was selected by the War Council to assist in directing the energies of the new bureau. Mrs. William K. Draper, of New York, is its chairman. Its members are: Miss Mabel Boardman, Washington; Miss Mary Goodwillie, Baltimore; Mrs. E. H. Harriman, New York; Mrs. F. V. Hammar, St. Louis; Mrs. George Wharton Pepper, Philadelphia; Miss Lavinia Newell, Boston; Mrs. Joseph Cudahy, Chicago; Mrs. Preston Arkwright, of Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. Wm. A. Crocker, of San Francisco, and Mrs. Leonard Wood, of Charleston, S. C.

The purpose behind the Bureau was eloquently stated by Mr. Davison when he appointed it.

"I am," he said, "moved by a sense of very deep obligation to the women of America for their generous response to the call of the Red Cross. That response, as measured in the daily increase of volunteer workers, has been unsurpassed.

"To recognize this warm response, as well as to supply the leadership for the days of trial before us, is the purpose of this new organization. Especially, the Bureau will seek to guide and encourage the women in smaller towns and in the country. These women, working in their homes or in groups, frequently are not in touch with chapter workrooms and organized branches of Red Cross activity. Yet their work is vital at this time when every bandage, every hospital garment, and every kind of supplies is needed for the relief of world-wide suffering. Organization of all women will be undertaken by the Bureau."

Such is the job that we, in the Woman's Bureau, have before us. If the Bureau is to be equal to the task which the men of America expect us to perform, we must first be properly organized. In its structure, the

[Continued on page 101]



WO times twelve ith twenty-four," droned Buddy Widener.

"Three times twelve istwenty-five," his twin took up the burden of the multiplication table, with an air of heavy resignation.

The girl by the window nodded drearily. It was raining in fine silver sheets outside, and, within, the day was drab. The two little boys, occupying diminutive chairs in the littered schoolroom reflected Ann Caroline's mood, the mood of the day and the room. One conceived of their young minds as likewise rather muddled and obscure.

Ann Caroline had not smiled for a long time. Unconsciously, she had impressed them by this sobering gravity. They wondered if she had perhaps lost some secret pet, a chicken or a mouse, the darkest tragedy of which their minds were capable of conceiving, but dared not ask because of her discouraging attitude. They had never before seen her like this. Rainy days she was usually in her best vein, prolific of entertainment; she liked to make candy rainy days, or, calling lessons off for the afternoon, slump on a window ledge and read them monstrous tales of adventure with a bright, careless lock of hair across her forehead, broad and white as a child's. As a general rule, she had the modern appearance of being boyishly well-barbered, her little head tremendously well-brushed and sleek; but, invariably, a curl or two escaped when she read of knights and ladies. Somehow, as she sat there, swinging a slender foot backward and forward and reading, with blue-eyed wonderment, she became, herself, the heroine of romance.

AGAIN, they would spend an afternoon of hide-and-seek in the garret, and make the house resound with their shrieks and laughter, or Jim Widener, the twins' father, would call them down to him for companionship, and, dressed in oilers, the four would tramp cross-country in all the sodden grayness to see some mare Jim thought of buying, or to the inn for tea and hot crumpets.

An odd man, of few but warm attachments, Jim Widener gave but little of himself to strangers. He was simply and sincerely bound up in his home, his boys, and their little

SILVER SLIPPERS

By AMANDA BENJAMIN HALL

Illustrated by FRANK STREET

half-adopted governess, his dogs and horses. People said that it was heavy sledging to make him talk, called him self-contained because he would not go out of his way to meet them. But his home-folk did not seem to think so.

They were the most inseparable pals, these four, and they had

lived together so long without extraneous influence that they had arrived at a remarkable understanding of each other. They had dispensed with all sorts of meaningless nonsense and useless words. Apparently, without consultation or announcement, they would start for a ride: Ann Caroline, an upright figure on her big mount; Jim, the perfect horseman, molded to his steed; and the seven-year-olds, Buddy and Peter, following sturdily on their ponies.

Jim Widener could always tell by the expression of Ann Caroline's face if the lessons had gone well and his offspring had conducted themselves with credit. He secretly reveled in her cool determination when they needed disciplining. He smiled openly when she was caught in the most youthful of games and pitifully strove for the dignity of her years. The twins were coming on; soon he would need a man for them; but she had come when they were baby things and she herself but sixteen, a poor relation of his dead wife's. In return for her services, Widener had provided for her education, given her happy, congenial surroundings, and, incidentally, his protection and regard.

He was the sort of man who could not abide carping women, trained nurse-maid persons of uncertain years with scientific methods and warts on the chin. He contended that children naturally tend to wholesome thoughts and behavior if placed in wholesome surroundings with someone lovable and loving as supervisor. Ann Caroline proved better than his dreams. She



THE MAGIC MANTLE

By RUTH HUNTOON

GARNET and gold and green—
So weaves the Autumn's loom.
Turquoise sky and a topaz sun,
Silver and rhine where the waters run,
Brilliance of feather and gleam of fur,
Oak-leaf and ivy and velvet burr,
Bittersweet flame and the sumac's bloom—
So runs the woof to the season's sheen.
Spangle and sparkle of hoar-frost plume—
Garnet and gold and green.

never said "don't," she never nagged, and she possessed a sense of humor, of invention. Also her chin was conspicuously free of blemish, she had the unaffected downright-ness of a lad, a voice sweet to hear, and a personality that grew upon you. Ann Caroline had standards that a young hopeful of seven in knickers was bound to respect, standards of real bravery, and a fine contempt for cowardice, or shamming, or reckless show, the mean or unsportsmanlike.

Jim seldom praised her; he would rather have been called dishonest than a sentimentalist, but, between them, was a fine, warm, mutual admiration and each treasured the other's good opinion and was jealous in guarding it. Not that Widener considered Ann Caroline in the light of a grown-up, to-be-reckoned-with young lady. She was twenty-one, but there were still the escapades of make-believe in which he would catch her; she was still, to him, the slight-limbed youngster to whom clung the graceful awkwardness of childhood.

HER plain frocks and flat-heeled shoes intensified the impression. They were sent by the aunt at home who believed it her duty to foist upon the young much sensible ugliness in the way of clothes, and, when the inherent sense of beauty rebelled, cry out that they were bound for perdition. Not that Ann Caroline complained. She would not have thought that "sportsmanlike." But, long ago, when her mother was alive, patient soul caught on the wheel of Fate, she had sobbed out that she hated being poor and wearing checked gingham.

Now she was grown into a responsible governess, listening to the droning lessons of sleepy little boys, and ashamed of the wish that she might weep as the sky was doing. The sanctum of Heathercliff had been invaded. Down-stairs, even at this moment, sat the mighty lady and her daughter who had descended upon poor Widener whether he would or no. In good old times, the mighty lady would have had the kind of high, slippery lap that you fall off of, and three chins. But, as a product of modern times, and an exponent of modern theories, she was lapless, and her chins, by virtue of a rubber reducing-band, worn at night, had been disciplined into one.

She pretended to like little boys, in reality as far from her ken as monkeys, but children have a disconcerting way of reading character, and Buddy and Peter were not in the least deceived by her. Ann Caroline she was under no obligation to pretend to like. She said with acerbity, when Ann Caroline was still within hearing, "But she is too pretty! Shocking taste in Jim to keep her!" Such sentiments, ruthlessly expressed, were not likely to endear her to "the grown, responsible governess."

The daughter was undeniably lovely, and well mannered, and almost aggressively feminine. She said, "Yes, Mamma," and "No, Mamma," at fixed intervals, was over-effusive, in her sweet way, and had all sorts of parlor tricks for Jim. Jim loathed parlor tricks, but was somehow intrigued into admiring hers, and the soft, apparent guilelessness of her was a kind of keen emotional shock to him after so many years of sedulously avoiding women. His wife had been of this same fragile type and had robbed him of confidence by dying just when he needed her most.

It was Miss Dingley's clothes that hurt Ann Caroline in a way she could not define, hurt her mentally and physically. They were beautiful, and they smelled like a bunch of flowers. Looking at her, you understood there was something besides just being clean, and neat, and "a good sort;" you began to fuss about your hair and become intolerant of your appearance in general.



SYLVIA DINGLEY DESCENDED FOR DINNER GOWNED IN BITS OF MIST, AS ELUSIVE AND UNREAL AS DREAM FABRIC

When she spoke to Ann Caroline she said, "My dear." Ann Caroline was not used to demonstrative language, and did not quite know how to take it, but felt, in her inmost soul, she was being patronized. For divers other reasons, she was not happy, and, suddenly, it seemed that the even stream of her life had been interrupted and would never flow smoothly again.

"Three times twelve are not twenty-five," she caught herself now with weary patience. "Come, come, Peter, are you falling asleep?"

"Six o'clock," said Peter with a dreadful yawn, and he wriggled in his chair, uncramping his short, sturdy body. "Oh, eat with us, Ann Caroline, do please!" Ann Caroline closed her book.

"Three times twelve are thirty-six," she said pensively. "I think I will, Peter. Mrs. Dingley seems to resent me at table."

The twins had finished their supper and been tucked into bed when she found liberty for her own concerns. They consisted, strangely enough, in sitting on the shadowed stairs by the nursery door when Sylvia Dingley descended for dinner, gowned in bits of mist, as elusive and unreal as dream fabric. Underneath its outer shimmer, garlands of quaint flowers, embroidered on the shining cloth, were reminiscent of courtly days, and she moved in an aura of jasmine fragrance. There were pearls about her throat like little baby teeth, but Ann Caroline did not notice them, for frailest and fairest of all were her slippers, silver slippers woven of moonlight, and she had never seen silver slippers before. Tears leaped to her foolish eyes and there was such a pain of delight and torment in her side that she clapped her hand to it. How each shapely foot twinkled as she tripped along, how like poetry itself they seemed, and, mystically, music called them, beckoned them in intricate measures. Below, Widener had idly flung himself down at the piano and improvised a fanciful run.

FOR hours on her bed that night, Ann Caroline lay with burning cheeks, cheeks scorched by tears. It was not just the silver slippers that had caused her heartache; it was the fact that he had played, the beloved man, and Sylvia Dingley had flitted down to him.

Next morning she rose, pale as a wraith, with her hair brushed all smooth and shiny across her head like a boy's, and went down to breakfast with them as Widener had bade her do.

"Child," he rebuked her when it was over, and they two, alone for a wonder, were watching the antics of Buddy and Peter with some puppies in the grass—the day was fair as a topaz—"child, why did you hide yourself away last evening? Is Miss Dingley too old to be interesting to you?"

She flashed upon him with repressed fury! "She is just my age."

"Ohee, you don't say," he whistled, smiling, for Sylvia Dingley had already conquered her worlds, and argosies had been launched because of her face.

He regarded Ann Caroline with a new, perplexed interest. "You look very bad," he announced brusquely, "very bad, out of form. Perhaps you need a doctor. On the other hand, let's go—Oh, the devil—I forgot—"

"The twins must study," interposed she proudly before he could tell her what it was he had forgotten, "and I have my music lesson." She gazed at him in tormented curiosity, as though he might already show signs of being conquered.

Widener looked, as usual, scowling, and careless of dress, but with spotless linen showing above the rumpled sports coat, one of those fishing, hunting, inscrutable fellows of great brawn the good country generates, who can act with such amazing swiftness on occasion, can rise to fire and faithfulness.

"Hang it all—I wish—" he began again with a boy's discontent, but notions of hospitality sealed his lips.

AND later Ann Caroline saw them riding away. It was a trying day, an uncommonly trying day. The cook was cross, the linen had to be counted, and Mrs. Dingley abed with a neuralgia headache gave way to her nerves and screamed shrilly at the ministering members of the household, secure in the knowledge that Widener could not hear her. Then, after school hours, Peter, wandering over the estate, fell into a pig-pen and was rescued in a state bordering on hysteria and, forgetting his standards of sportsmanship, succumbed to his terror of the old pig, crying till Ann Caroline reached him.

"Oh, Peter, my poor Peter," commiserated that desolate one and took him, mud and all, to her heart.

But by evening there was Peter, secure in slumber, Mrs. Dingley ostentatiously chaperoning her daughter, and Ann Caroline brooding in the liberated moonshine after a storm. The upper hall was marked off into arbitrary patterns of pale light; below stairs Widener played the piano in what seemed to her a peculiarly fascinating and vagrant manner, his fine, strong hands tender with chords he might throttle if he chose, the windows were open, and the whole house was freshened with garden scents.

SEEKING an outlet for her restlessness, Ann Caroline rose to pace up and down. Miss Dingley's door was open and before it she paused and drew a deep breath. In the center of the room, imbued with magic like the shoes of Cinderella, stood the silver slippers. This evening their owner had whimsically tried their effect, but her fancy, veering, had discarded them in favor of satin ones to match her gown. Owing to the negligence of her maid, they remained there.

Ann Caroline entered cautiously,

slumped down upon a stool, and tried them on. Immediately, the magic was hers, the treasure at the rainbow's end. She pirouetted silently before the mirror; holding high her Quaker gray frock, she turned them cleverly to ensnare the moonlight, she skipped softly up and down, ever with an admiring eye to her own attractions. Minutes flew; then her heart took on an added beat. Someone was lightly swishing up the stairs.

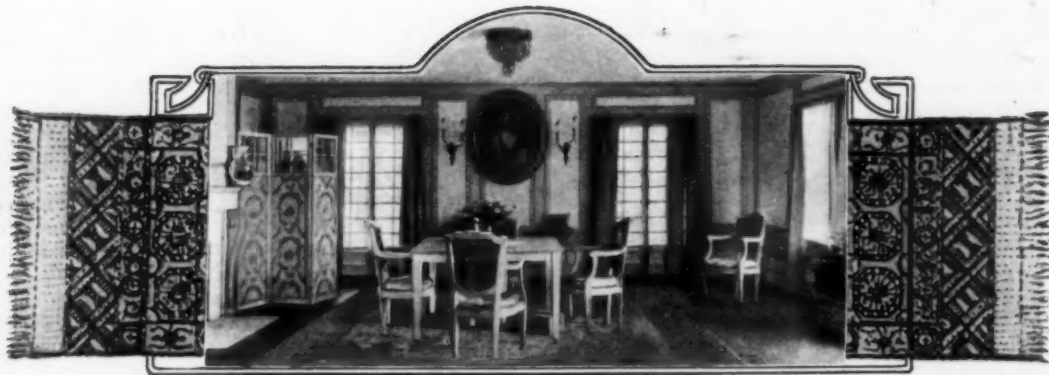
She had barely time to catch up her little low-heeled pumps from the floor and dart out, still wearing the borrowed footgear. She hid herself in shadow. It was Miss Dingley, humming happily to herself. While she busied herself in her room, the culprit slipped through the corridor to her own chamber, closed the door and pressed a hand to her wildly fluttering heart. At intervals, she would open the door a crack and listen for the steps that must soon descend, for Jim was waiting; and not even a goddess could be impervious to Jim's attractions.

But the unaccountable Sylvia continued in her mysterious pursuit of whatever elusive thing it was she sought, and, presently, it became patent that her mother had come to join her. It could not, oh, it could not be the silver slippers! In the middle of the evening, with Widener playing the perfect host, why should she wish to change her slippers? Nevertheless, Ann Caroline's cheeks flamed crimson, she removed them, substituted her own and waited. If the slippers were missed, how should she ever explain to him? It was characteristic of Ann that her mind went directly and honestly to the thing that would really matter. Must the good opinion she had built up, and cherished, and guarded these four years be overthrown, in a moment, because of her silly passion for cloth of silver?

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"SHE'S CRYING," BETRAYED BUDDY PROMPTLY, DISCOVERING HER JOYOUS TEARS. "Mebbe you'd better kiss her"



PLAIN RUGS BEAR THE DE LUXE STAMP THAT WILL DISTINGUISH A ROOM

PLANNING THE HOME BEAUTIFUL

GOOD TASTE IN FLOOR- COVERINGS

By

CORINNE UPDEGRAFF WELLS

BECAUSE the floor-coverings of a room form a foundation for the other objects in it, they should be substantial enough, both in color and fabric, to contribute a feeling of security. The colors must be strong enough to support those used upon the walls and in furniture and draperies. A room with dark walls, massive furniture, and a light rug, is an uncomfortable room in which to live. It is askew. This does not mean that floor-coverings should always be dark. They may be light and still be darker than the walls and sufficiently substantial to make a suitable background for the furniture.

The first question that arises when floor-coverings are being considered, is whether they shall take the form of carpets or rugs. The floors of modern houses are usually finished so satisfactorily that rugs may be employed throughout. Old-fashioned homes, however, seldom have this advantage, so that carpets are a necessity unless some means of remedying an unsightly floor can be found.

PROBABLY the most praiseworthy attribute of any rug—the superiority of rugs over carpets for general use is so obvious it need scarcely be considered—is its peculiar ability to contribute to a room a homey quality of uninterrupted completeness. This is especially true of rugs in plain colors such as wet sand, taupe,

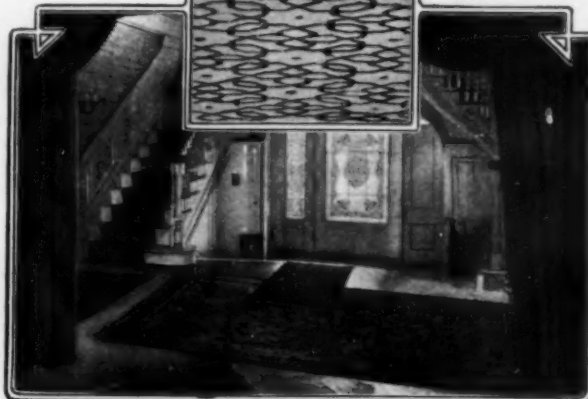


OVAL OR "GRANDMOTHER" RUGS ARE TEMPTING BECAUSE OF THEIR SUGGESTION OF SNUG DOMESTICITY

old-gold, hunter green, and royal blue, any one of which will flood a room with quiet elegance. While from a strictly utilitarian standpoint, floor-coverings in plain colors are questionable, because of their ability to register footprints and show wear, artistically they are supreme. Among domestic productions, they rank first as background materials because of the superb color-contrasts they make possible. Next in favor come the close, allover patterns and inconspicuous designs in various shades of one color. For practical purposes, these are ideal, as they do not advertise shabbiness, and are unassuming enough to live in harmony with the most combative colors.

For the woman who wishes her floor-coverings to bear that de luxe stamp that will distinguish hers from those of her neighbor, plain rugs woven in one piece in widths to fit the broadest room are recommended. These thick, long-piled velours are the last word in carpet elegance.

IT IS DIFFICULT TO BELIEVE THAT PRAIRIE GRASS CAN BE TRANSFORMED INTO SUCH A RAVISHING FLOOR-COVERING



ONLY IN HALLS AND BEDROOMS ARE SMALL RUGS PERMISSIBLE

IN homes where good taste is displayed in furnishings, one seldom finds small rugs scattered here and there about the floors. Such an arrangement produces a patchwork effect that is disquieting. Only in halls and chambers are small rugs permissible. There is a certain accepted formality about placing

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It was patent to both of them, almost before the honeymoon had waned, that, in some unaccountable way, their marriage had been a great mistake. This does not mean that they regretted it, or that they would not have done it over again. But they had discovered marriage to be much too complicated to be solved by love. And love they had discovered was not the all-powerful magician of romantic conception. Their two personalities, it seemed, would not mate.

There you have the trouble in a sentence. For she was such a gay little thing—such a gleam of a girl! And she sipped the honey from the cup of life as if light and laughter were her natural food. While he— Well, he had worked himself up very bravely, bit by bit. There had been so little light and laughter in his days, that this brightness, coming so suddenly, blinded him. He wanted to live in profounder depths.

It was hard going for both of them—for him to amble along with her to teas and dances, like a pet bear, as he put it—for her to sit quietly at home and see him immersed in a book.

She grew to hate his books, to hate his methodical ways. Why, the very way he painstakingly locked up the house at night irritated her beyond endurance. And his patient expostulation with her when her butterfly moods took her too often afield, hurt like an extreme mortification.

It was an affair of the spirit—this antagonism. If it ever got to be anything more than that, both knew something not even to be thought of would happen. And yet they loved. Oh, there was no doubt about it—that they loved. On the wings of a kiss, alone, they were able to soar to such heights of security as to lull, instantly, every feeling of danger.

But you can't tether a butterfly to a hearthstone. And a bookworm is a poor companion for a creature always poised for pleasure flights.

So Stephen grubbed among his books, and Anne spent her hours flitting about with all the gay insouciance of a girl. And, after a time, all her old-time admirers seemed to forget that, somewhere in the background, she possessed a husband.

WHAT helped this fantasy along was the fact that she almost never entertained at home—always at the club. She didn't want to disturb Stephen. "Good old Stephen!" And her voice would linger on a little loving note.

To Stephen, she confessed merrily that she liked her admirers all. "And if I could," she commented drolly, "I'd rob Tom of his ready wit, Arthur of his dancing feet, Miles of his way with a woman, and turn everything over to you, Stephen. I like the looks of you, Stephen—! But you are such a—really you are such a stick-in-the-mud, dear." Always that laughing recognition of her fondness for him—always that half-wistful yearning.

Stephen smiled at the way of her. He never could help smiling at the way of her. If she'd only try to be a little more domestic, a little more staid, he thought, she would be perfect.

At odd moments, too, he pondered taking her away from these, her friends, in order to accomplish it. But then there was that nest of a house they had made for themselves—he couldn't leave it. All his habits were one with it now. It had grown into his life. To have sold it or abandoned it would have been like trading away something that was bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh. He wondered whether other men were like that. He didn't believe they were, didn't know that he was that way until he married.

HIS WIFE

By LILIAN DUCEY

Illustration by EDMUND FREDERICK

Yes, if it had not been for giving up the comforts of his home, he would surely have taken Anne away, taken her away and taught her to depend on him for companionship.

And then, suddenly, it was too late. Out of a perfectly clear sky, he plunged them into the divorce courts. It was horrible! And it was all so

innocently done—a chance meeting on the street, in the city, with a woman whose name had once been linked with his—her cleverly daring him to take her to luncheon—and he, the lumbering fellow, unable to cope with the situation.

And then, there in that very hotel, only three tables away, he spied Anne and two other young women from their town.

The tortures of the damned were as nothing to what Stephen suffered. He might as well have been on the rack with burning fagots at his feet. He would infinitely rather have been thus physically tortured.

When he returned home, Anne was gone—gone, though how she had managed it was beyond his comprehension. Not even a discarded gown hung in a closet; not a piece of underwear remained in a drawer. Every stitch of clothes that would have suggested the intimate presence of a woman had disappeared. It was a house robbed of its soul.

And, in the soul of the man, something snapped—a something that bound that house to him. It wasn't a home any more, it was a vault with the ghosts of memories. Anne had gone—and she had taken with her that ineffable part of it that no man can name, which goes to make up the magic word of home.

HE was frantic. It was all so unbelievable. And she hadn't vouchsafed him even a note—the customary thing prescribed by all those unwritten laws of precedent. She had simply gone, as joy goes, and happiness.

At first, he could not bear to make the matter public. He just shut himself up there with his memories. He felt that she must return. How could she stay away!

It was all in his soul that cry, but it rose from his heart of hearts. He went from room to room as if searching for something—a someone always to be but never there. And the emptiness that met him at every turn was like the emptiness of life henceforth if she were to remain away.

Through misery and all, the man felt a curious knowledge. He hadn't had any idea that a woman could grow upon a man as had his wife upon him. Her going was like having a piece of his heart torn away. He had never defined love to himself. This then, was it—this longing that cried out to her in a thousand different keys, this unbearable yearning that felt as if it should, of its own accord, vanquish time and space, this naked need of a soul for its mate. If there was any virtue in telepathy, he felt as if Anne should have heard those voiceless cries.

But she did not seem to. And the days went by—a week, a month. He finally reached the point where pride, and self, and everything were tossed to the winds. Just for a word about her, he would have given all but life itself. And so he took into his confidence even those two friends of hers who had been with her.

But Anne had covered up her tracks completely. Not a single friend knew of her whereabouts. Not a single friend—so he thought for months—then, to his horror, Miles Ward left town. He left as quietly, as unobtrusively, as mysteriously as had Anne. He had gone—no one knew where.

It was a nine days' wonder—only that. But for the man—for Stephen—it seemed like the end of all things. Like the wounded thing that he was, he deserted their town, their home, and made for the city where, unless he wanted them to, no friends could seek him out.

In the year that followed, Stephen gave himself wholly to business. He had been a business man before, now he made of money a fetish. He wasn't a man any more, he was a career. And he put Anne out of his mind completely.

He refused to remember her. The house was for sale—and all that was in it. His marriage had been just an interlude in an otherwise unemotional existence, an eccentric tangent that was like a brief dream.

And he had awakened from this dream to resume his solitary way of living—through with emotion, through with loving, through with woman. That is, no woman could ever again creep beneath his defenses and make him feel the warm personal need of her.

HOW long he lived in this torrential content, with work his food and his drink, his life and his love, he did not know. Then, one day, the news came to him that Anne had secured a divorce somewhere in Dakota. Simultaneously, came the announcement of her engagement to Miles Ward. And, that day, more than one of his employees slunk away from him as from a man they feared was no more human.

But it was only for the day. The following discovered him recovered from that temporary fit of sheer primitive jealousy. He had himself in hand again. He was sufficient unto himself. That dim-sensed fancy of his honeymoon days had not been unfounded. This—this divorce, her marriage, was the answer.

It had all been a huge mistake for two such diametrically opposite personalities to mate.

And, having admitted this fact into introspective orgy, he proceeded to dismiss the very memory of Anne from his mind. She belonged to another man now—or as good as belonged to one, since she was to marry again. Like soiled clothes cast aside was their love—besmirched.

He never expected to see or hear from her again, never wanted to. And then, one day, a letter reached him at the office—a letter written in that vein of warm inconsistency that had, somehow, always been her chief charm.

DEAR STEPHEN: I don't know whether it's the proper thing for me to write you on the very eve of being married again, but I want a few of the things I left behind me in the house. Just those heirlooms that have been in the family so many years—the candlesticks, the spinning wheel, the cradle in the attic, those dishes in the china closet. Will you please have them packed and sent to Mrs. Anderson's place. Or allow Mrs. Anderson to attend to them. Please—and thank you.

And let me wish you happiness, Stephen, while I am writing. I really do. At least, I think I do. But, oh, Stephen, I'd as soon have expected the angels to fall from heaven as you.

I hate that woman. When I think of her in my pretty little home, I want to scratch her eyes out. I'm all jumpy, Stephen—

can't you tell it from my letter; and yet, I'm happy. Miles and I are what you'd call twin souls. Our spirits hail and recognize each other. Life will be one lark for us for the rest of our days. We're in tune with the universe and with each other. God made us for each other. And yet—

Stephen, I know it's a horrid thing to say, but how I do wish it had never been—our marriage. From the very start it was a mistake. Well, it can't be helped now. Goodby.—ANNE.



AFTER A TIME, ALL HER OLD-TIME ADMIRERS SEEMED TO FORGET THAT, SOMEWHERE IN THE BACKGROUND, SHE POSSESSED A HUSBAND

If the man had had a skeleton shut up in his closet and it suddenly walked, rattling its bones, he couldn't have received a greater shock. He resented it—this letter—as an unwarranted intrusion of something he had put behind him. He tore it into shreds. He tossed it away.

What right had she?

But, nevertheless, he did call Mrs. Anderson on the 'phone and give her full directions. Then back went the skeleton under lock and key. He was a strong man, and all his strength was brought to bear against the insidious onslaughts of remembrance.

BUT Life, against all his desire, was preparing to betray him. That little carefree letter, written on the eve of her marriage, he had thrown to the winds. The next day, the very day that she would marry, he received another.

He saw it on his desk when he entered his office rather late that morning. He saw it, but he made no effort to discover what it contained. Instead, he held his senses numb while he gave over every faculty he possessed to recapturing the passionate zest in his business that he had

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❀ THE BELOVED THORN ❀

By JOSEPHINE UNDERWOOD MUNFORD

Illustrated by GEORGE E. GIGUERE

There was given to him a thorn in the flesh.—(2 Cor. 12. 7.)



MOST things that we love hurt us, and we hurt most things that we love," said Lady Mary Annersley lightly, smiling up from a huge sheaf of roses, a thorn from which had just pricked her hand. Her face was very flower-like in the dusk of the quaint, walled-in garden of Annersley Hall. Her eyes, as velvety blue as pansies, were slanting and mischievous. Her lips were petulant and very, very red.

The Reverend David Barstow leaned over with quickened pulse and pulled the thorn from the pretty palm. That the accident had been designed by Lady Mary for exactly this purpose, he knew; he knew, also, that it amused her to see the ecstasy of reverence with which he touched her. The knowledge hurt. Yet the ecstasy was unabated.

"What you have just said is much truer than you know, Mary," he said gravely.

His graveness amused Lady Mary almost as much as his reverence. "And why shouldn't I know what I mean, pray, David? Is all knowledge locked up in your musty old church books?"

David sighed. He picked up from the garden bench one of the exquisite, heavy-headed blossoms, the obvious product, not of Annersley, but of a London hothouse, and stared at it as if the very pink of its petals hurt him.

"Uncle gave them to me," said Lady Mary hastily. "Isn't he an old dear?"

"Mary!" David looked sternly at the girl until, at last, her pansy-blue eyes met his and then dropped. Why do you fib when I had not even asked you? Count Piétro del Lozzi gave you these roses."

"Oh, that is so—I was mixing them up with—"

David held up his hand.

"Please—Mary." There was a dazed look in his eyes. "You were not mixing them up—"

"Now don't be tiresome, David! Don't bother about such little things when—we're together."

"Little things!" A flame burned behind the young Vicar's pale face. It was like the funeral pyre of a soul. "I feel I must be a little mad when I hear you tell a falsehood, Mary! I sometimes wish—"

"Oh, don't bother to say it!" A silver laugh rippled out from lips curved like the fountain chalice of innocence. "Sometimes you wish you were engaged to your parish Lady Worker instead of me! Poor Miss Bethesda Bodley! What matter that she's thirty-five and as prim as a pamphlet? Well—I release you! Go to your angel, by all means!"

I WISH you wouldn't laugh, Mary." David's grave, dark eyes hardened a moment. "Why need you always mock my calling?"

"I don't always, David. But you're so deadly good I—Be human, dear!" she broke off with a ravishing, up-tilted smile. She stood up, the roses falling from her lap to the ground. In the privacy of the dim, sweet-scented, high-walled garden, her flower-like face was lifted straining to his, the lips still smiling, but a little tremulous.

He crushed her in his arms with a cry that held anger as well as passion. Then he pushed her from him, and sat down moodily. His fine, strong hands gripped the garden bench till his knuckles showed white through the skin—white as the ivory cross that hung always, she knew, hidden against his breast under his dark vestments.

That cross was to her the emblem of all that kept him from being wholly hers. The suitors that worshiped her,

alone, she would have none of; but David's first loyalty was given elsewhere and that made him the more desirable. It aroused in her strange fires to know that he saw her without illusion, that his love for her was the thorn in his flesh, lest, in his goodness, he be too exalted.

"Mary," he said at last, "it can't go on like this. You know to Whom I have given my life. I had hoped that you would share that life, a life of service. But if you can't—if you will always try with those dear, terrible little hands, to turn me aside—"

Again the silver laugh rang out, so pretty, so seemingly harmless and childlike—yet a weapon, David was beginning to realize, against which all of his efforts fell back blunted and powerless. The girl held out her exquisite hands, so close that their perfume rose to his nostrils like the incense of a flower.

"Do you think it's polite to call my hands terrible? I'm sure they aren't holding you, dear! See—you can go whenever you like!"

DAVID caught the two little hands violently. The grip hurt till the girl was weak, but something in the soul-white look of her lover held her silent.

"Mary; God help me to know if the mockery is you, or if the girl I have loved ever existed beneath it!"

"Have loved, David?" Lady Mary leaned her bright head against his arm. She was panting a little, but her lips still smiled.

David held her rigidly. His face was death-color. His eyes strained as if physically seeking to see the right.

His voice came at last. "Mary, do you know what love is?"

Lady Mary's hands slipped from his relaxed grip. Her arms groped upward and clung about his neck. Her lips sought his.

"No, Mary! Not that alone. I mean Love. And love means sacrifice and service."

The girl laughed again, though her breath was racing in a passion such as no man had ever wakened in her before. She drew away, and David knew that she knew how his whole nature was drawn after her as tides to their moon.

"I know what you mean, David—you who cannot love a woman! You think God is love! But you are wrong!"

Terribly she laughed again.

Something within David seemed to snap. He felt very, very ill—buffeted—as if strange waters were drowning him. When he came back to himself, the girl who stood so near, who had been, but the moment before, in his arms, seemed far off, a being unknown to him. He looked upon her with the eyes of a stranger. When his voice came at last it was not his own.

"You are blasphemous!" he cried with terrible accusation. "And you laugh."

He turned on his heel and left her.

II

A year may be a short or a very long time. To Lady Mary, her year of marriage with Count Piétro del Lozzi was an eternity. When he left her at last, on the eve of her baby's birth, with a much-painted lady from the Gaiety, her chief feeling, against which she was too weak to struggle, was one of thankfulness to the fog which sent his Australian-bound ship to the bottom.

A few months later, her uncle at Annersley died. He left her the old Hall and all his possessions. Glad enough



"NO, MARY! NOT THAT ALONE. I MEAN LOVE. AND LOVE MEANS SACRIFICE AND SERVICE."

she was to leave London with its scathing memories of her short married life and make her way back to her old home with a heart that longed for peace.

"You will love it, Teresa."

Lady Mary said this wistfully to the slender, veiled woman who walked close beside the nurse carrying Lady Mary's little son. Teresa's eyes were fixed so raptly on the baby's face that she gave no heed to the picturesque old mansion she was entering for the first time. Hearing herself addressed, she started.

"I was thinking," she replied, with a soft little laugh, "that he is to be master here."

"You dear!" whispered Lady Mary squeezing her hand.

TERESSA was the one thing in the world, besides the boy, for which Lady Mary had to thank Count Lozzi. She was his sister and as different from him as a flower of spring from a poisonous weed. At first, Lady Mary had shrunk from this strange, silent creature behind those dove-colored veils which were never lifted.

The mystery of that veiled face had made her recoil as in all her happy, thoughtless youth she had turned away

until her face was in the shadow of the blind. Then she lay very still again, her unseeing eyes fixed on the window.

Across the meadow beyond the garden was the village churchyard, bordering the grounds of the old Hall. Beyond that stood the vicarage. In the window of his room facing Annersley Hall, David Barstow paused for a moment, looking across the still morning fields toward the ivy-covered walls of Annersley. He could see Lady Mary's window. She had come home last night! Was she there, sleeping, in her old room again?

* * * A stern cloud darkened the young vicar's fine face. His lips closed firmly, the April-light left his eyes. He picked up his prayer-book, turned silently, and left the house for morning service.

"Teresa," said Lady Mary at breakfast, "I am going to the eleven o'clock service. Would you care to come?"

Teresa put up her hand absently and smoothed the folds of her soft, silken veil.

"I would like to keep Baby and let Nurse go, if you do not mind," she answered. "I have been to the early service."

Unconsciously, Lady Mary felt a sort of resentment. She wished that she, too, had followed where her spirit led

from sickness or suffering. But, later, her imagination ceased to dwell on the scars that might be behind those soft, orchid-pale folds of chiffon. She was conscious only of the sweet, warm voice of Teresa, and the loving tenderness which had been her chief support throughout the trying days of her marriage. She had learned many things from Teresa and she loved her with a reverence which was akin to worship.

THE day after Lady Mary's return to Annersley Hall was a Sunday. A soft flood of sunlight and sweet-scented April, floating in early through the open window of her bedroom, caused her to open her eyes. A Sabbath peace was in the air. Birds chattered in the ivy, but, decorously, unwilling to break the sweet hush; the mellow low of old Nancy came softly through the still air from the meadow beyond the garden—Lady Mary had tried to milk her once in her girlhood days. And then—as she lay there quiescent, half-waking and half-sleeping, on the borderland between dreams and day-dreams no less vague and tender than those of night, there came to her ears the deep-toned chime, golden, yet liquid, of the village church bell. It was the hour for early service.

Lady Mary turned on her side and lay very still, listening. The sun tangled in the cloud of golden hair outspread on her pillow and tried to caress the haunted look from her eyes. But she merely moved impatiently

and gone to that sweet morning communion. In her girlhood days, she had always refused to be "routed out" for early service. She did not analyze her new, unwonted impulse.

When later, as she sat in the dim, peaceful church, David came forward in his long black robe and white surplice and knelt for a moment at his reading-desk, her lips formed the first real prayer she had prayed for years.

Frankly, she had come to church with the one thought uppermost—to see David. Yet when, after the century-long year of absence and absolute silence she beheld him again, her thoughts of the man were so mingled with disturbing conceptions of all that he stood for, that she could not separate them. As the service progressed, she felt herself longing for, yet dreading, the inevitable moment when his eyes should meet hers.

THE naturalness of her old seat in her girlhood's pew; the row of familiar backs on the bench in front of her; even the recognized last spring's hats on more than one head—for Annersley, aside from the folk of the Hall, was a modest enough little village—none of these things, not even when helped by the organist's familiar well-remembered habit of hitching his shoulders with each playing of the responses, could free her from a sense of almost panicky strangeness.

The service was nearly over before David's glance encountered hers. He had given the number of the last hymn and stood with his fine-drawn hand clasping the side of the reading-desk in the attitude she knew so well. A gleam of April sun shot through the crimson robes of a stained-glass St. John in the window at his left, and a broad, ruddy beam of light seemed to focus itself on David's pale face. He lifted his fine, dark eyes for a moment.

Their gaze fell full on Lady Mary. She felt the shock of that wordless encounter. For the space of three heartbeats, she did not breathe. Every line of David's face she knew, every changing expression! In the old days, when she held him in the hollow of her hand, she had been wont to read his countenance like a book. Eagerly she searched it now—for surprise—for anger—for hatred even. But it was worse, far worse, the thing that she saw there. In the perfect calm of his eyes and mouth, the unburied, almost absent-minded shifting of his glance from hers, she read only indifference, a cold forgetfulness as final as the grave.

She stood up mechanically. Rigidly, she held her hymn-book open at the wrong place. The church seemed suffocating. Her face burned. Her heart was numb. Over and over her throbbing pulse repeated it—David had forgotten her!

During the last prayer, she slipped from the church in a sort of panic. Never would she darken its doors again! The ordeal of those cold, forgetting eyes was more than she could bear.

For the next few weeks, life at Annersley passed for Lady Mary in a sort of dream.

Then the fever came.

The schoolmaster was stricken first. Four of the children followed. After that the postmistress, and poor Miss Bethesda Bodley, the Lady Worker of the Parish, whom Lady Mary had once jeered at. Soon there was hardly a door along the village green but opened and shut upon some tale of suffering or death.

Lady Mary spent freely of her wealth among the sick. She sent them the delicate food they needed, and secured, to aid Thorncroft, the village doctor, a second physician from Brydon-Caley, a flourishing town four miles distant. She likewise brought over a trained nurse to care for Miss Bodley.

For these things, the Vicar wrote her a frigid little note of thanks. Its tone was so like the cold look in his eyes on that painful Sunday morning, that Lady Mary set her pretty mouth in a hard line and tore the stiff white paper into shreds.

As if too indifferent to pretend resentment, the Vicar had paid one ceremonious visit to the Hall about a week after her return. She had been out. And he had not come again.

"Who is sitting up with the schoolmaster to-night?" she asked one afternoon of Dr. Thorncroft, who had dropped in at the Hall to refresh his spirits with a cup of tea before his return to his arduous duties.

"The Vicar," said Thorncroft. "The others are all worn out. There was no one else."

If Dr. Thorncroft, who had known the way things once were, wondered as to how Lady Mary felt now toward David Barstow, he was wise enough not to show it. Certain it was that the two had given each other a wide berth since her return. With no open air of sounding her, he went on:

"I'm a bit worried about the Vicar. He loves his parish almost too much, I tell him. He's been living on his nerves and working, day and night, with the sick since this epidemic started. He gives himself no rest. A man in that state is particularly susceptible to the fever."

Lady Mary said only: "Yes—he should be careful," with apparently absent politeness.

But when Dr. Thorncroft had gone, she hurriedly sought Teresa. For a long time, she stayed closeted behind closed doors in her sister-in-law's bedroom. When she left, at last, she took the veiled woman in her arms.

"Teresa, you are wonderful!" she whispered, "You understand things as no one else does—almost without their being spoken! How do you understand so, Teresa?"

The silken folds of the faintly perfumed dove-colored veil were softly pressed against Lady Mary's burning face. The voice that came from behind that mystic mesh was wistfully low, and sweet with wisdom.

"I understand what love is," said Teresa.

At eleven that night, as the weary Vicar sat in the small cottage bedroom where the schoolmaster lay battling for his life, the door opened without a knock and a veiled figure entered.

The Vicar started. He knew Lady Mary's sister-in-law by sight but he had never spoken to her. It was incredible that she should appear in this unexpected fashion at such an hour of the night.

"What is it?" he asked in a whisper, for his patient was just sinking off into a doze.

"Doctor Thorncroft said I was needed here to-night," came a whisper from behind the veil—I have nursed much fever. Your pardon—but the doctor said you were in need of rest. I pray you go home and leave your patient to me."

The Vicar stared. But the softly veiled, graceful figure was inscrutable.

"You are very kind," he said at last. "But poor Timmins knows me better. He is counting on me. I will stay."

THE woman made no answer. She glanced compassionately at the withered little man sleeping uneasily on his narrow bed. She slipped around to the side of it away from the Vicar and sat down in a low chair beyond the lamp, her veiled face in shadow. Her pose indicated that she meant to stay the night.

The Vicar would not go. But, reassured in spite of himself by that silent figure sitting so composedly on the other side of the bed, the spurs of his will lost their clutch on his wearied body and he dropped asleep in his chair, gaining, for that night at least, a much-needed rest. With the dawn, the veiled figure stole away as silently as it had come.

After that, the gray veil and its wearer appeared constantly among the simple homes of the village folk. A queer superstition arose about her veil—that it brought healing to the sick. The people worshiped its wearer, as if she were a saint.

At last, the epidemic abated. Among others, the schoolmaster and Miss Bodley had been gathered to sleep in the little churchyard. But many others were well again, and the Vicar held a special Thanksgiving Service for the abatement of the plague.

A watcher watched him with anxious eyes through her long, dove-colored veil as she sat alone in Lady Mary's pew. She noted the undue pallor of his fine, thin face

[Continued on page 94]



The prize-winning letters in our War-Service Contest, describing the inspiring work done by women everywhere to aid their country

The Great Sacrifice

First Prize-Winner

IN your July number you invite correspondence with your readers. I almost hesitate to write, my bit seems so tiny—but possibly the battles I have fought to overcome myself may hearten some other mother, who, in the next few days, may be called upon to give her boy to fight for Old Glory and humanity's sake. When my boy, not yet eighteen years old, came to me and said, 'Mother, I'm going to enlist; it's the best thing I can do,' I was stunned. I could see no best to it. We needed his help so badly on the farm. He was mine. Why should he, so young, go when there were plenty over military age? Then the woman in me cried shame! Why should you be spared your share of this world's trouble, when those brave French and Belgian women have given their all? And if your boy is brave enough to willingly enter the service, surely you would not want him to look with pity on your weakness; besides his road to the battlefield will be hard enough even with you doing all in your power to cheer and comfort him.

"No one will ever know how dark the days were when I was reasoning with myself to be brave—but I didn't sit down and mope. I went to work. I am the mother of eight—seven girls and one boy, with a dear, patient husband and father as captain of our corps. We enlisted as food producers—the eldest daughter contracting through the county demonstrator to fill orders for preserves, pickles and so forth, also attending one-quarter acre of butter beans. The next daughter, also a member of the Canning Club, doing the mowing, raking and hauling of hay and grain, also cultivating her crop of corn, beans, and tomatoes; the thirteen-year-old girl, another member of the Canning Club, also eligible to the Potato Club. Each of the little ones is also doing her bit.

"Five of us are members of the Council of Safety. Every one of us is glad to be enlisted in Uncle Sam's service. We have about seventy-five choice apple trees heavily laden with fruit, and we expect to can, dry, and save every apple. Those that are not placed on the market will be dried, the culls made into vinegar, the refuse fed to the hogs to make more meat for the 'boys.'

"I plan to cook wisely and economically, not to the extent of stinting my little army, however, for to be efficient they must be well fed—'Waste no food,' is the slogan of our home. We have plenty of good, plain, wholesome food—no frills, but plenty of milk, eggs, and meat in

moderation; also all kinds of vegetables, and corn-meal at least once a day.

"Trying to put into each day something worth while, and it will be my aim, in the next few days, to try and help my friends and neighbors see their duty, even through the blinding tears, as I have seen mine.

"Just one minute more—dear Editor—I've already taken up many, but I thought you'd like to hear that I have just received a letter from my soldier. He tells me he is camped on an eastern pier, waiting patiently for the throbbing steel monster to carry him 'somewhere in France.' Won't you wish him Godspeed, and pray that he may come back to those who love and need him?"

Winterpock, Va.

The Lady with the Cans

Second Prize-Winner

WE started a chapter of the Red Cross in our town about three months ago, and, being very patriotic, and wishing to serve my country to the best of my ability, I was among the first to join. Our President made me chairman of the Helping Hand Committee, which meant helping in any way, shape, or form that I possibly could.

"First, I decided to have Flag Day at the schools, and from this I realized twenty-three dollars. Then we had a French nurse speak at one of our mass meetings, and such a large crowd turned out that, after the meeting, I asked the nurse to go around through the crowd and take up a collection, which she very kindly did, and we collected twenty-five dollars.

"Then the idea came to me: why not place Red Cross cans in all the stores for people to drop their contributions in? So I asked the members at the next meeting of the Red Cross to send me all the empty cans they had. When they arrived I took them to the plumber and he cut slots in the tops. Then I asked the drawing teacher of our schools to let the children make folders to cover the cans. This they did very gladly, and I wish you could see them. They are perfectly dear! just a plain white band with a red cross in the center, and the words, in large black letters, 'Every Little Bit Helps.' I placed twenty-five of these cans in our largest stores, and left them out for a month. When I brought them in and emptied them I had collected, in a month, thirty dollars and twenty-five cents. I immediately placed the cans back in the stores and shall do this every month as long as we need money for the Red Cross. People never miss the pennies they drop in them.

"Then I got small cans and had them enameled white and put a red cross on the top and around the sides. They make a very pretty ornament, and I have placed one hundred and twenty-five of these cans in the homes of our Red Cross members. Every one is trying very hard to fill these little cans. One of them was returned with six dollars and five cents, another with four dollars and fifteen cents, another with twenty-two dollars, and another with five dollars. They are just beginning to come in, and you can see that we will realize quite a sum from them.

"Next, I decided to ask the ministers to give me a Red Cross Sunday in the churches. This they agreed to do. The first one was held the Sunday evening before Decoration Day, and the minister asked the old Veterans, Boy Scouts, and Girl Scouts to attend. He preached a beautiful sermon about the flag and had patriotic singing. The little church was packed to the doors and the collection amounted to eighteen dollars. The other three churches decided to hold theirs the Sunday before the Fourth of July. They all joined together and held a large open-air meeting on the playgrounds. This collection amounted to ninety-one dollars and sixty-one cents.

"Then I asked the moving-picture man to give us a benefit, which he very gladly did. I went to the superintendent of schools and asked him if all the children could get out early and go to the matinee, and he said they could. So the afternoon performance was given over to the kiddies, and the place was packed. The two performances at night were also a wonderful success, and we netted eighty-five dollars.

"Then I held a Tag Day, and, with the help of the Boy Scouts and Camp Fire Girls, we tagged every one in town. One of our boys tagged Thomas Edison, of which he was justly proud. We made three hundred and seventy dollars.

"Then I sent some Red Cross boxes to the different schools, gave the children a talk about helping, and asked them to bring whatever they could and drop it into the cans. From this collection, I realized seventy-four dollars and thirty-six cents. So you see, in less than three months, I succeeded in raising seven hundred and forty-four dollars and forty-two cents.

"The people in town call me 'The Lady with the Cans.'"
Irvington, N. J.

What My Church is Doing

Winner of the Third Prize

I SAW your article in the July magazine asking for information concerning work done by the various auxiliaries. Our little organization, Blockley Baptist Auxiliary No. 40 of Philadelphia, has an enrollment of ninety-two members. We are engaged in the usual activities of the Red Cross work, making pajamas, bathrobes, surgical shirts, surgical dressings, and so forth.

"Our particular pride, however, is our 'Comfort Bags.' Seventy-five of these have been made up by our women, and fifty-one are already distributed to our own enlisted boys.

"These bags contain all the little necessities—pins, needles, thread, buttons, scissors, darning cotton, tooth brush, paste, comb, buttons, and so on.

"As a boy leaves, he is given one of these with a personal letter in it from the pastor, a testament

from one of our deacons, and stationery, with a flag and Blockley Baptist Honor Roll at the top, from the Sunday School. How proud the boys are of this personal gift from their own Red Cross!

"Then, too, we have a Correspondence Committee, and every Monday morning the church calendar, Sunday-School paper, and a bright, cheery letter goes to each absent boy.

"Ours are scattered from Maine to Texas, as far west as Kansas, and east to France. If you could only read the lovely letters we receive from the camps, you would realize how very much they appreciate this little effort on our part.

"Often they send home the name of some pal who has no one to care for him. 'Won't you please send him a bag and letter?' they ask.

"This is something every church can do for its own enlisted boys, and it means so much for them to keep in constant touch with home.

"We also have been entertaining sailors from the Navy Yard, most of them from the Middle West, far from home. We do for them as we hope some church is doing for our boys.

"We are very proud of our boys and we don't care who knows it."

Philadelphia, Pa.

The Contribution of an Aged Couple

Winner of a Five-Dollar Prize

WHEN I made my annual visit to see Father and Mother this summer, they met me at the door with faces covered with smiles, and gleams of true happiness in their eyes. They were, of course, greatly pleased to see me and the children, but the secret of their hidden joy developed later when they explained to me how they were doing their 'bit' for their country.

"Mother said: 'It might seem to some mothers who had raised ten children, at eighty-three years of age and sight in only one eye, that they had contributed their share to the nation, but I thank the good Lord for having spared me to be of some help to this dear land of ours, and the ones who are suffering for us.'

"Then she showed me samples of socks, wash-rags, sponges, and other articles she had been making for the Red Cross. 'Then, too,' she said, 'I have three classes a week of the grandchildren; yes, and other people's children from eight years up. I am teaching them to knit. They are all so good and interested, it is one of the greatest pleasures of my life to know I am still useful.'

"A few years ago, we feared Father would lose his sight entirely and urged him to give up doing much of any work; so the two garden lots were seeded and kept as lawn. But, this year, he said: 'I can help with the war food fund, and, being eighty-six years old, if I should overdo and lose my sight, I would not be blind many years.' So a plow and horses were engaged, the sod again broken up, and four small boys were taught how to plant beans, cut and plant potatoes, they to have a certain share of the profits.

"This activity is great," says Father. "There is nothing like it to loosen up the joints and muscles and

(Concluded on page 72)



RED, WHITE, AND BLUE ENTERTAINING



ROLLS OF PAPER STREAMERS, IN VARYING WIDTHS, AND IN THE COLORS OF OLD GLORY, COME ALL READY TO FESTOON YOUR HALLS.

NO COTILLION WAS EVER COMPLETE WITHOUT SASH AND WAND. DEVELOPED IN RED, WHITE, AND BLUE, THEY ARE MORE FASCINATING THAN EVER.



THESE MEMBERS OF THE LOLLYPOP ARMY MAKE UNUSUALLY ATTRACTIVE DINNER FAVORS; OR, PACKED IN A BOX AND SENT TO THE BOYS AT THE FRONT, THEY WOULD BE NOT ONLY AMUSING, BUT EVEN DELECTABLE. ALSO, YOU WOULD FIND THEM UNUSUALLY POPULAR AND MUCH SOUGHT-AFTER AT RED CROSS BAZAARS.

POSY IN RED, WHITE, AND BLUE, TO BE USED FIRST AS PLACE-CARD BEARER, AND THEN BOUTONNIERE.

MENU, INVITATION, AND PLACE-CARDS HAVE REAL INDIVIDUALITY WHEN MADE OF A BIT OF CARDBOARD AND ORNAMENTED WITH MOTIFS CUT FROM CRÊPE PAPER.



A LOLLYPOP, SOME CRÊPE PAPER, A TOOTH-PICK OR TWO, AND YOU WILL HAVE THIS STURDY SOLDIER BOY.

A STUNNING CRÊPE PAPER COSTUME WITH HAT AND PARASOL TO MATCH, SUITABLE FOR ANY OF THOSE PATRIOTIC ENTERTAINMENTS YOU ARE PLANNING.



THE RED CROSS BAZAAR, THE COTILLION FOR THE MEN HOME ON LEAVE, THE PATRIOTIC BANQUET, ARE BUT A SMALL SHARE OF THE ACTIVITIES YOU WILL BE CALLED UPON TO ATTEND OR SUPERINTEND IN THE MONTHS TO COME. AND, WITH ECONOMY AND PATRIOTISM THE WATCHWORDS OF THE MOMENT, CRÊPE PAPER STEPS FORTH, IN THE COLORS OF OLD GLORY, TO SOLVE MANY A PROBLEM FOR YOU.

THE RED CROSS NURSE (CENTER), EVEN THOUGH SHE IS ONLY A LOLLYPOP, WOULD STAND UP UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES. TO HER RIGHT AND LEFT, ARE NOVEL PLACE-CARDS. THE LIBERTY BELL (ABOVE, LEFT) HAS A CUP INSIDE FOR SUGAR CANDIES. THE PATRIOTIC CENTERPIECE (LEFT), ALL IN PAPER, WITH A CRÊPE PAPER EAGLE ATOP, IS JUST THE THING FOR YOUR PATRIOTIC DINNER PARTY. AS A FINAL TOUCH FOR RED CROSS BAZAARS AND OTHER BENEFIT ENTERTAINMENTS COME THESE ECONOMICAL AND EFFECTIVE CRÊPE PAPER FLAGS.

Editor's Note.—The Entertainment Editor is prepared to send full directions for all the articles. Address her, care of McCall's Magazine, 236-250 W. 37th St., New York, enclosing a stamped envelope with your request.

A PULL AT THE WHITE RIBBON STREAMERS OF THE CENTERPIECE MAY REVEAL THESE PAPER FAVOR CAPS, OR EVEN ONE OF THE LOLLYPOP PEOPLE.



THE NAMELESS MAN

By NATALIE SUMNER LINCOLN

Illustrated by H. R. BALLINGER

LOIS stopped to look after Mrs. Ogden in bewilderment; it was the first time she had known her to be guilty of rudeness; then continued more slowly to Ethel's bedroom. Ethel was standing where Mrs. Ogden had left her, and her face lighted with relief at sight of Lois.

"I'm so glad you've come," she said, clinging to Lois as they embraced. "I am frightened, Lois, frightened," and a sob broke from her.

Lois' arms closed about her lovingly. "Come and tell me all about it," she coaxed; and Ethel, her natural reserve giving way to her longing for comfort and help, poured her hopes and fears into Lois' sympathetic ears.

"Let me understand clearly, Ethel, the reasons you have for thinking Julian guilty of Dwight Tilghman's death?" Lois' expression had grown graver and graver as Ethel's account had progressed. "They were both from California; both on the same train; they played cards the night before the murder and Julian lost a large sum of money to Dwight, which was strangely missing after his death. Dwight remained alone in the smoker while the train was in Atlanta, and was poisoned there. Julian, among the men who might have poisoned Dwight, is the only one who cannot give an alibi; and your mother, passing through the train-shed, saw a hand wearing a peculiar ring—holding a small paper aloft in a suspicious position, and this ring—"

IS here." Springing to her feet, Ethel took the ring and a letter from her bureau drawer. "See, they are identical," spreading out the sketch of the hand sent by her mother. "And appearances lead me to believe that Julian gave me the ring that it might not be found in his possession—"

"Because it might be incriminating evidence?" finished Lois. "Do you not think it just possible that Julian gave it to you because he wanted you to have something of his?" Ethel flushed and glanced up eagerly, hopefully. "Have you other reasons for thinking Julian connected with Dwight's death?"

"Yes," Ethel hesitated, then plunged ahead with her story. "The night I saw Ito dash out of the house, with Julian in pursuit of him, I heard Julian call to Ito in a guarded voice: 'Ito, I have no more money to spare.'" Ethel paused again. "It may be that this Ito had seen Dwight poisoned by Julian and had been blackmailing him."

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS.—

Dwight Tilghman, on a train bound for the national capital, is murdered by a dose of oxalic acid dissolved in brandy. Yoshido Ito, a Japanese, is suspected, but proves an alibi and departs. Julian Barclay, a fellow traveler, who had lent Tilghman his brandy flask, is unable to find it after the discovery of the murder. He is further mystified when, upon arriving at the home of the Ogdens in Washington, he discovers that Ethel Ogden, a cousin of his hosts, is the original of a miniature he had found in his pocket on the train, and that Professor Norcross, a train companion, is also a guest. Barclay falls in love with Ethel, and, after she has consented to wear his jade ring, Ogden, her cousin, informs Barclay she is engaged to James Patterson. That day, Ethel receives from her mother the sketch of a hand pouring something into a cup, which she had spied, the day of the Tilghman murder, against a train window in the Atlanta station. A ring on one of the fingers is exactly like Barclay's. At midnight, Ethel sees Barclay kiss a small object and place it in a vase on the mantel. She investigates, finds a miniature of herself, although she never had one painted, and appropriates it. Just then, Norcross joins her, and, together, they see Barclay climb out of the window, and hear him tell Ito he has no more money to spare. The next day, after Barclay has told the family about the burglary episode, Norcross informs Ethel he believes Barclay's part in it connects with the Tilghman murder. Patterson also has been trying to influence her against Barclay, saying he associates him with an unpleasant incident of the past. Out of a window before a dinner at the Ogdens, Barclay sees Patterson talking with Ito; later, encountering Barclay, and with no explanation, Patterson asks him to leave town. Before them both, Ethel declares her faith in Barclay. During the dinner, a photograph arrives for Patterson. It falls to the floor, and, just as Barclay catches sight of it, someone calls "Fire!" The guests hurry to the street, all except Barclay, who, certain he has seen Ito in the doorway, goes in search of him. Ethel makes an attempt to go back for her ring and the miniature she had appropriated, but Patterson goes instead. Seeing a man crouching, Barclay shoots, while, at the same time, a box of cartridges ignites. The fire extinguished, Patterson is found dead. At the inquest, Barclay makes no mention of his shooting. According to the jury, "Patterson was killed by a bullet fired from a thirty-two caliber revolver in the hands of a person or persons unknown." After the inquest, Barclay announces his intention to depart. While searching for the now missing miniature, a detective discovers a cloth with powder stains, which Barclay had used in cleaning his revolver.

Lois looked at her pityingly. "It may be," she repeated mechanically. "I—" A discreet knock on the door interrupted her.

"The mail, Miss Ethel," announced Charles from the hall, and Ethel hastened over to the door, returning to Lois an instant later with a letter.

"Go on, Lois," she urged, tearing open the envelope. "What is this?" her voice changing as her eyes fell on a torn and ragged photograph.

IT was the upper half of a man's face, and, as Ethel studied the fine eyes, wavy black hair, and straight nose, an exclamation escaped her. "Why, it might be Julian, taken years ago, before his hair turned gray at the temples."

Lois looked at the photograph attentively, then sat bolt upright. "I've seen that before," she announced excitedly. "Jim Patterson received it during the dinner just before the fire. In opening the envelope, the picture fell into my lap, face uppermost, and, but that he wore a beard in the photograph, I should have known instantly that it was Julian Barclay."

"Really?" Ethel stared perplexedly at the torn photograph and then examined the envelope. "Why should this scrap have been sent to me? There is no name on the envelope, no card, or message, and the address is typewritten."

"I can't imagine," Lois rubbed her hands excitedly together. "Jim said that he had ordered the letter forwarded to him as it was important."

"Did Julian see it arrive?"

"Not only saw its arrival, but the picture; he caught the photograph as it slid out of my lap."

"Oh!" Ethel covered her face, then dropped her hands, displaying such misery that Lois was alarmed. "Hush! let me tell you. Before dinner, I found Julian and Jim quarreling, and Jim threatened to expose Julian—for what I don't know. Perhaps this photograph had something to do with the exposure—it was evidently taken years ago."

"True. And Julian saw the photograph arrive, saw exposure imminent and—"

"Shot Jim," completed Ethel, with forced calmness. "So I reasoned it out last night. I did not then know of the existence of this photograph, but I knew of the quarrel, Jim's threat of exposure, and that Julian cleaned his revolver the morning after the murder."

Lois' eyes opened to their widest. "Heavens!" she exclaimed, aghast. "And Julian Barclay was the first to find



IT WAS THE UPPER
HALF OF A MAN'S
FACE, AND AN EX-
CLAMATION
ESCAPED ETHEL:
"WHY, IT MIGHT
BE JULIAN, TAKEN
YEARS AGO!"

Jim Patterson. My husband saw him bending over his dead body—and no one else was in the vicinity."

"It all dovetails," admitted Ethel, and her eyes were indescribably sad. "What more likely than that Julian took his revolver, intending to use it in the capture of the Jap, Ito, met Jim unexpectedly, and, under cover of the smoke and fusillade of shots, which drowned his, gave way to temptation and killed Jim."

"It is horrible!" Lois' gesture was eloquent. "And yet jealous men have committed crimes since the days of Cain, and, Heaven knows, Julian had reason to hate Jim Patterson"—she hesitated, but one look at Ethel decided her, and the information she had come that day to give remained unspoken. "Ethel, dear"—impulsively she clasped her hands—"what can I say to you? How comfort you?"

ETHEL tightened her clasp of Lois' hands, then dropped them slowly. "I told you I reasoned out all the evidence against Julian—I did not say I believed Julian a murderer."

"Ethel!" Lois' eyes were shining. "I pray God that your loyalty and faith are not misplaced."

There was a brief silence as Ethel, with shaking fingers, completed her toilette, but her interview with Lois had strengthened her; she had lost the feeling of being alone and helpless; she knew that she could depend on Lois in any crisis.

"Had we not better go down-stairs?" she suggested. "The household is so disorganized that I don't know whether Charles will remember to send us word when luncheon is ready." She paused long enough to replace Barclay's ring, and to drop the sketch and the photograph into her bureau drawer, then accompanied Lois down-stairs.

Ogden was standing in the large entrance hall, and he greeted their appearance with a grunt of approval. "Your Cousin Jane has a very ill-regulated appetite," he said, after shaking hands with Lois. "She never knows when it's time for luncheon or dinner. Have you seen her this morning, Ethel?" and a penetrating look, of which his cousin was totally unaware, accompanied the question.

"Yes," answered Ethel. "Cousin Jane came into my room for a few minutes this morning."

"Any idea where she is now?"

"No; but I can look for her," and Ethel slipped into the drawing-room, only to find Professor Norcross the sole occupant of it.

"Don't let me disturb you," she exclaimed, as he dropped the newspaper on seeing her. "I'm looking for Mrs. Ogden to tell her that luncheon is ready."

"Let me find her for you—?"

"No, don't trouble." But Norcross stepped after her into the hall. "I imagine Cousin Jane is in the library," and, leaving the professor greeting Lois McLane and Walter Ogden, she entered that room. Her sudden entrance caused a man standing at the farther end of the room to dart unseen behind a tall screen.

Ethel reached the center of the large library before she became aware that Julian Barclay, and not Mrs. Ogden, was stretched on the large leather sofa, sound asleep. Ethel drew back, intending flight, but an overwhelming desire to see Barclay, to study his expression as he lay asleep, mastered her, and, step by step, she crept nearer until she stood at the head of the sofa, looking down at him.

BARCLAY showed the effect of sleepless nights. His eyes seemed more sunken, or the shadows under his eyelashes gave them that appearance, while deeper lines about his mouth, and a graying of the black hair over the temples were indelible marks of strain and suffering. His dreams did not seem to be of the pleasantest, judging by the restless movement of his head, and the twitching of his hands.

Out in the hall, Ogden waited with unconcealed impatience for the remainder of his guests and his wife to assemble for luncheon; nor had Charles put in an appearance, although he had repeatedly wrung the bell. Finally, Lois could stand his nervous, almost furtive glances about the hall no longer.

"I'll go and see what's keeping Ethel," she volunteered, edging toward the library door.

"It's a pretty howdy-do if one guest has to seek another," grumbled Ogden. "Go with her, Norcross, and see she doesn't disappear the way Ethel appears to have done."

Norcross laughed as he crossed the hall and pulled back the portières, but both he and Lois stopped short, just over the threshold, at sight of the tableau confronting them in the sun-flooded room.

Ethel, love and a great compassion lighting her face, was stooping over Julian Barclay, who lay apparently asleep on the sofa. Suddenly, Barclay tossed his hand above his head and his fingers touched Ethel's cool palm resting on his pillow. The contact evidently fitted into his dream, for he smiled contentedly as his grasp tightened on her hand.

"Ethel!" he called, and as she bent further over him, his smile faded into a frown, the lines in his face deepened, and he writhed as if in pain, his lips moving; but at first no words came.

"God help me!" he groaned. "I killed Patterson."

A scream, terrible in its agony, broke from Ethel, and awoke Barclay from his slumbers, and Lois and Norcross from their stupor. It was the professor who caught Ethel, half fainting, and assisted her to a chair.

Barclay, but half awake, sat staring in growing horror at the handcuffs dangling from his wrists, while Detective Mitchell, who had slipped from behind his screen some seconds before, gazed with satisfaction at his prisoner.

I ALREADY had evidence enough to secure this warrant," he said, producing the document, "but I'm obliged to you, Mr. Barclay, for calling out that you killed Patterson—and before witnesses, too."

Barclay's gaze roved around the little group, lingering longest on Ethel, who sat with her face buried in her hands, and his expression brought stinging tears to Lois' eyes.

"Did I talk in my sleep?" he questioned, with dry lips.

Lois nodded; speech was impossible for her. Mitchell broke the painful silence.

"You said: 'God help me, I killed Patterson,'" he announced.

Barclay rose stiffly, and the jingle of the handcuffs caused Ethel to look at him. He moved like an old man.

"Well, so I did kill Patterson," he admitted slowly, "but not James Patterson."

CHAPTER XXII

JULIAN BARCLAY'S confession staggered his hearers, who gazed at him in amazement too great for words.

"I don't get your meaning," stammered Mitchell. "Explain yourself, sir."

Before Barclay could comply with his request, the portières were dragged aside, and Walter Ogden strode into the room. He came to an abrupt standstill as his eyes lighted on Barclay standing, handcuffed, the central figure of the little group. Ogden hardly seemed aware of the others, his gaze being focused on Barclay and the handcuffs. Great beads of perspiration appeared on his forehead.

"What is all this about?" he demanded. "What devilry are you up to?" and he glared at the detective.

Mitchell took the question to himself, and an angry sparkle lit his eyes. "Don't interfere with the administration of the law," he snapped. "I've just arrested your cousin, Mr. Julian Barclay, for the murder of James Patterson."

"Of which I am entirely innocent," declared Barclay, facing the detective with something of his habitual poise and self-command.

"That fact remains to be proved," exclaimed Mitchell skeptically. "I am still awaiting an explanation of your cryptic remark that you killed Patterson, and not James Patterson."

Barclay cleared his throat, and not looking at Ethel, addressed them inclusively.

"Fifteen years ago, I accidentally shot and killed Dr. Paul Patterson, with whom I roomed in Baltimore while a student at the University," he said. "I was acquitted by the jury."

"After three trials;" the comment slipped from Walter Ogden, and, too late, he regretted the words.

"After three trials," repeated Barclay slowly; "quite true, but I was acquitted, and cannot be tried again for that offense."

"I don't recall any such case," muttered Mitchell. "How did you come to kill this Paul Patterson?"



AS ETHEL BENT FURTHER OVER HIM, HE GROANED: "GOD HELP ME! I KILLED PATTERSON."

Barclay did not reply at once, and his labored breathing indicated the strain he was under. "From a child I was imaginative, highly strung, nervous," he began. "As I grew older I gained self-control, and when I entered college I was as normal as any student. I was very ambitious, and, during my last year, over-study and the tension under which I was living, brought on somnambulism."

"Oh!" Ethel, who was hanging on his words, was unaware that she had spoken, but, from that moment, she was Barclay's only audience, and his voice deepened with emotion as he rehearsed old memories and lived through old scenes.

"I knew that, as a boy, I often talked in my sleep when unduly excited by the day's events," he continued, "but I was never aware that I ever walked in my sleep, and Dr. Patterson, on discovering that fact, never told me. One night he inadvertently awoke me, and the revolver I had picked up from his desk in the library, went off almost without my volition"—Barclay shivered, lifted his manacled hands as if to shut out a vision, and dropped them impotently. "When fully awake, I found Paul Patterson lying dead across the desk, and the housekeeper crying: 'Murder,' as she ran through the house. My arrest followed."

"I AM beginning to remember the case," interrupted Mitchell excitedly. "But the student's name was not Barclay—it was—"

"Julian Meredith," answered Barclay. "Shortly after my acquittal at the hands of the jury, my mother's cousin left me his fortune with the proviso that I drop my last name and legally assume his, which I did."

"Wait!" Mitchell held up an imperative hand, and Barclay paused. "Did not the proof of your somnambulist state rest on a letter written by Dr. Paul Patterson, and begun by him just before you shot him, in which he mentioned your sleep-walking propensities, and that you were at that moment walking about in his library, sound asleep?"

"That is correct," acknowledged Barclay.

"And this letter was secured by the housekeeper who, instead of turning it over to the police, told its contents to Dr. Patterson's fiancée, who, in revenge for the killing of her lover, bribed the housekeeper to withhold the letter?" added Mitchell.

"Which the housekeeper did," said Barclay, "until conscience made her confess to the police during my third trial."

"And the name of Dr. Paul Patterson's fiancée was—" Mitchell paused, and Barclay filled in the sentence.

"Henrietta Patterson, a distant cousin."

"And this Miss Henrietta Patterson was the only sister of James Patterson," finished Mitchell. "And James Patterson died by your hand two nights ago."

"He did not," declared Barclay vehemently. "As God is my witness, I never knowingly raised my hand against any member of the Patterson family. You can prove no motive for such a crime."

"You've just supplied me with one," returned Mitchell. "Before I had only evidence of guilt to go on, but now I'm positive of the motive. Henrietta Patterson avenged her lover's death by almost sending you to the gallows, and you, in turn, avenged the suffering she had caused you, by murdering her brother."

"A specious argument, nothing more," scoffed Barclay. "You have absolutely no proof against me."

Mitchell looked about him. "Suppose we sit down," he said, drawing up a chair. "Now we can talk more comfortably. Mr. Barclay, why did you carry a revolver the night of the fire?"

"I carried my revolver to use in case of encountering the Jap, Ito, for whom I was searching."

"Did you meet this Ito after securing your revolver?"

"I did not."

"Then at whom did you discharge your revolver?"

No answer.

"Did you discharge the revolver at James Patterson?" persisted Mitchell, and, this time, Barclay's denial was prompt and forceful.

"I did not," he declared. "I did not discharge it at anyone."

"Mr. Barclay—" Mitchell slipped his hand inside a pocket and produced a rag, and, at sight of it, Ethel shivered—"Charles, the butler, swears that you used this powder-stained flannel to clean your revolver the morning after Patterson's murder—and he was killed by a thirty-two caliber revolver bullet, such as you use in your revolver."

"I did not know that Patterson was killed by a thirty-two caliber revolver bullet until after the inquest," retorted Barclay. "I thought, as did everyone else, that he had been killed by the explosion of Ogden's rifle cartridges, and I cleaned that revolver before the inquest."

Mitchell shook his head. "That fact does not help you," he argued. "It only goes to show that you knew, before the others, that Patterson was killed by a thirty-two caliber bullet and that you cleaned your revolver so that the bullet could not be said to have been fired from your revolver. And you, with your medical knowledge and past experience in a murder trial, knew that the probing of the wound would establish the fact that Patterson had been shot by a thirty-two caliber bullet. You were simply forehanded in cleaning your revolver."

Before Mitchell had finished speaking, Ethel was on her feet, her eyes flashing, and she turned and addressed her companions, indignation in tone and gesture.

"In his heckling of Mr. Barclay, the detective has forgotten to inquire at whom Mr. Barclay fired," she said, and as Barclay looked up at her, his face was transformed.

"Thanks," he exclaimed, springing to his feet. "As I reached the back hall on my return from my fruitless search for Ito, I made out, dimly, a figure half kneeling, half crouching under the hall light. Thinking it might be Ito overcome by the smoke, I raised my revolver just as the fusillade of shots rang out, and, instinctively, I pulled the trigger of my revolver, thinking I was attacked."

"Ah, then you contend that you accidentally killed James Patterson?" asked Mitchell incredulously. "It strikes me that you are working the accident plea rather fine."

"I have not used it in this instance," declared Barclay hotly. "I did not shoot James Patterson."

"Then the man crouching under the light was not Patterson?"

"Yes, it was," admitted Barclay, "but you will all recall that Patterson was shot in the back; whereas, when I fired that revolver I stood directly in front of him."

A SILENCE followed Barclay's statement. Norcross was the first to speak.

"Did you observe anyone standing down the hall behind Patterson?" he asked.

"No, the dense smoke was drifting toward me, and I could not see down the hall," was Barclay's answer; and Norcross looked his disappointment.

"Will you kindly tell us, Mr. Barclay," began Mitchell, "if your bullet did not hit Mr. Patterson, exactly where it did go." He waited, and then added significantly: "The walls and ceilings in every direction on the second floor have been examined by experts in search of thirty-two caliber bullets which might have been embedded in them; and, while we have found numerous thirty-eight caliber bullets, none has been located in the neighborhood where Mr. Patterson's body was found. And every bullet that has been found in other parts of the halls and rooms has been a thirty-eight caliber bullet. Where did your revolver bullet go?"

"Out of the hall window," retorted Barclay. His words caused a sensation. "Come up-stairs and I will show you," he urged.

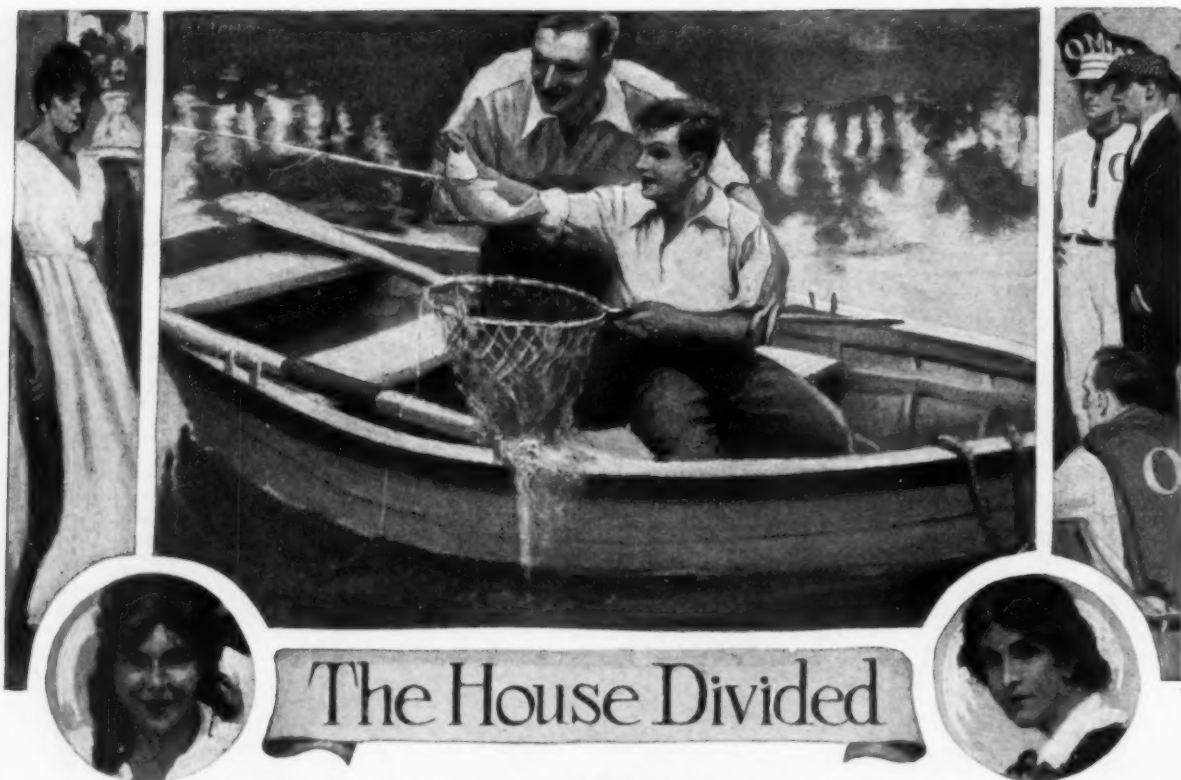
"Yes, come," echoed Ethel, and, taking Lois' arm, she led the way to the second-floor back hall. With Mitchell marching stolidly by Barclay's side, the latter had no opportunity to whisper a word to the girl who, among them all, was the only one to champion his cause.

On reaching the back hall, Barclay moved down toward the servants' staircase. "I stood here," he said. "Norcross,

[Continued on page 25]



*A red-haired man
with bright-red cheeks
Sailed around the world
in sixteen weeks
He tied a red handkerchief
around his throat
And he sailed away
in a little red boat.*



The House Divided

By HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT—Decoration by E. F. WARD

ABOUT this time last year, I was spending most of my leisure time wondering what was wrong with things. On the surface, everything seemed to be running smoothly. I was well and so were Robert and the children. Elsie and Leroy were doing excellently at school, and Robert, Junior, was being equally successful at college. Jeanne, my grown daughter, was at home, and, in every way, was all that one could expect a young girl to be. Yet I was conscious that something was wrong with us, desperately wrong.

We were a very active family. Robert belonged to lodges and clubs, and I, also, was an earnest club worker. Jeanne had a great many social affairs; Robert, Jr., was absorbed in fraternity doings. Leroy was always deeply interested in some one mysterious plan or another, and Elsie, my youngest, was much given to school affairs. No one of them seemed to sense anything out of the way; and, in fact, until one evening at dinner I, myself, although aware that something was awry, could not have told what it was.

That evening, we all came to the table together, and, as we are all as talkative as we are active, conversation ran riot. Jeanne told of her last night's dance. Robert, Jr., began as soon as she had finished on an exciting fraternity initiation; then Leroy cut in to brag of the fish he was going to catch that summer, in a particular spot he had heard about; and Elsie tried to say something about the new teacher at school. Robert interrupted her with some story about the lodge, and I, waiting impatiently, followed with a bit of a tale I had gathered at the club that day. I closed with what I thought was a telling point, but no one laughed. The family was paying strict attention to dinner, and no one seemed to have listened, or to have been interested in the slightest. I looked about with some chagrin, feeling decidedly annoyed; and then I suddenly remembered that, being so eager for my own turn, I had hardly listened to what the others were saying.

After dinner, I went into the living-room alone, and, as I sat by the log fire, I realized that most of our dinners

were about the same, all of us bursting to tell something, and no one caring to listen to another with interest. After dinner, I surveyed the days and they, too, were all alike—everybody coming, and going, and doing pretty much as they pleased—nothing wrong or undesirable, of course, but just as if each lived alone instead of being an intimate part of a big family. At times, I certainly was bored with the children's "talk," but it had not occurred to me that they might be bored with mine. The women of the club often spoke laughingly of the young people's social activities, and when, by any chance, one of us attended, it was always a matter of commiserating comment the day after. Just the day before the one on which I sat meditating, Mrs. Myers had said to me:

MAY insisted upon my visiting her school. The school is all right; I looked into that before I sent her, of course; and why she wanted me to come is beyond my comprehension. But she insisted, and finally I did go. It was an awful bore, I assure you, to stalk through all those rooms and meet those teachers. Really, children are the queerest things—"

It had been a long time since Elsie had asked me to come to school. In fact, as I thought it over, it seemed a long time since any of the children, or Robert, even, had asked me to do anything. Robert and I went out together because we were invited together; but he had not asked me to anything, with him, in which he was personally interested. And I, in turn, had not invited any member of the family to my particular affairs. It wasn't the custom to include the young people in town activities, and I had religiously followed the custom. But the more I thought, the more clearly I saw that it was this that was troubling me—the growing indifference among us. Just then an old quotation flashed into my mind: "A house divided against itself cannot stand."

We were not divided in the sense that we were at war, but, it seemed to me, that a division caused by indifference had about as bad results. The house could not stand; in fact, it was not a house at all. It was just an aggregation

of human beings living under the same roof, each pursuing his own ends without regard to another's. I know that some radical thinkers believe this to be an ideal condition; but, judging from my own personal dissatisfaction with a purely accidental experience, I should say it is most undesirable. It seemed to me that it was bad for the children, and bad for Robert and me. If we couldn't manage to keep a community kind of interest in our home life, we were pretty sure not to have one in the world outside. I felt that Elsie and Leroy, at least, were not out from under my mother wings, as yet, and that I, as a mother, should see that they were capable of entering sympathetically, and unselfishly, into the lives of others. And I felt almost certain it was not too late to do the same for Robert, Jr., and Jeanne. I wanted, not a house divided, but a house united.

That evening was as many other evenings. Jeanne went to a dance; Robert, Jr., went over to the college. Elsie and Leroy studied, and went to bed. Robert went to a lodge meeting. I had a bazaar, but I did not go. I stayed by the fire and thought. When Robert came in, it was fairly late, but I called to him.

"Father," I said, "are you wide awake enough to have a serious talk?"

Robert came into the room at once. "Why, yes," he said. "What is it about?"

"ABOUT all of us," I replied. I told him, as well as I could, what I had been thinking. He listened, without comment, and when I had finished he said:

"I don't like it. I never did like it, but I supposed it was all a result of modern ways and that we were helpless." Then he wound up by asking, "Well, what are we going to do about it?"

"Whatever is done, we will have to do," I assured him. "There's no use looking for any help from the children. Elsie did ask me to come to a school entertainment—but, Robert, a school entertainment!"

"Pretty bad, I suppose," said Robert, "and, yet, Anne, I don't know. To-night, at the lodge, one of the men sang—a comic song it was supposed to be. We all laughed, but, honestly, the song wasn't a bit funny, and the man was a mighty poor singer. I really don't know that we do much better than the children."

"Perhaps not," I said, "but now we'll just have to wait our chances to get in with them. Once they come around, however, we'll have to make up our minds not to be bored with anything. This is our one opportunity if we ever want the children to be more than mere strangers to us."

So we decided on our course. We were each to begin as opportunity offered, and to report progress to each other. For the present, Robert was to try the boys, and I the girls. The next afternoon, I had my chance. I went to Elsie's school entertainment, and I was most agreeably surprised. The new teacher had trained the children and they gave a very creditable performance of *Alice in Wonderland*. If the costumes left something to be desired, they were a brave attempt, and the heads, which had come from a costumer's, helped to cover defects. It was really funny. That night, at dinner, Elsie and I talked over the entertainment—Elsie and I, mind you, not Elsie at me, nor I at her. We talked together. After a while, Jeanne remarked, in amused fashion:

"Dear me, Mother, you are actually enthusiastic. What ever possessed you to go to the thing?"

"Elsie invited me," I said.

"Oh, did she?" said Jeanne. "How nice of her." The polite chilliness of the tone was discouraging. Robert, Jr.,

and Leroy had paid not the slightest attention to the conversation. Robert, Jr., was talking fraternity, as usual, and Leroy was bragging about what they were going to do to Bill Jones; and I doubt if either of them knew what the other was saying.

I sighed as I rose from the table. It wasn't going to be easy; in fact it was going to be infinitely more difficult than I had anticipated. Obviously, Jeanne and Robert, Jr., presented the most difficult problem. I shall never forget my first effort with Jeanne. She was entertaining two young people—a brother and sister newly arrived in the neighborhood—when I came into the room. Jeanne rose, at once, waiting for me to state my errand. Instead, I sat down and entered into the conversation. Jeanne, a little puzzled frown on her brow, sat down, also. I stayed half an hour—the most uncomfortable half hour I ever endured—but, before I left, I arranged to take the young people to Granger's Point the next Saturday, where there is a view we show off to visitors.

"Father will come and drive the car," I said as I left, "and it will be a pleasant trip." When the callers had gone, Jeanne, still frowning, came in to me.

"Mother," she said, "you don't have to bother to go on Saturday. It is nice of you to let us have the car, but Ben Davis could come over and drive us."

"But I want to go," I said.

"Oh," said Jeanne. She went out, mystified.

The next evening, my husband and I compared notes. Jeanne and Robert, Jr., were out, and Elsie and Leroy in bed. It was quite late. Both of us had let an engagement slip by to talk things over; but Elsie had come in to talk *Alice in Wonderland*, again, and we had to wait until she went to bed.

"How are things going?" asked Robert.

"Well, it's not easy," I replied. "When I go in and sit with the young folks, I feel like an intruder. But you and I are going to take the Sharwood children to Granger's Point on Saturday, although I do not think Jeanne is going to enjoy it a bit."

Robert rose and began to pace the room. "Well, I've a notion you've got child's play, compared to my task," he said. "I can't seem to break in, anywhere. I'm going fishing with Leroy to-morrow afternoon. I had to take an afternoon off and make a date with him in school hours to get him to go at all. He was too busy in his free time to even consider me. I'm getting his teacher to excuse him. That did appeal to him. As for Robert—well I never knew

how much of a stranger Robert was. He is polite as can be, but he seems to assume that my sudden interest in his affairs is because I think he is gambling or drinking, or has gotten into some kind of a scrape. He assured me he was quite free from all that sort of thing, and then, when I persisted in thrusting my society upon him, he must have thought I didn't believe him, since now he's a regular bear

with me. But I'm going to tell you one thing, Anne, and that is that I like it better than I expected to, in spite of all this. We can talk all we please about young people's silly conversation, but these young folks are so full of ideas and ideals they make me feel ashamed."

"Well, I agree, they don't talk any more nonsense than the women at the clubs," I said, "only it's a different kind. They talk beaux, and parties, and 'dates,' and the women at the clubs talk scandal, and dress, and aids to the complexion. It amounts to about the same thing, only I suppose I am more in tune with the older women. But, Robert, we will have to do something more than we have

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HOPE'S END

By FREDERICK NOYES

"THIS is the end," I said;
"The world's gone black,"
And dumbly to the wall my face I turned.
But straight upon the hopeless midnight's wrack
Another sunrise burned.

HATS FOR THE MATRON

By EVELYN TOBEY

Head of the Millinery Department of
Columbia University



ADAME'S hats to-day have a charm and smartness of style they never before possessed. So attractive are they, in fact, that, as promptly as they arrive from the shop, Mother's toque or Mother's large hat, with the upward tilt, becomes, not infrequently, popular with the grown-up daughter.

While the matron's headgear now has all the attractiveness of the younger woman's, she must, necessarily, be much more cautious in the choosing. She must study her lines carefully, coiffure her hair fastidiously, and use the hair net and veil, either when a special style demands it, or, if it adds to her appearance, should use either one or both all the time. Of course, some seasons demand the use of the veil more than others, and the millinery modes, themselves, are changing as rapidly for the matron as for her daughter. But, always, the designers see to it that there is some width of brim to the woman's chapeau, and remember that she needs hats with slanting lines and variety of line. This season I have noticed that the large hats have a decided upward bent, and that the smaller ones have all the character of line which is needed to give the hat a military appearance.

FIGURE 4 stands out as the very latest creation with a military tendency. The side-crown, high at the front, lower at the back, gives it this aspect, and, used with every kind of brim, invariably furnishes the dominant note. This would be quite the simplest sort of hat to make, and yet it was one of the most expensive models in the shop where I first noticed it. The combination of black velvet and black satin ribbon with the old-blue of the cockade—added in the front to emphasize the military note—was perfect, and, from tip to brim, even to the simple bow at the back, the hat expressed completely what is smartest in headgear for the mature woman this season.

While waiting to be introduced to Figure 5—which was not yet out of the millinery workrooms—I became interested in the hats purchased by two attractively gowned women, who I knew at once were overworked business women. They both looked so worn and tired, that I thought you would be interested in seeing and hearing about the two models the expert saleswoman advised them to select.

The first woman chose Figure 3. The milliner proved to her that the



Illustrated by

MARGUERITE and NATALIE GOUBERT

slight brim, which throws a little shadow, confines the hair, and does not allow the close-fitting hat to lie too tight against the forehead, would not only immediately take away some of her bedraggled appearance—of course she didn't say "bedraggled," but that was what she suggested—but would be unusually comfortable, besides. The wings, arranged as they are, give a crisp, sharp, smart effect. The turban was covered with navy-blue velvet, whereas the wings were of sand color.

WITH the exception of the wings, Fig. 1 has the same points as Fig. 3 to recommend it, but, not only did this hat give new life to the face of the other woman, but, being made of dark brown velvet, with pins of old-gold color, it fell in happily with her still-young brown eyes. Thinking it over, I have decided that both these models would not be unacceptable, even to the young woman.

If the above turbans will adapt themselves to youth, then surely will Figs. 2 and 5. Fig. 2, developed in black satin on top, and velvet for a facing, gets its trimming from its line—which is a high roll at back and side. This is an entirely new slant for wide or medium hats, and is an especially good design, in my opinion, because, where furs are worn, or high coat collars, if the hat does not have at least a slight upward tilt, it will fall over the neck and give a very clumsy appearance. It is certainly a striking departure from the mushroom line worn all spring and summer.

A young woman at the seashore the other afternoon wore just such a hat as this, developed in lavender. She was a rather short person, really, but I wish you could have seen what height the upward line gave her.

As always, whether for matron or miss, of course, the correct poising on the head is an important consideration. When a hat has commonplace lines, more liberty can be taken in tilting it, but in the case of Fig. 2, for instance, if the frame dropped toward the back of the neck, the hat would be hopeless. The hair should be perfectly coiffured with such a hat as this, for it rests so high on the head that the entire back and left side of the hair shows, and its appearance will decidedly affect the style of the hat. A hair net should be worn with this hat and not a stray lock be seen. Unfortunately, the woman at the seashore had a number of straggly ends, which were

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FASHIONS

THE DECISION OF PARIS ON FALL STYLES



OCTOBER means new fashions, and new fashions, if they are of any significance at all, mean fashions from Paris.

Not even the greatest of wars or the worst of war conditions have altered this well-established fact, and so we have not waited in vain this season for the verdict of Paris on the new autumn styles. The master designers of France have been steadily at work producing styles for the feminine world, and the steamers bringing them across the Atlantic have been eluding the submarines and landing them safely on this side.

Before the French models even arrive here, we know what Paris has been preparing. The large business-like square envelopes bearing on one end a strip of white paper with the now familiar words "Opened by the Censor," sent direct from Paris, bring in advance sketches upon sketches of the new models, colored like the originals from which the copies have been taken, and with the descriptions of the materials and trimmings used to fashion them.

There is less time for frivolity these days and more time given over to war work, both in France and America, and very naturally our clothes show it. There is nothing savoring of extremes among the new fashions—nothing very fantastic and on the other hand nothing very severe. The trend of everything is towards simplicity, expressed for the most part in

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straight lines, which, by the way, does not mean monotony, for there are enough new features in the styles to insure variety. Among these are the soft draperies which are permitted here and there, the new long tunic, and the loose panels placed on dresses and separate skirts.

In the collection of fall fashions from Paris, velours and satin figure very prominently. These, it is evident, are the favorite fabrics of the season, not novelties by any means, but those which the Parisienne has tested and tried again and again and always found smart.

The designers are never at a loss, however, for some clever ways of handling these fabrics so as to give them an air of novelty, if only in the matter of trimming or of combining them with other materials in new ways. Some charming results are seen in the two-fabric frocks fashioned of satin and velvet or Georgette and satin.

Embroideries are featured on dresses wherever possible, particularly in wool and chenille. Rope stitching in wool is one of the simple embroideries that is quite new, and to be more effective it is worked in a contrasting color.

The colors that Paris has decided in favor of are mostly quiet ones. Dark blue is varied with black and black-and-white combinations which the Parisian woman favors most for herself; but the rich wine shades, browns and purple are also to be found among the fashionable colors of the season.



THE FUR CAPE IS THE THING THIS SEASON (SEE ALSO PAGE 40)

As soon as cold weather approaches, the designers immediately begin to think of fur, and they are using fur this season as freely as they did last fall and winter. There are large collars of fur on the separate coats and coat suits, many fur-trimmed frocks, and capes and stoles of fur to be worn with the autumn street dresses.

The long cape of seal, and the shorter cape of kolinsky with its brilliant lining of figured silk shown in the sketch on the previous page are two of the new types of fur capes strictly according to Paris. The little slit pockets in the cape, which extends to the knee in front in a stole-like manner, are one of the attractive innovations in fur capes.

Fashion has not

neglected the children this season and our Paris correspondent sends interesting news of their styles. Their clothes are very brilliant in color, with startling contrasts in trimmings. Their coats of soft, woolly materials are warm and very smart with their little capes and pockets. One important house uses the rope-stitch embroidery exclusively as trimming for children's frocks. Another uses scalloping and binding for the little frocks, and still another trims with picot edging on collars and cuffs.

A new color called red sand is one of the bright shades very popular for children's school frocks. This trimmed with blue makes one of the most effective combinations imaginable, and is so very French.



NO. 7953, LADIES' DRESS; instep length. Pattern in 4 sizes; 34 to 40 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 50-inch wool jersey, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch satin for collar and cuffs. Width, 2 yards. A new line is shown in this design, with the skirt rising to a point which almost reaches the neck-line in front.

NO. 7996, LADIES' DRESS; straight skirt with or without straight band, attached to underbody, instep length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch velvet, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch Georgette crepe, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 40-inch organdie and $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards organdie ruching. Width of skirt, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

NO. 7963, LADIES' SEMI-FITTED DRESS; three-piece skirt; instep length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44-inch velours. The width of the skirt is $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards. The dress trimmed with braid is especially favored for the fall and winter season. The model above makes an excellent street dress.

HERE ARE THE FALL SUITS AND COATS

A Dress with Draped Tunic Also Among the Newcomers

COSTUME Nos. 7989-7663.—Medium size, 38-inch skirt length, requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 54-inch tweed.

No. 7989, LADIES' SUIT-COAT, in 38-inch length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 54-inch fabric.

No. 7663, LADIES' TWO- OR THREE-PIECE SKIRT. Pattern in 7 sizes, 22 to 34 waist (15 cents).—Size 26 requires, 38-inch length, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 54-inch material. Width, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

No. 7994, LADIES' COAT; in 52-inch length; with or without side pocket sections. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards 54-inch velours and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 48-inch fur cloth as shown.

No. 7991, LADIES' COAT SUIT; coat in 39-inch length; two-piece skirt, 39-inch length. Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards 54-inch material. Skirt's width at lower edge, 2 yards.



Coat 7989
Skirt 7663

7989

7663

Coat 7994

Coat Suit 7991

Dress 7993
Transfer
Design
No. 819

7993

7991

7994

No. 7993, LADIES' SEMI-FITTED DRESS; one-piece tunic pleated or gathered, and two-piece skirt in in-step length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch satin, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 40-inch contrasting satin. Width of skirt, 17½ yards. Transfer No. 819 (10 cents).

AFTERNOON STYLES

Two-Fabric Dresses Again in Vogue



For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 40

FASHION'S LATEST

Loose Panels, Tunics and Draperies



For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 40

THE NEW COAT COLLARS AND SLEEVES

Descriptions for page 35

No. 7965, LADIES' EMPIRE DRESS, with or without panels; instep length. Pattern in 4 sizes; 34 to 40 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards 48-inch material for dress. Width at lower edge, 2 yards. Transfer Design No. 812 for the embroidery (15 cents).

No. 7967, LADIES' PRINCESS COAT DRESS; instep length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 54-inch velours, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch dotted satin. Width, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The new Princess coat dress is one of the smart fashions for the fall and winter season.

COSTUME NOS. 7981-7951.—Medium size requires 5 yards 54-inch broadcloth, and $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards seal banding.

No. 7981, LADIES' COAT; in 39-inch length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch material, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards fur banding, $\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch lining.

No. 7951, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; with side pocket sections; 39-inch length. Pattern in 7 sizes; 22 to 34 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 50-inch material. Width at lower edge, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

COSTUME NOS. 7973-7959.—Medium size requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 54-inch serge, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 27-inch checked silk for the collar.

No. 7973, LADIES' EMPIRE COAT; in 39-inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 54-inch serge, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 27-inch checked silk for the collar.

No. 7959, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT; 39-inch length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 22 to 32 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 50-inch material. Width around the lower edge, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards. A very smart skirt with pockets in front and gathers at the back.

Descriptions for page 36

No. 7745, LADIES' WAIST. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch flesh-colored wash satin, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch white wash satin for the collar, cuffs and facing of front.

No. 7767, LADIES' ONE-PIECE STRAIGHT SKIRT; pleated or gathered; 39-inch length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 22 to 32 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 46-inch material cut crosswise. Width, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

No. 7839, LADIES' SEMI-FITTED DRESS; 39-inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 50-inch material, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 40-inch Georgette. Width of gathered flounce, $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards. Transfer Design No. 846 for bag (15 cents).

No. 7707, LADIES' WAIST; with or without vest. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 2 yards 38-inch foulard, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch satin, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch chiffon. Though extremely simple in style, this waist, developed in satin or Georgette, would be very smart in combination with a velvet or satin skirt.

No. 7795, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; in 39- or 37-inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 22 to 30 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires, 39-inch length, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch velvet. Width, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards. Transfer Design No. 385 (10 cents). Black velvet for skirts is more popular than ever this season, especially when trimmed with a touch of embroidery.

No. 7937, LADIES' COAT SUIT; two-piece skirt in 39-inch length. In 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 54-inch tweed. Width, 2 yards.

Descriptions for page 37

COSTUME NOS. 7743-7694.—Medium size requires, 38-inch length, $5\frac{3}{8}$ yards 40-inch material, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 27-inch silk for collar. Transfer No. 829 (15 cents).

No. 7743, LADIES' JUMPER BLOUSE. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 44-inch material, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 27-inch for collar.

No. 7694, LADIES' TWO- OR THREE-PIECE SKIRT; 42- or 38-inch length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 22 to 32 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires, 38-inch length, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 45-inch material for two-piece skirt. Width, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 7983, LADIES' WAIST. Pattern in 8 sizes; 34 to 48 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch material, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch contrasting material for collar and cuff sections. Transfer Design No. 798 (10 cents).

No. 7759, LADIES' DRESS; one-piece straight skirt, round or instep length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length, $5\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch velvet, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch silk. Width at lower edge of skirt, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Transfer Design No. 811 for the braiding (15 cents).

No. 7919, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece straight pleated skirt; instep length, or tunic with three-piece foundation, straight lower edge, in 39-inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards 50-inch blue serge, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 27-inch sand-colored satin for collar and cuffs. Width of foundation, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards at lower edge. The pleated tunic is in evidence again.



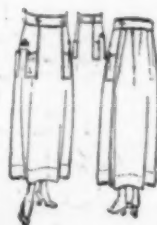
7965



7967



7981



7951



7973



7959



Dress 7965
Transfer Design No. 812

Coat Dress 7967

Coat 7981 Skirt 7951

Coat 7973 Skirt 7959

PRINCESS AND EMPIRE MODES ARE PRESENTED FOR AUTUMN

For other views and descriptions, see page 34

FASHIONS THAT COME WITH FALLING LEAVES



For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 34

EARLY AUTUMN STREET FROCKS



Blouse 7743
Skirt 7694
Transfer Design No. 829



Waist 7983
Transfer Design
No. 798



Dress 7759
Transfer Design No. 811



Dress 7919



7743
Transfer Design No. 811



7694



7759



7903



7919

For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 34

THEY ALSO SERVE

For Food Conservation and Other



Dress 7615



Dress and Cap 7449

NO. 7935, LADIES' AND MISSES' ONE-PIECE APRON; to be slipped on over the head; in two lengths. Pattern in 3 sizes; small, 34 to 36; medium 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust (15 cents).—Small size requires, longer length, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27-inch material. Striped bias binding makes a pretty trimming.

NO. 7970, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS APRON, Official Food Conservation Uniform. Pattern in 4 sizes; 34 to 40 bust (10 cents).—Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch gingham and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards same width contrasting for collar, cuffs and cap. Skirt's width, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

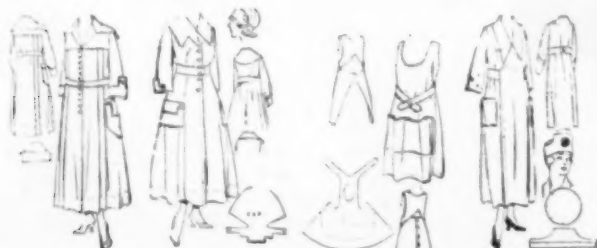


Apron 7935
Sun-Hat 7950 (10 cents)

Official Food Conservation
Uniform 7970

NO. 7615, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS; round or instep length. Pattern in 7 sizes; 34 to 46 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, round length, $5\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch material, and 1 yard same width contrasting material for collar, belt and cuffs. Width of skirt, 3 yards. Blue chambray trimmed with white pique makes a practical house dress.

NO. 7449, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS AND CAP; three-piece skirt; high or regulation waistline; in 42- or 38-inch length. Pattern in 8 sizes; 34 to 48 bust (15 cents).—Size 36 requires, 38-inch length, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch striped fabric and $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 36-inch plain as shown. Skirt's width, 3 yards at lower edge.



7615

7449

7935

7970

WHO WORK AT HOME

Home Duties Are These Costumes

No. 7865, LADIES' APRON. Pattern in 3 sizes; small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust (15 cents).—Small size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch material, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 30-inch contrasting.

No. 7827, LADIES' WAIST. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 32-inch material.

No. 7961, FRENCH APRON. Pattern in 3 sizes; small, 22 to 24; medium, 26 to 28; large, 30 to 32 waist (15 cents).—Medium size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch material for apron made with straps.



Dress 7901

Overall Suit 7860
(Patent applied for)
Sunbonnet 7850
(10 cents)

No. 7901, LADIES' TIE-ON HOUSE DRESS; instep length. Pattern in 3 sizes; small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Small size requires 5 yards 32-inch dotted percale, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 36-inch plain. Width at lower edge, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

No. 7860, LADIES' AND MISSES' OVERALL SUIT. Pattern in 6 sizes; 32 to 42 bust (15 cents).—Size 36 requires 7 yards 32-inch gingham and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch contrasting. Overalls are now used by women for indoor and outdoor work.

CAPES AND COLLARS TO SMARTEN THE DRESS

Descriptions for page 32

COSTUME Nos. 7995-7957.—Medium size requires $6\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch striped silk, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch plain silk.

No. 7995, LADIES' WAIST; with tie-on collar. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch material, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch for collar and cuffs.

No. 7957, LADIES' SKIRT; with side sections in two styles; side foundations lengthened by lower sections; in 39-inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 22 to 30 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires $5\frac{5}{8}$ yards 36-inch material. Width, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 7979, LADIES' ONE-PIECE BOX-PLEATED DRESS; with or without vest; instep or tunic length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 50-inch gabardine, and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 40-inch foulard. Width, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

COSTUME Nos. 7971-7947.—Medium size requires 3 yards 40-inch satin, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch velvet.

No. 7971, LADIES' WAIST; with or without yoke. Pattern in 4 sizes; 34 to 40 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch velvet and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 40-inch satin.

No. 7947, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT, with side sections in two styles, in 39-inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 22 to 30 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch satin and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch velvet. Width, 2 yards.

No. 7793, LADIES' WAIST. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine. The collar and jabot are finished with a machine picot.

No. 7951, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; 39-inch length. Pattern in 7 sizes; 22 to 34 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 50-inch material. Width, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

No. 7975, LADIES' WAIST; chemisette and collar in one. Pattern in 7 sizes; 34 to 46 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards 40-inch Georgette, for waist and chemisette, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 27-inch satin for collar and cuff sections.

No. 7959, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT; 39-inch length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 22 to 32 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 50-inch material, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 27-inch to trim the pockets and belt. Width, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

Descriptions for page 33

No. 7999, LADIES' BLOUSE; with hood or attached stock collar. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch linen, and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 27-inch plaid gingham. With its Gibson pleat on either shoulder this waist is particularly suited to the slender woman.

No. 7945, LADIES' SKIRT; high waistline, 39-inch length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 22 to 32 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 50-inch material. Width, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 7949, LADIES' WAIST. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. A charming mode for soft and sheer materials such as Georgette crêpe, chiffon and crêpe de Chine.

No. 7992, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; with front and back panels in two lengths; 39-inch length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 22 to 32 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 54-inch broadcloth. Width, 2 yards.

No. 7985, LADIES' DRESS; panels in two lengths; two-piece underskirt, straight lower edge, instep length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 45-inch material. Transfer Design No. 812 (15 cents).

COSTUME Nos. 7765-7955.—Medium size requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch chiffon, $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards 40-inch satin.

No. 7765, LADIES' WAIST. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch chiffon, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch satin for vest. Transfer Design No. 744 (10 cents).

No. 7955, LADIES' SIX-GORED SKIRT; 39-inch length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 22 to 32 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch satin. Width, 3 yards.

No. 7977, LADIES' WAIST. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch material, and 1 yard 27-inch satin for the band which is embroidered with Transfer Design No. 851 (15 cents).

No. 7969, LADIES' TWO-OR THREE-PIECE TUNIC SKIRT; two-piece foundation lengthened by one-piece lower section, 39-inch length. Pattern in 7 sizes; 22 to 34 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 50-inch material. Width, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards around the lower edge. Transfer Design No. 851 (15 cents) for the embroidery banding.



No. 7960, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS COLLARS. Pattern in 2 sizes; ladies', corresponding to $13\frac{1}{2}$ -inch neck measure; misses', corresponding to $12\frac{1}{2}$ -inch neck measure (15 cents).—No. 1 requires, ladies' size, 1 yard; Nos. 2 and 4, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard; No. 3, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard, and No. 5, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 36-inch material.



No. 851, DESIGN FOR BANDING STRIPS AND MOTIFS. —Especially suitable for the smart chenille and wool embroideries used on dresses, hats and bags. The background is done in darning-stitch. The pattern includes 10 strips 11×2 inches, 2 motifs 8 inches long, 4 motifs $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches long, and 8 small motifs about $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3$ inches. In yellow or blue. Price, 15 cents.



No. 7997, LADIES' AND MISSES' CAPE COLLAR AND CAPE. Pattern in 1 size, 34 to 40 bust (20 cents).—The cape collar requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch material and $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch lining; the cape, $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 40-inch velvet and $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch satin lining.

OCTOBER MODES FOR MISSES

The Return of Cool Weather Brings Coats with High Collars and the New Empire Tunic Dress

NO. 7976, MISSES' EMPIRE TUNIC DRESS; suitable for small women; three-piece tunic; two-piece foundation. Pattern in 4 sizes; 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards 54-inch serge, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 27-inch silk. Skirt's width, $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards. Transfer No. 851 (15 cents).

NO. 7978, MISSES' COAT SUIT; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt in two lengths. Pattern in 3 sizes; 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires $5\frac{1}{8}$ yards 40-inch chiffon velvet. Width of skirt at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.



Dress 7976
Transfer
Design
No. 851



7976



7976

7978

Coat Suit 7978

Coat 7974

Coat 7748

No. 7748, MISSES' COAT, in two lengths; suitable for small women. Pattern in 3 sizes; 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 54-inch material, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch checked silk for collar and cuffs.

No. 7974, MISSES' COAT, in two lengths; suitable for small women. Pattern in 4 sizes; 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires, shorter length, 4 yards 54-inch velours.



7974

7748

DESIGNS WHICH FEATURE ALL THAT'S NEW



Dress 7964
Transfer No. 851 (15 cents)

Dress 7788

Dress 7802
Transfer No. 829 (15 cents)

Dress 7968
Transfer No. 621 (10 cents)

NO. 7964, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Pattern in 3 sizes; 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44-inch material, 1 yard 40-inch contrasting.

No. 7788, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Pattern in 3 sizes; 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards 40-inch silk.

No. 7774, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Pattern in 4 sizes; 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 54-inch serge, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 27-inch flannel. Width, $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards.

No. 7802, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; in two lengths. Pattern in 3 sizes; 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 45-inch taffeta, and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 40-inch Georgette. Width of skirt, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 7968, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Pattern in 3 sizes; 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires 3 yards 44-inch material. Width, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards.



7964

7788

7802



Dress 7774



7774



7968

THE CHARM OF YOUTHFUL SIMPLICITY



Dress 7986
Transfer No. 851 (15 cents)

Dress 7734

NO. 7986, MISSES' ONE-PIECE DRESS; suitable for small women; in two lengths. Pattern in 4 sizes; 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44-inch gabardine, and 1 yard 40-inch satin. Width of skirt, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

NO. 7734, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Pattern in 4 sizes; 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 42-inch striped material, 1 yard 36-inch for waist, and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch for gathered sleeves. Width, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards.



7986



7734

Dress 7786
Transfer No. 744
(10 cents)

Dress 7998
Transfer No. 811 (15 cents)

No. 7998, MISSES' DRESS. Pattern in 3 sizes; 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires 4 yards 50-inch fabric.

No. 7786, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Pattern in 4 sizes; 14 to 20 years (15 cents).—Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 45-inch material.

No. 7966, MISSES' SEMI-FITTED TUNIC DRESS. Pattern in 4 sizes; 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch dark satin.



Dress 7966



7966



7786



7998

LIKE NOTHING THEY HAVE HAD BEFORE



ARE THESE NEW CHILDREN'S FASHIONS



FOR OCTOBER WEATHER

No. 7584, GIRL'S DRESS; collar gathered or plain; straight skirt pleated or gathered. Pattern in 6 sizes; 4 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 8 requires 2 yards 40-inch figured voile, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch organdie for bertha, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards insertion, and $\frac{7}{8}$ yard ribbon for girdle.

No. 7980, BOY'S OVERCOAT, with or without military cape. Pattern in 4 sizes; 1 to 4 years (15 cents).—Size 4 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 54-inch material, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch lining.

No. 7596, GIRL'S BOX-PLEATED COAT. Pattern in 7 sizes; 2 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 8 requires 2 yards 54-inch broadcloth, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 48-inch fur cloth.

No. 7988, GIRL'S DRESS; adjustable or tie-on collar. Pattern in 6 sizes; 4 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 10 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 45-inch serge, and $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 40-inch linen for collar. Transfer No. 782 (15 cents).

No. 7750, CHILD'S ONE- OR TWO-PIECE ROMPER DRESS. Pattern in 5 sizes; 6 months to 6 years (10 cents).—Size 4 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 27-inch percale, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 27-inch material to face lower part.

Descriptions for page 44

No. 7956, GIRL'S COAT. Pattern in 6 sizes; 4 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 12 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 50-inch chinchilla cloth, and $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch satin for lining.

No. 7964, GIRL'S DRESS. Pattern in 5 sizes; 6 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 12 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch white linen, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch dark linen. Transfer No. 851 (15 cents).

No. 7954, GIRL'S DRESS. Pattern in 5 sizes; 6 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 12 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 42-inch white cotton poplin, and 1 yard 36-inch contrasting.

No. 7946, CHILD'S DRESS; straight gathered skirt. Pattern in 5 sizes; 2 to 10 years (15 cents).—Size 8 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch checked gingham, and 1 yard 36-inch plain gingham as shown.

No. 7778, GIRL'S DRESS; straight skirt, pleated or gathered. Pattern in 6 sizes; 4 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 10 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 45-inch challis, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 27-inch lawn.

No. 7972, GIRL'S DRESS; to be slipped on over the head. Pattern in 5 sizes; 4 to 12 years (15 cents).—Size 12 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 50-inch, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 27-inch contrasting material.

No. 7982, GIRL'S COAT; with cape. Pattern in 6 sizes; 4 to 14 years (20 cents).—Size 14 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch velveteen, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch satin for collar.

No. 7948, GIRL'S DRESS. Pattern in 5 sizes; 6 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 12 requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 38-inch material and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch contrasting. Transfer Design No. 799 (15 cents) for the cross-stitch embroidery.



Dress 7988
Transfer Design No. 782

7988

Romper Dress 7750

7584

7596

7980



Coat and Cap from Infant's Set 7742
Transfer Designs No. 356 and No. 317
For description, see page 48

Romper 7790
Transfer Designs No. 646 and No. 318

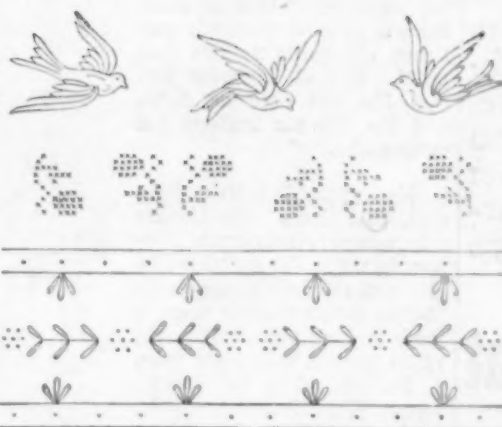
Dress from Infant's Set 7018
Transfer Design No. 577
For description, see page 48

BABY CLOTHES AND EMBROIDERIES FOR THEM

NO. 6570, CHILD'S DRESS. Pattern in 4 sizes; 6 months to 3 years (10 cents).—Size 1 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch lawn and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of lace edging. In sheer lawn, handkerchief linen, batiste or dimity this is an exquisite dress for the wee girl or boy. A pointed yoke and raglan sleeves are the special features of this dress. Transfer Design No. 629 is used for the embroidered sprays on the skirt and yoke (10 cents).



6570



NO. 847, DESIGN FOR BORDERS AND BIRDS. This is most useful for giving a pretty and simple finish to children's clothes and underwear. Pattern gives 18 birds about 2 inches across; also three yards of the cross-stitch rose border 1 inch wide; and 1 yard of the border of smocking stitches $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide. The birds are cunning on little collars and cuffs. Yellow or blue. Price, 10 cents.

NO. 7700, CHILD'S ROMPER AND ONE-PIECE SUN-HAT. Pattern in 4 sizes; 6 months to 3 years (10 cents).—Size 1 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch poplin. The yoke and sleeves cut in one and so unusually shaped add to the charm of this romper. Transfer Design No. 646 is used for the embroidered spray and No. 318 for the simple little scallops (10 cents each). A sun-hat to accompany the romper is included in the pattern.



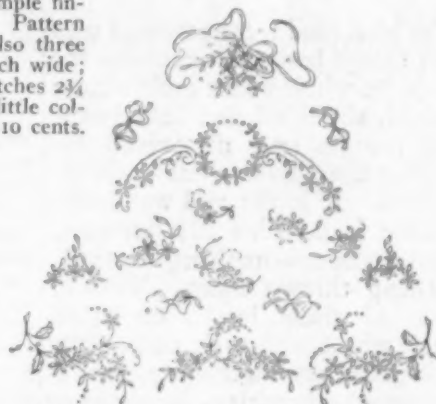
7790



NO. 629, SPRAY AND BANDING DESIGN. Very dainty for embroidering waists, dresses, children's clothes, etc., in satin- and eyelet-stitch. Besides sprays for yoke and cuffs, pattern gives $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of banding $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide. Price, 10 cents.



NO. 646, ROSE SPRAY DESIGN. Work dots in eyelet, roses in satin-, and leaves in either satin- or lazy-daisy-stitch, with colored or white stranded cotton. Small sprays like these are just the thing to make the small tot's clothes look dainty and attractive. 1 sheet of sprays given. Price, 10 cents.



NO. 577, DESIGN FOR SMALL SPRAYS. For the eyelet work on fine fabrics, use No. 35 marking cotton and No. 30 for the satin-stitch. The stems may be worked in outline- or stem-stitch. Pattern provides 1 sheet of sprays. Price, 10 cents.



THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD



In war and in peace the industrial army is recruited from the ever-increasing throng of women who are forced into the productive activities of life. The burden of preparedness lays its heavy hand upon the woman in the home, in the factory, in the store. Conserving our health and strength through proper food and hygienic surroundings is the concern of all humanity.

Shredded Wheat Biscuit

is the ideal food for the woman who does things because it contains the life of the whole wheat grain steam-cooked, shredded and baked—the best process ever discovered for making the whole wheat grain digestible. It is the real war bread because it contains 100 per cent. whole wheat—nothing wasted, nothing thrown away. Two or three of these loaves of baked whole wheat with milk and a little fruit make a strengthening, satisfying meal for breakfast, luncheon or dinner, at a cost of a few cents.

Made only by

The Shredded Wheat Company

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

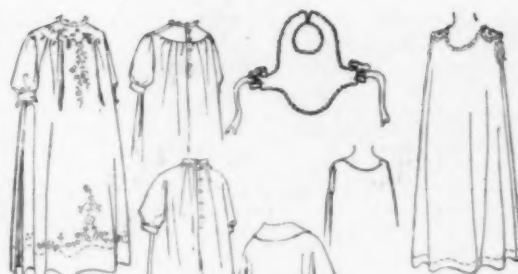
FOR THE OCTOBER BABY

FOR the baby's first clothes, purchase the softest materials obtainable as nothing coarse should come in contact with his sensitive skin. There should not be an over-supply of articles, but there should be the right ones. One-half dozen each of cotton garments and four each of the flannel ones are sufficient for the baby until he is old enough to wear short clothes.

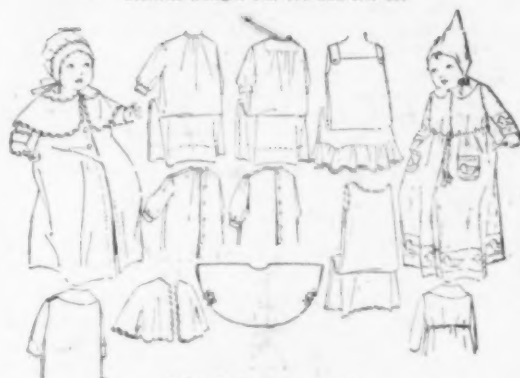
No. 7526, INFANT'S SET; dress, slip, and wrapper, body and sleeve in one, petticoat, Gertrude and bib. Pattern in 1 size (15 cents).—Dress requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards, slip $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards, petticoat $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards, wrapper $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material, the bib $\frac{1}{2}$ yard, Gertrude petticoat $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 27-inch material. McCall Transfer Design No. 786 used on dress, and No. 317 for scallops (10 cents each).

No. 7742, INFANT'S SET; coat, cap, dress, slip, blanket robe, sacque and petticoat. Pattern in 1 size (20 cents).—The coat and cap require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch Bedford cord; dress, 2 yards 40-inch batiste; slip, $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards 36-inch nainsook; robe, 1 blanket 36 x 50 inches; sacque, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 27-inch challis; petticoat, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch flannel. Transfer Design No. 356 used for spray, and No. 317 for scallops on the coat, as illustrated on page 47 (10 cents each).

No. 7018, INFANT'S SET; body and sleeve in one; coat, cap, dress, slip, kimono in two lengths, petticoat and Gertrude petticoat. Pattern in 1 size (15 cents).—Coat requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards 45-inch material; cap, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 18-inch material; dress or slip, $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards 36-inch batiste; long kimono, $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards 32-inch flannelette; short kimono, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 32-inch fabric; plain petticoat, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 30-inch nainsook; Gertrude petticoat, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 27-inch flannel. Transfer No. 577 used on the dress illustrated on page 47. No. 318 for scallops and No. 448 for feather-stitching shown on this page. Price, 10 cents each.



Infant's Set No. 7526
Transfer Designs No. 786 and No. 317



Infant's Set No. 7742
Transfer Design No. 317



Infant's Set No. 7018
Transfer Designs No. 318 and No. 448

NEGLIGEEES AND LINGERIE

NO. 6599, LADIES' AND MISSES' ONE-PIECE NIGHTGOWN. Pattern in 3 sizes; small, 32 to 34; medium, 36 to 38; large, 40 to 44 bust (15 cents).—Medium size requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 40-inch longcloth. Width, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



6599



Nightgown 6599

Chemise 7230

No. 7230, LADIES' AND MISSES' ENVELOPE CHEMISE. Pattern in 3 sizes; small, medium, large (10 cents).—Medium size requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards 36-inch goods.



7230



Kimono 7987



7987

No. 7987, LADIES' TIE-ON OR BUTTON-ON KIMONO. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch Japanese crêpe. Width at the lower edge, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards. Since tie-ons are all the rage for dresses, waists and coats, there must be a tie-on kimono.

How to Get McCall Patterns

McCall Patterns (with detailed directions for use) can be obtained from the nearest McCall Pattern Agency in your locality or ordered by mail by stating the number and size wanted and enclosing the price to

THE McCALL COMPANY

New York, N. Y.,
McCall Building,
236-250 West 37th St.
Chicago, Ill.,
418-424 S. 5th Avenue.
Boston, Mass.,
34-40 Chauncy Street.
San Francisco, Cal.,
140 Second Street.
Atlanta, Ga.,
82 North Pryor Street.
Toronto, Canada,
70 Bond Street.

No. 7425, LADIES' AND MISSES' NIGHTGOWN; two styles of sleeve. Pattern in 8 sizes; 32 to 46 bust (15 cents).—Size 36 requires $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch material. An excellent design for the long-sleeved, cold-weather nightgown, to be made of muslin, longcloth or outing flannel.



Nightgown 7425

7230
Transfer No. 607
(10 cents)

In Every Home

the provision of a daily ration of Grape-Nuts food adds to the family's health and happiness.

Grape-Nuts

contains the entire nutriment of wheat and barley, including the vital mineral salts which play an important role in tissue building and development of sturdy strength. The children, especially, need these mineral elements so often lacking in the usual dietary.

This splendid food digests quickly, hence is excellent for weak stomachs. Nevertheless it is a "man's-size" food, filled with nourishment—a builder of brain and brawn.

**Ready to Serve, Crisp,
Delicious, Economical**

Every table
should have its
daily ration of
Grape-Nuts



"I HAVE selected these crochet designs because I think they are so beautiful and so practical that they would be prized by every woman and because they are so easily adapted to her lingerie, blouses, camisoles and nightwear, and can be changed from garment to garment with perfect good taste. They are all shown, with complete instructions for crocheting, in the Lady Duff-Gordon Instruction Books on Crochet, published by the Richardson Silk Company."

Lady Duff-Gordon

WHETHER you are a crochet expert or just a beginner, you can have exquisite underwear, waists, etc., designed by Fashion's foremost authority, at the mere cost of materials and your own time by following Lady Duff-Gordon's wonderful designs fashioned exclusively for the Richardson Silk Company, and shown in the Lady Duff-Gordon Crochet Books listed below. Each design is pictured in detail, with complete instructions for crocheting.

The complete Lady Duff-Gordon lingerie outfits, with all materials stamped ready for cutting and crocheting, are sold everywhere in convenient package form at remarkably low prices. If your dealer cannot supply the outfits, or any of the following Lady Duff-Gordon Books, write us direct, giving dealer's name.

Book No. 16—Crochet Yokes and Blouses
Book No. 17—Edges and Insertions
Book No. 18—Irish and Cluny Crochet
Book No. 19—Crochet Boudoir and Breakfast Caps

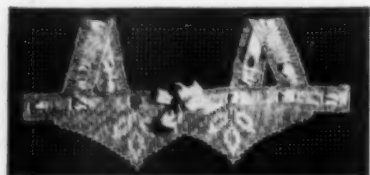
Price 10 cents each. By mail 12 cents.



To Modistes: Lady Duff-Gordon says—
"In my own studios I use Richardson's Sewing Silks and R. M. C. Crochet Cottons exclusively for all garments including my most exquisite gowns, because I find them so very dependable."

Richardson Silk Company
Dept. 36, Chicago, Ill.
Makers of Richardson's Spool and Embroidery Silks

Dealers: Write for books and outfit proposition.



Lady Duff-Gordon Complete Combination Outfit No. 4 with Petite Yoke design shown above, containing pink or white Crepe de Chine for combination, crocheted cotton for yoke, and complete instructions for crocheting yoke and making up garment—\$2.00 everywhere.

FOR HOUSEHOLD AND WARDROBE

By HELEN THOMAS

848—Design for Sprays. A new and charming effect, with roses stamped on pink material and then basted in position over the design and embroidered around the edges in the satin-stitch with white stranded cotton. Two other dainty sprays to do all the embroidery stitches for each are also included in the pattern. Price, 10 cents. Ladies' and misses' envelope chemise



848—DESIGN FOR SPRAYS

to 4 inches high, a number of each size being given. There are also twelve handkerchief initials in the $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch size. The pattern gives detailed illustrations with explicit directions, showing clearly how

to do all the embroidery stitches for each of the five different styles of lettering. Price, 15 cents, postage prepaid.



No. 7230 is used. Cut in three sizes—small, medium, and large. Price, 10 cents.

849—Design for Initials in Five Different Styles. Artistically designed in the latest styles popular for household linens and underwear. 99 transfers of one letter (or Mc) given in each pattern. (X not given). These transfers are in the different styles illustrated, in sizes ranging from 1



849—DESIGN FOR INITIALS IN 5 DIFFERENT STYLES

823—Design for Cut-Work Sprays. These make a most charming lingerie or baby's pillow. Embroidered in cut-work, satin-, outline-, and eyelet-stitches. Full directions for working them are provided with the pattern. The pillow slip is cut 17 inches long and 13 inches wide, and is finished with a three-inch hemstitched ruffle. Price of spray design, 10 cents.



823—DESIGN FOR CUT-WORK SPRAYS

848—Design for
[Con. on p. 51]

FOR HOUSEHOLD AND WARDROBE

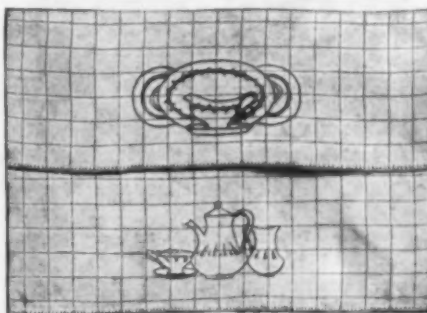
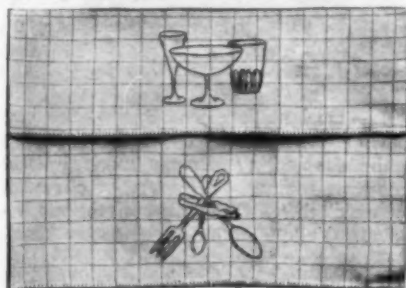
[Continued from page 50]

Sprays (suitable for underwear). Embroidered in French knots, satin-, outline-, and lazy-daisy-stitches with pink, blue, and green stranded cotton. McCall pattern for ladies' and misses' slip-on corset cover No. 7310 may be used. It comes in three sizes; small, medium, and large. Price, 10 cents. Transfer design 848, price, 10 cents.



848—DESIGN FOR SPRAYS

852—Design for Guest Towels. 2 transfers of each given in pattern. Unusually charming in the combination of simple embroidery and filet crochet. Illustrations and directions for embroidering the stitches are provided, also a filet pattern for the squares, with crochet directions, including directions for the dainty edge. The cut-work design



831—FOUR DESIGNS FOR KITCHEN TOWELS

831—Four designs for Kitchen Towels. Two transfers of each design given. These designs make very attractive towels embroidered in red or blue marking cotton or medium-weight mercerized cotton on plain or cross-barred toweling. Embroidered in outline-stitch with blanket-stitch finish. Directions with pattern. Transfer design, 10 cents.



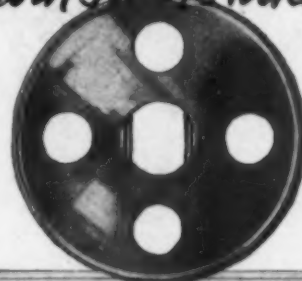
852—DESIGN FOR GUEST TOWELS

measures 14 by 4 1/4 inches. The wreath design measures 15 1/2 by 4 inches (including medallions). Price, 15 cents. Initial No. 849, price 15 cents. Flower petals are worked in satin-stitch or eyelet-stitch with stranded cotton; the leaves in satin-stitch; dots in eyelet-stitch; and stems in outline-stitch. The cut-work is very effective and easy to do.

[Con. on p. 52]

*Either side
the Right Side*

Both Sides Alike!



DE LONG PRESS BUTTON

You cannot sew it
on wrong.

Wire Spring locks
securely; never loses
its "springiness."

Smooth, attractive
finish; no rough
edges.

THE DE LONG HOOK AND EYE CO.
Manufacturers of Hooks and Eyes
Safety Pins. Hair Pins
Toilet Pins
PHILADELPHIA, U.S.A.
ST. MARYS, CANADA.





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Don't
Track
My
Floors**



Put every member of the family on Cat's Paw Heels. The Foster Friction Plug prevents slipping and makes the heel wear longer. And Cat's Paws protect the floors—no heel marks.



CAT'S PAW CUSHION RUBBER HEELS

There are no holes to track mud and dirt into the house—a feature every housewife appreciates.

50c attached, black, white and tan, for men, women and children. All dealers.

FOSTER RUBBER COMPANY

105 Federal Street - - Boston, Mass.

Originators and Patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which Prevents Slipping.

FOR HOUSEHOLD AND WARDROBE

[Continued from page 51]

850.—Designs for Two Bags.—The one shown below, 8½ inches deep finished, is in a pretty shape that is quite new. Colored seed beads sewed on in rows give a charming effect, with light blue for flowers, with yellow centers, and green foliage. One-half yard of 36-inch navy blue faille silk was used for bag. Full directions. Yellow or blue. Price, 15 cents.



Transfer Design No. 850



Transfer Design No. 850

850.—Designs for Two Bags.—The bag shown above (8¼ by 6¼ inches) is one of the fascinating designs made by the American Indians. It can be of chamois, silk, or cloth. Full beading directions included. Yellow or blue. Price, 15 cents.

Editor's Note.—McCall Transfer Patterns can be transferred to material with a hot iron in less than a minute. Obtained at McCall Pattern Agencies or postpaid from McCall Company on receipt of 10 or 15 cents. Stamped material not supplied. McCall's New Embroidery Book now on sale. It illustrates over 500 of latest embroidery designs; gives lessons in embroidery stitches, tatting, knitting, and crocheting; also new sweater models, baby things and fillet designs—all with directions. Includes a free coupon good for 10 cents toward the purchase of any McCall Kaumagraph Transfer Pattern. Price in U. S., 20 cents; by mail, 25 cents; in Canada, 25 cents; by mail, 30 cents.

HATS FOR THE MATRON

[Continued from page 28]

disastrous to the effect of a most unusual and attractive hat.

Dress hat number two, which is Fig. 5, Madame L. had only just designed when I appeared. The finished model was to have a wider, flatter brim than Fig. 2, and was to be brought out in black velvet faced with French-blue Georgette crêpe. The small ostrich tips, arranged around the top of the side-crown, were to be of blue, also. The brim tilted upward, just as every new hat with a tilt will do. Fashion is going to demand a longer neck-line this winter; so, each new hat that appears will

flare up from the headline, to the right or to the left, just a little bit more than the last.

Editor's Note.—Mrs. Tobey is prepared to send you dimensions for Fig. 1, and to teach you how to make the frame of willow, and to give full directions for covering; for Fig. 2 she will give attractive ways of finishing the edges; for Fig. 3 she will send the dimensions of frame; for Fig. 4, the directions for making crown; and the dimensions for Fig. 5. A stamped envelope should accompany request.

STYLES FOR STOUT FIGURES

By MARGARET WHITNEY

(Below, right.) An evening-dress of satin with soft side drapery of chiffon. Dress No. 7941, sizes 34- to 44-bust measure (20 cents).

(Below, left.) The simple slip-on dress may be made very becoming. Dress No. 7891, sizes 34- to 46-bust (20 cents).



Waist No. 7944, sizes 34- to 48-bust. Skirt No. 7969, sizes 22- to 34-waist measure (20 cents each).

Waist No. 7983, sizes 34- to 48-bust; Skirt No. 7791, 22- to 38-waist (20 cents each).

I AM weary of having tight waists and skirts glued on to me, just because I am large—"one of my correspondents wrote to me recently.

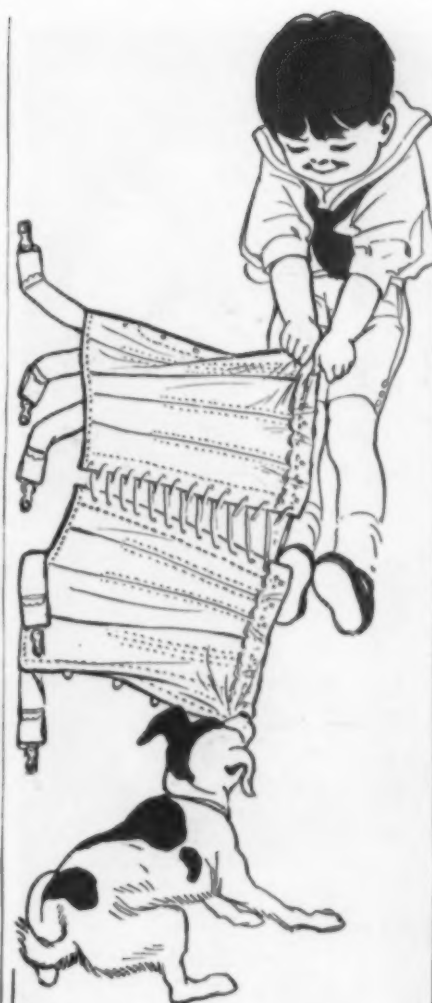
If the stout woman would just forget that old, worn-out tradition about tight-fitting clothes being the best thing for her, she would find that there are a great many styles she can wear becomingly.

Instead of improving the figure, tight clothes often accentuate defects, and I am afraid there are still a great many women who, like my correspondent, are weary of the strait-jacket type of dress but have not yet discovered that they can wear other styles with much better effect. It

A glance at the two pages of designs I have selected for large figures and mature women will satisfy you at once that there is quite a wide choice among the present fashions for those who have lost the slenderness of youth.

The graceful lines of the new long tunics, the rather easy, but not too slack, fit of the one-piece dresses and autumn

[Concluded on page 54]



Warner's
Rust-Proof

Every Corset Guaranteed

It is economy to buy a good corset—a Warner's Rust-Proof.

They have style, they have strength—both essential to your comfort.

They will not rust, nor break, nor tear.

Styles for you and every woman.

\$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2, \$3, and up to \$5.

Buy
Your Model
Now

The Warner Brothers Company
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O-CEDAR
Polish

Clear As H₂O Polish
Vintages Found
The Success Story
Resistant Floor
Furniture
Preserve

ECONOMIZE!

National necessity demands that economy shall not end in the kitchen. Thrift should extend throughout the house.

Use the genuine
O-Cedar
Polish

—economical, because used with $\frac{1}{2}$ WATER.

Clean, brighten and preserve your finest furniture.

Dampen a piece of cheese cloth with WATER. Add a little O-Cedar Polish. Finish with a dry cloth.

At your dealers—25c to \$3.00

Channell Chemical Co.
Chicago - Toronto - London

STYLES FOR STOUT FIGURES

[Continued from page 53]

(Below, right.) Suit fashioned of velvet, broadcloth, or satin. Coat Suit No. 7991, sizes 34- to 46-bust measure (20 cents).

(Below, left.) Waist No. 7905, sizes 34- to 46-bust. Seven-gored skirt No. 7907, sizes 24- to 38-waist (20 cents each).



Stripes are always a wise choice. Dress No. 7703, sizes 34- to 46-bust measure (20 cents).

A design with long lines. Dress No. 7979, sizes 34- to 44-bust measure (20 cents).

coats, might they not have been designed just to meet the needs of women with full figures?

The modish dress with long, unbroken box-pleats possesses just the lines that tend to give that enviable slender appearance, and this model in serge or gabardine makes an ideal street dress for the first autumn days. Separate waists are more becoming if they have slight gathers than if they are absolutely plain, and one may even indulge in pockets on skirts if they are not of the large pouchy kind that bulge out over the hips.

For evening wear the dress of satin with the soft side tunics of chiffon shows how style may be achieved by simplicity. The softness of the chiffon at the sides relieves the skirt from any severe effect.

not suitable for large figures. When choosing dress materials, plain fabrics, preferably in the darker shades, and stripes, provided they are not too striking, should be selected. All designs with long lines are to be recommended, also straight panels and surplice closings.

Editor's Note.—Write to Mrs. Whitney concerning any difficulty you may have about your wardrobe, and she will be glad to assist you if you will enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her reply.

In selecting dresses, waists, skirts and suits, if the pattern runs to a large size, you may be sure it will be becoming. Those patterns which do not run to large sizes are

THE LATEST SWEATER MODELS

By ELSA SCHAPPEL BARSALOUX

EARLY fall is an excellent time to begin knitting one of the new sweaters which give promise of being more popular than ever. Besides knitting for one's self, a new sweater in wool or silk makes the very nicest kind of a Christmas gift.



FIG. 2

Editor's Note. — Directions for knitting the four sweaters shown on this page will be sent on request and remittance of ten cents. Either stamps or money order can be used. Address, Embroidery Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th St., New York City.



FIG. 1

Fig. 1—Ladies' Knitted Sleeveless Sweater, finished with either Neck-band or Sailor Collar



FIG. 4

Fig. 2—Ladies' Knitted Sweater, trimmed with Angora or Brushed Wool



FIG. 3

Fig. 3—Ladies' Knitted Country-Club Sweater, made Body and Sleeves in One

Fig. 4—Ladies' Knitted Sontag in Surplice Style. Smart and fashionable with Sports Skirt



THERE are Acme Quality Paints and Varnishes for every painting need. Not a room in your home, from kitchen to attic, but will be brighter and cheerier for a touch of Acme Paints now and then. The "Acme Quality Painting Guide Book" and our smaller book on "Home Decorating" will tell you what kinds, colors and quantities of paint to use for any purpose. Both books are free on request. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

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Have an Acme Quality Shelf

For the many "touching-up" jobs about the house, keep always on hand at least a can each of Acme Quality Varnotile, a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture; Acme Quality White Enamel for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork and all similar surfaces; a quart of Acme Quality Floor Paint of the right color.





The Petticoat
Buy-word

HEATHERBLOOM
TRADE MARK

GO into your favorite store and ask to see the wonderful Heatherbloom Petticoat styles for Fall. Remember, you can get three Heatherbloom Petticoats that look and feel like silk, yet wear three times longer, at one-third the price of silk.

A. G. Hyde & Sons

361 Broadway, New York City

Makers of **Hydegrade** Fabrics

Accept no imitations. Insist upon this label.



**Nadine
Face Powder**

(In Green Boxes Only)

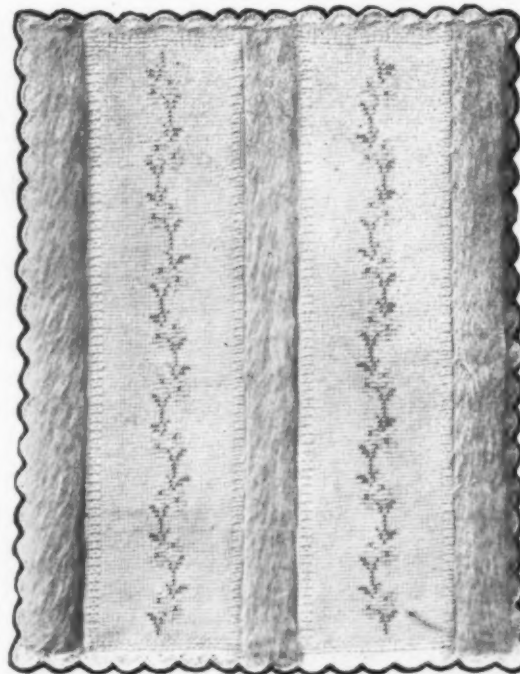
**Keeps The Complexion
Beautiful**

Soft and velvety. Money back if not entirely pleased. Nadine is pure and harmless. Adheres until washed off. Prevents sunburn and return of discolorations. A million delighted users prove its value. Popular tints: Flesh, Pink, Brunette, White. 50c. by toilet counters or mail. Dept. M. National Toilet Company, Paris, Tenn., U.S.A.

WARM AND DAINTY FOR BABY

By ELSA SCHAPPEL BARSALOUX

HERE is a lovely crochet set for baby's wardrobe, consisting of carriage robe, gloves, bonnet and sweater, with brushed wool finish and dainty embroidery. The brushing is done after the crocheting is finished, and the embroidery is worked in pink or some other dainty color to match the outfit. This also is done after the crocheting is finished.



BABY'S CROCHETED CARRIAGE ROBE

Editor's Note.—Crochet directions for all the articles on this page, including a block pattern for the cross-stitch design, will be sent on receipt of ten cents in stamps or money order. Address Miss Elisabeth May Blondel, Embroidery Editor, McCall's Magazine, McCall Building, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y.



BABY'S CROCHETED GLOVES



BABY'S CROCHETED CAP EMBROIDERED WITH CROSS-STITCH DESIGN



BABY'S CROCHETED SLIP-OVER SWEATER, 1- TO 2-YEAR SIZE

EMBROIDERED WITH A CROSS-STITCH DESIGN IN PINK ROPE SILK



Mothers—

Your Child Will Be Happy

and as good-natured as Baby Mary, if underdressed in proper fitting, non-irritating, non-binding, non-chafing "M" Garments—for it will be free from pain, irritation and annoyance.

There's economy for mother, too, in "M" Garments—the yarns are as durable as they are soft and pliable—the finishing is so carefully done, the buttonholes so well made, the buttons sewed on, so firmly—that "the wear is always there."

"M" Garments

The Perfect Underwear for Children

Not merely a trade name, but a certainty of satisfaction in Infants' Shirts, Fold-Over and Buttoned Styles; Diaper-Supporting Bands; Children's Waists (both Knit and Cloth Styles), and Waist Union Suits—"M" Knit Underwear for all the kiddies.

Ask for them *by name* at your dry goods store. Help your children to better health and comfort.

MINNEAPOLIS KNITTING WORKS

636 Bryant Ave. N.

Minneapolis, Minn.





One of Our
Oval Label
Leaders—

Armour's Veribest "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard

is made from pure leaf fat **only**. It is rendered in open kettles, contains no moisture, has intensified shortening power. It has a higher burning point and therefore cooks better, browns quicker and lasts longer for deep fat frying. "Simon Pure" comes only in pails—5 sizes. Ask your dealer.

Armour's Oval Label appears on a complete line of Package Foods. It is our pledge of highest quality.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY
CHICAGO

1624



THE NEW EMBROIDERY

By GENEVIEVE STERLING

10651—Baby's Pillow. Especially effective worked in delicate colors—pink, blue, yellow, or lavender—to match crib or carriage robe.

To be worked in French knots and solid embroidery with scallops in buttonhole. Design stamped on fine white nainsook, 25 cents—free for one new 75-cent subscription, not your own. Design stamped on pure handkerchief linen, 65

cents—free for three 75-cent subscriptions. Embroidery cotton to work, 15 cents extra. Perforated pattern, 10 cents.

embroidery and French knots. The design stamped on heavy tan cloth, including colored thread to work, 30 cents—free

for two 75-cent subscriptions. Design stamped on cream-white linen, including embroidery cotton to work, 50 cents—free for two 75-cent subscriptions. Brown cord and hoop, 10 cents extra. Perforated pattern, 10 cents.



10651—BABY'S PILLOW

10650—Fudge Apron. To be worked in solid-, outline-, scallop-, and buttonhole-embroidery. Design stamped on 17- by 50-



10652—SEWING BAG



10650—FUDGE APRON

10652—Sewing Bag with Pocket. A practical and attractive asset to the home needlewoman's sewing outfit in the busy days ahead. To be worked in outline-

inch white crash, with material for belt, 50 cents—free for two 75-cent subscriptions

[Concluded on page 60]

HOLMES & EDWARDS

"Wear-proofed" Silver Plate

Important facts about "wear-proofed" silver plate every woman should know

THE foundation metal of HOLMES & EDWARDS "wear-proofed" ware is made from a special formula adopted after years of experiment. Its texture has a *gripping* affinity for the silver plating that goes on later. Before plating, the surface of each article is polished and repolished to a glass-like smoothness, for pure silver plate *will not wear well* if deposited on a blemished surface. The slightest imperfection is magnified by plating.

Finally, to ensure a *hard*, wear-proof silver plating, HOLMES & EDWARDS use their own high electric current process.

HOLMES & EDWARDS "wear-proofed ware" comes in two distinct grades. One is marked HOLMES & EDWARDS *Silver Inlaid*; the other HOLMES & EDWARDS *XIV H-E*.

THE SILVER "INLAID" PROCESS



Until the HOLMES & EDWARDS Silver Inlaid process was invented all plated spoons and forks were bound to show signs of wear at backs of bowls and handles.

This is how the Silver Inlaid process protects against wear: Part of the nickel silver is removed from the back of the bowl and handle. The cavities are *inlaid* with solid silver.

Following this, the whole article is heavily plated with pure, hard silver, thus giving absolute insurance against wear where the wear comes.

THE "XIV H-E" PROCESS



For those who wish a "wear-proofed ware" at still less cost, HOLMES & EDWARDS "XIV H-E" process was invented.

In this process the spoons and forks are first plated by the HOLMES & EDWARDS method. In addition each wear point is again heavily wear-proofed with an extra hard plating of pure silver. It is this special reinforcement which gives "XIV H-E" its remarkable durability.

If you wish, we will send you folders showing a wide range of other beautiful patterns. We will be glad also to refer you to a dealer in your vicinity who can supply you with HOLMES & EDWARDS "wear-proofed wares."

HOLMES & EDWARDS SILVER CO.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY, Successor

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Canadian Distributors, STANDARD SILVER CO., LTD., Toronto, Canada

Below are two of the newer HOLMES & EDWARDS "enduring style" patterns whose beauty rests on a rich simplicity—which will keep them always in good taste. The "Jamestown," finished in lustre-gray. The "Newport," for those who prefer the bright finish. Both come in HOLMES & EDWARDS "Silver Inlaid" and "XIV H-E" wear-proofed wares.



Recipe for Peaches

Fill jars with pored peaches. Make a syrup of water and sugar—half a cup of water and a cup of sugar for each pint jar. Pour syrup over fruit until jar is full, place covers on loosely and set in a "Wear-Ever" Roaster—filling the lower half with water. Cover and let come to a boil. Steam until peaches are tender, remove jars one at a time, fill with boiling syrup and seal.



Home Canning Is Economical and Easy When You Use The "Wear-Ever" ALUMINUM ROASTER

ENJOY delicious, seasonable fruits and vegetables throughout the entire year by canning them now.

Peaches, pears, plums, beans, peas—all kinds of fruits and vegetables—can be put up at home at a saving in time, labor and money, if you use the "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Roaster.

In this utensil of many uses, you can also prepare a whole meal, in oven or on top of stove, all at one time—a delicious roast, baked potatoes, macaroni, and even a dessert such as baked apples or rice pudding. And you can use it as a cake or bread box also.

"Wear-Ever" utensils are dense and smooth, hard and durable, because the metal is subjected to the enormous pressure of rolling mills and stamping machines. No joints or seams; cannot rust or scale; pure and safe—economical!

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"



The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co., Dept. 30, New Kensington, Pa., (or if you live in Canada: Northern Aluminum Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

Send me, prepaid, a 1-qt. "Wear-Ever" Stewpan, for which I enclose 30¢ in stamps—to be refunded if I'm not satisfied. Offer good until Nov. 30, 1917, only.

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Address.....

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HOOSIER STOVE CO.
208 State St., Marion, Ind.

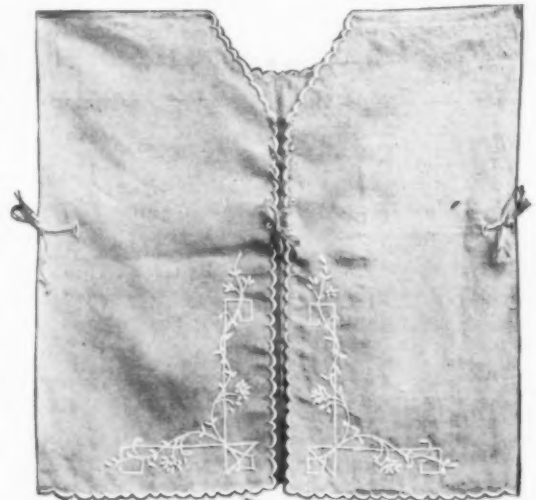
THE NEW EMBROIDERY

[Continued from page 58]

Embroidery cotton, 15 cents extra. Perforated pattern, including stamping materials, 10 cents. embroidery. Design stamped on 3/4 yards of fine nainsook, 75 cents—free for three 75-cent subscriptions. Design stamped on



10648—BABY'S CAP



10649—COMBING SACK

10648—Baby's Cap. To be worked with white floss in the buttonhole-, solid-, and outline-stitches. The design stamped on white cashmere or repp, 25 cents—free for one new 75-cent subscription. Embroidery cotton, 10 cents extra. Embroidery silk, 15 cents extra. Perforated pattern, including stamping materials, 10 cents.

10649—Combing Sack. To be worked in eyelet-, outline-, and solid-embroidery with the scallops finished in buttonhole-embroidery. The design stamped on pure linen huck, 20 by 42 inches, 75 cents—free for three 75-cent subscriptions. Colored and white embroidery cotton to work, 20 cents extra. Perforated pattern, including stamping materials, 10 cents.

10653—Ladies' One-Piece Nightgown. McCall Pattern No. 6599 is used. To be worked in solid-, outline-, and French knot embroidery. The scallops are finished in the buttonhole-



10653—LADIES' ONE-PIECE NIGHT-GOWN
McCALL PATTERN 6599

extra. Perforated pattern, including stamping materials, 10 cents. If preferred, the embroidery may be worked with colored floss in dainty colors. The design may be stamped, too, on any sheer material other than those mentioned. These, however, are not provided here. Ribbon to match the embroidery should be run through eyelets to give an effective finish.

Editor's Note.—Perforated pattern of any article on this page or on page 58 may be had for 10 cents; materials at prices designated, postage prepaid. Fast colors in floss guaranteed. Send check, money order, or stamps to McCall Co., McCall Building, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y. Patterns for articles are not carried by the McCall agencies.



The Scientific Dish

*We Urge You to Compare Van Camp's with Any Chef-Baked Beans.
It Will Bring You a New Conception of What
Pork and Beans Should Be.*

Not a Chef Creation

FOR many years this dish was baked by very noted chefs. It typified chef-making at its best.

Then we changed to scientific cookery. Food experts, college-trained in chemistry and dietetics, took the place of chefs.

Elaborate and exacting formulas displaced our recipes. Some of them result from testing a thousand blends and methods. And each comprises pages of the most minute directions.

A model laboratory directs every kitchen process. Materials are selected by analysis.

Seeds and soils are studied, to attain the pinnacle of flavor.

All this by most exacting methods, specified in detail. They never vary. So every dish is like the finest dish these experts have developed.

A Cooking Revelation

The beans are grown on special soils. Each lot is analyzed before we start to cook. They are boiled in water freed from minerals, because ordinary water makes digestion difficult.

They are baked in steam ovens to permit a heat which otherwise would crisp them. They are baked for hours, yet they come out unbroken and uncrisped.

They are baked with a sauce whose zest was never matched. In perfecting that sauce our experts compared 856 formulas.

The result is beans which are super-baked and easy to digest. Yet they are nut-like, mealy, whole. The tang and flavor mark the dish supreme.

Compare it with old-method dishes. You will be amazed to see what scientific cookery does for Pork and Beans.



*Van Camp's
Spaghetti*

Italian style—another scientific dainty which no chef can match.



*Van Camp's
Peanut Butter*

A very different butter from any that you know.

VAN CAMP'S
PORK & BEANS BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Also Baked Without the Sauce
THREE SIZES

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis



*Van Camp's
Soups*

Eighteen kinds. Soups like these have never been made elsewhere.

How pretty your hair looks—

"Did you spend the afternoon with the hair dresser?"



"Oh, no; I spent a few minutes with my mirror and some West Electric Hair Curlers. They are really wonderful.

"I slip them on while I am dressing, and when I am ready for the hair pins my hair has a beautiful, soft wave. They are guaranteed not to hurt the hair, because they work without heat.

"It's the constant heating of the hair that hurts it—that is one reason why I always use the West Electric Hair Curlers."

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Hair Curlers

Card of 5 - - 25c

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West Electric Hair Curlers are also guaranteed to last a lifetime. There is nothing on the market like them.

Over fifty million in daily use.

For sale at all dry goods and department stores, or we will supply you direct if you will send us your dealer's name, enclosing the price in either stamps or money.

Send for attractive booklet showing latest styles of hair dress easily done at home.

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ADJUSTABLE HAT LINING

Makes Any Hat Fit Any Head—Comfortably

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If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and 25 cents and we will mail you a white or black lining direct.

The Pullastic Company
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New York City



THE WELL-GROOMED WOMAN

COMMON-SENSE BEAUTY TALKS

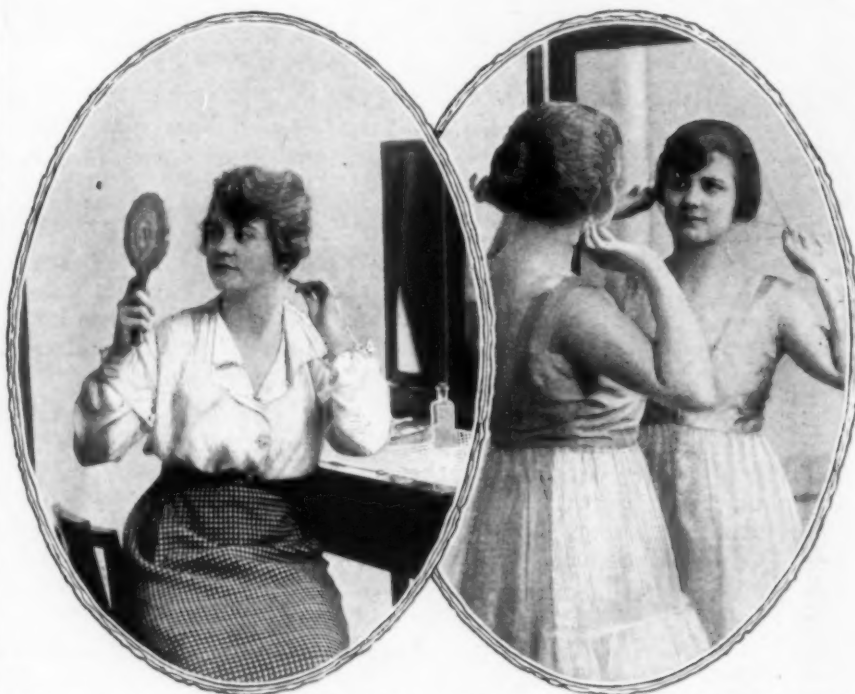
By ANNETTE BEACON

THE charm of personal appearance does not depend upon classic brows, and melting eyes, and peaches-and-cream complexion. The plain woman can be attractive—very attractive. Charm is not beauty—it is something deeper, and comes from qualities of mind, and soul, and heart, from a low musical voice, taste in dress, and a well-kept person.

"A well-kept person!" That is one big secret of attractiveness. If one's hair straggles down in unlovely, short, straight locks at nape of neck or ears; if hair-

unpolished or carelessly laced. This sounds like an absorbing task. It is, at first, to the woman who has been accustomed to "getting into her clothes" instead of "making a toilette." But habit is everything, and once habits of scrupulousness are established, it takes, say, but ten minutes longer to observe them.

The hair should be the first care. If we are to appear well-groomed, it must not only be scrupulously clean, but have that quality of "liveness" which is so attractive. Flat, dead, broken hair



COAXING UP STRAY LOCKS WITH AN EYEBROW BRUSH

A VEIL AND NET COMBINATION FOR THE TRIM WOMAN

pins protrude; if shoes are hastily laced; if one's gown is a trifle mussed or one's blouse not exactly trim at the waist, there is no charm in the picture one makes. Yet all of us, at some hasty moment or other, are apt to slight a detail or two of our toilet.

The well-groomed woman is always charming to a greater or lesser degree. Even though her personality be unpleasing, she yet attracts, in a measure, through the perfection of her setting. Any one of us can be well-groomed—which means that any one of us can possess charm of a kind.

Eternal vigilance is the price the well-groomed woman must pay. Never may a hair be out of place, a pin missing, a skirt hem a thirty-second of an inch longer at one point than another, a shoe

can never look well-groomed because it is its own evidence that proper grooming has been absent in the past. So go to work to get your hair in good order. Shampoo it once in two or three weeks; brush it every night, first in sections from forehead to tip of hair, over and over again, and last with the brush beneath the hair and an upward and outward motion that tosses the hair and lets the air reach every portion of its length.

OF course, dandruff is impossible to the well-groomed woman. It results from insufficient cleanliness, or the roughening of the scalp by too stiff brushes and too strong soap. Use a mild soap on the hair, always in the form of a soap jelly, and rinse most thoroughly.

[Concluded on page 64]



"I really don't enjoy going out, my complexion is so wretched."

Resinol Soap

will clear your skin, I'm *sure*!

Resinol Soap not only is exceptionally cleansing and refreshing, but its regular use reduces the tendency to blotches, relieves clogged, irritated pores, and gives *Nature* the chance she needs to make red, rough skins white and soft.

Bathe your face for several minutes with Resinol Soap and warm water, working the creamy lather into the skin gently with the finger tips. Then wash off with more Resinol Soap and warm water. Finish with a dash of clear, cold water to close the pores.

Do this once or twice a day, and you will be delighted to see how quickly the healing Resinol medication soothes and cleanses the pores and makes the complexion clearer, fresher and more velvety.

The soothing, restoring influence that makes this possible is the *Resinol* which this soap contains and which physicians prescribe, in Resinol Ointment, for the care of skin affections.

Resinol Soap is sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods throughout the United States and Canada. It is ideal for the hair, for the bath, or for the care of a baby's easily irritated skin.





BUSTER BROWN SHOES

For Boys—for Girls

will protect the growing child from foot troubles—will insure the graceful carriage, the proper pose—will keep your boy's or girl's foot physically right.

Buster Brown Shoes outwear ordinary shoes—can be resoled again and again—yet are sold by good shoe stores everywhere at \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50 and up.

The name "Buster Brown" stamped in on each sole is your guaranty of quality—the child's protection against foot ailments.

The book, "Training the Growing Foot," tells the complete story of Buster Brown Shoes—why you should buy them—and where you can get them. It is free. Write for it today.

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offer normal women, together with equally valuable "Baby Needs."

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Write for it today and learn how to dress fashionably, becomingly and without extra expense, both *before* and *after* baby's birth, in pretty clothes with patented adjustments which insure perfect fit and even hang *at all times*, without alteration.

These stylish garments conceal the condition, allow mothers-to-be to enjoy the normal social life without embarrassment.

We prepay all charges; guarantee satisfaction or refund money.

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Dept. 7. 9
Originator, Patentee and Largest Manufacturer in the World of Maternity Apparel

THE WELL-GROOMED WOMAN

[Continued from page 62]

If your hair is dry, drop a tiny bit of brilliantine in the palm of your hand and pass your brush over it. There is a very oily brilliantine and one much less so. With the first, be careful to shampoo often, for nothing is more offensive than hair which looks oily. You will not be using brilliantine properly if it is noticeable on your hair. It should merely serve to give the hair a little gloss and life.

If you have straying locks, they must be kept in order. Of course, the young girl whose hair strays in little wayward curls should let it do so; but the older woman whose loosened locks suggest disorder should be scrupulous in her attention to them.

An eyebrow brush dipped lightly in bandoline can be used to brush up hairs at neck, and to coax the hairs at brow and ear to lie as you want them.

If your hair is uneven, and so blows easily, wear a net or veil outdoors. The extra large size nets, with elastic, which slip over the face as well as the hair, and fasten at the back with invisible pins, keep the hair in perfect order.

In using a net, put it on loosely so as not to press on the hair in the slightest. Be very careful of the forehead line; let the net lie a little back of it, so it will not be visible against the brow.

The feet are very important to the well-groomed woman. Her shoes must never even suggest run-over heels. Frequent visits to the cobbler will keep them perfectly straight, and the addition of rubber heels will minimize the number of visits, besides saving the body an immense amount of unnecessary jar. Buttoned shoes must be carefully fitted to the ankle and leg, so they may be trim and wrinkleless; and, of course, no button must ever be missing. Laced shoes must be put on with the utmost care. Do not leave your shoes laced above the instep when taking off, and then give a tremendous yank to the

strings when putting on. This draws the strings tight at the top of the laced portion, but fails to draw them lower down, and we have the shoe which gapes at the instep.

Of course, I do not need to say that shoes must be polished or rubbed daily—or oftener; not at a set time, but the moment they need it; and that white shoes are an abomination unless they are really white. Be careful, in whitening shoes, that you afterward wipe off every bit of the white from the edges of the soles, or the eyelets, or wherever the white should not be.

The trimness of your skirt length is another point you must carefully watch. If your skirt belt gets a trifle looser, or the inner webbing belt somewhat flimsy, tighten the first or replace the second. Your skirts and blouses must be trim at the waistline, and the evenness of your skirt hem depends upon a perfectly fitting belt. Do not wear your skirts too long—they look clumsy and uncomfortable; nor, on the other hand, too short, for they look skimpy and your legs are too much in evidence. Watch the fashion notes, and



IT ALL LIES IN THE LACING

keep your skirts in accord with the vogue.

Your gown must never show spot or soil, nor be rumpled. Gasoline, chloroform, and various good cleaning fluids on the market, will keep you spotless and clean, and an iron and damp cloth will scare away wrinkles.

The big point for the well-groomed woman to remember is that she must be spotlessly clean—herself and her clothes—that she must suggest newness and freshness and smartness.

Editor's Note.—Miss Beacon will be glad to send advice as to treatment for dandruff, or formula for bandoline, to any one who accompanies the request with a stamped envelope. She is always glad to advise on matters of health and beauty.



In Nurseries and Hospitals

Ask any doctor, trained nurse or baby expert the country over why the Hygeia Nursing Bottle is so infinitely superior to the old-fashioned necked bottle—why it should be used exclusively for bottle-babies in the home and in institutions alike. The answer is, the Hygeia removes the bottle-baby's big handicap—the danger of a dirty bottle.

No bottle with a neck can be considered safe. The difficulty of cleaning is too great. The bottle may look clean but be far from clean, surgically speaking. It may even be safe 4949 times out of 5000 feedings which every bottle-baby gets, but are you willing to risk the 51 remaining chances of trouble for your baby?

The Hygeia Nursing Bottle is open-mouthed like a tumbler and is so readily cleaned that the average maid can be trusted with the task. The rubber breast is broad and yielding—the nearest to natural nursing possible. It is non-collapsible, yet can be turned inside out for cleaning. An air-tight rubber "cover" can be stretched over the food-cell to protect contents while in the ice-box.

In short, the Hygeia is as near perfection as knowledge and skill can make it. It is the invention of a physician who nearly lost his own child through sickness caused, as he decided, by the unsanitary narrow-necked nurser that was the only kind available 20 years ago.

Hundreds of thousands of babies have benefited by the Hygeia since its invention.

If your baby must be bottle-fed, why not start him with the bottle that is recognized as safe by the highest authorities? The name Hygeia is on bottle, breast, and package. See that it is on *each* piece you purchase, and so avoid the danger of inferior goods in similar looking outfits. For sale by druggists everywhere, packed in individual packages.

Hygeia Breasts can be obtained in Red or Black Rubber.

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Hygeia
 Nursing Bottle



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GIVEN for sending only 9 yearly McCall subscriptions at 75c each



*GIB 1213M

*Gift 1213M—This beautiful 42-piece snow-white "Sterling China" Dinner Set, colonial shape, with "The Bluebird of Happiness" decoration, is bound to please you. The set consists of 6 cups, 6 saucers, 6 dinner plates, 6 pie plates, 6 dessert dishes, 6 butter chips, 2 meat platters, 1 salad dish, 1 sugar bowl with cover, and 1 cream pitcher—42 fine pieces in all. **GIVEN**, freight collect, for sending us only 9 yearly McCall's MAGAZINE subscriptions at 75c each, if sent at the same time.

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TO WOMEN PATRIOTS

AN APPEAL FROM THE FOOD ADMINISTRATION

MY COUNTRYWOMEN:

I ask your help.

The President has laid upon me and has asked me to assume great responsibility in the conservation of the food supplies of our country. It would be an unbearable burden but for two reasons:

One is, I am sure every loyal American will at this time undertake unhesitatingly whatever service is required of him.

The other reason is—the American woman. I believe you have only to understand the food needs of this nation, of the Allies, and in fact, of the entire world, in order to enlist your immediate and intelligent support.

I realize full well that 70 per cent. of our households are conducted with thrift and without waste, but even in these we need to secure the use of equally good food in substitution for those commodities which are of so concentrated a character that they can be shipped over the seas in these times of short shipping.

Among the 30 per cent., it is true enough that we have deserved the reputation of the most wasteful housekeeping in the world, and the time has come to turn our faces squarely in the opposite direction.

For three years now the people of the Allied countries have borne the burden of this struggle for life and liberty, and are bearing it with pain and privation. There are millions of women in Belgium and Northern France today who for three years have heard no word of their husbands, their sons, or their brothers, who go about their daily tasks provided with the most meager allowance of food for their children, with a smile on their lips.

It is for women such as these, for soldiers gallant beyond description, for little

children of Europe, that you now face the immediate duty of taking up arms, as it were, in your households. You are a great army drafted by conscience into what is now the most urgent activity of the war—that of increasing and conserving the food supply.

Conditions which have brought about a world shortage of food have placed upon the shoulders of you, the women of America, to a great degree, the responsibility of winning this war, for the wolf is at the doors of all the world except our own, and we have a superabundance.

We are not alone appealing to the women; we are actively organizing, so far as possible without legislation, the men in trades, hotels, restaurants, and in food distribution, hoping not only to eliminate waste, but to moderate the burden of speculation and extortionate profits.

It stands to reason that your first duty is to the members of your family. They must have all the food they require to keep them in good health and capable of performing efficiently their daily tasks. Information for guidance as to the food needs of the average family will be put in the hands of every earnest woman in America.

In confidence I turn to you so to conduct your affairs, and so to influence the activities of your community, that we may largely pay for the war as we go along out of our savings in food and in human production.

Faithfully yours,

Herbert Hoover

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If you are in need of a new heating plant learn about the Kalamazoo Pipeless Furnace, the practical, money-saving home heating plant. Easy to install—only one big register and cold air returns. Heats the entire home with a circulation of warm air. Burns any fuel. Kalamazoo Pipe Furnaces furnished where desired. Heating plans free.

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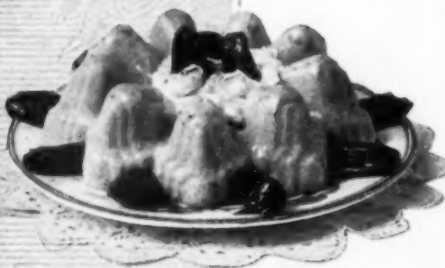
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Dromedary Dates



A fruit, rich and luscious—a sweet, that satisfies the longing for candy—and a *real food*, 127% more nourishing than eggs. Put dates on your menu often. Packed the Dromedary way, you get the choicest mellow, golden dates right from the Garden of Eden. Sanitary packages keep them dust-free and moist.

Dromedary Delight Salad A meal in itself

Slice bananas lengthwise. Spread with mayonnaise or jelly. Sprinkle liberally with flavorful Dromedary Cocoanut and through center insert pitted halves of plump Dromedary Dates. Delicious.

The Hills Brothers Company
Dep't 23, 375 Washington Street
New York

HIS WIFE

(Continued from page 14)

experienced for some time. But business was, after all, just business. The letter persisted—it called to him almost like a living thing. And, if only in order to have done with it, he finally took it up and read it!

Stephen—Stephen—Stephen! It's five in the morning. And I haven't slept a wink all night. I don't know what to do. I'm almost crazy.

Stephen, outside my door two trunks stand packed ready for the honeymoon trip. At ten I'm to marry Miles. But, Stephen, as there is a God in Heaven, I swear to you that I am frantic. I'm suddenly afraid of love. I don't know what love is. I don't want to know. My flesh creeps. My soul shudders.

Oh, Stephen! what shall I do? I—I can't go on. Not even thinking of all the women who have married, and married, and married again, helps me. Nothing helps me. I'm just a little nobody filled with silly sensibilities that are beyond her comprehension. But I don't want to be anybody's wife but yours. I can't be Miles' wife. Your wife—can't—can't—

I don't care about that divorce. I don't care about that woman. Stephen, if you have just one little tiny bit of love left for me, tell me. Tell me quickly. Call me up—6046 Tesco. Stephen, God, help me! Your wife—ANNE.

As the letter fluttered to the floor, the man's hand shot out. It grasped the receiver. 6046 Tesco. Thank God she was less than half an hour away. But it was nine-thirty. A tremor ran through him—and through the innermost chords of his being.

"6046 Tesco!"

Never, never had there been such a delay, he thought. Anxiety increased with the accumulating moments. Then it was actually her voice, not even waiting for the certainty of his identity.

"Stephen, Stephen—is it you?"

"Little Anne!"

"Stephen—I thought you'd never—" The wires carried her sobs. They carried the tenderness of his voice, too.

"Little Anne—don't cry. I'm coming to you. I'll be there in twenty minutes. Little girl—"

She was listening. He heard her sobbing stop. But now she cut him short.

"And he'll be here in ten, Stephen. What shall I do! Stephen, dear, I'm frightened to death. I'm going to run away. If I go to the station will you meet me there?—Quick, quick!"

"Yes, of course, I'll meet you there." And, in spite of everything, there was a smile on the man's face—a warm, tender, tolerant smile. "Only tell me what station, dear, and where we're going."

And then he heard a quivering laugh. "Why the South Station, silly—and home, of course!"

And Stephen laughed, too. Didn't she think that divorce counted at all? Well, if marriage was much too complicated to be solved by love, it was a mighty good thing when divorce wasn't a solution, either. And off he rushed.

THE HOUSE DIVIDED

[Continued from page 27]

been doing, if we are to get ahead with our boys and girls very fast. If we could only think of some one brilliant stroke, after that it would not be so difficult."

"What's it to be?" asked Robert.

"Oh, I don't know," I replied. "Entertain, I suppose. If we could find a social lion of some kind, Jeanne and Robert, Jr., might join in with our plans because they love social prestige, and Elsie would love the fuss"—and then an idea struck me.

"See here," said I. "There's that Miss X., the one who has taken to climbing mountains. Her family dates back to Noah or thereabouts. I'll write her that the children's interest in her exploits as well as my own leads me to ask her, and then I'll see that they are interested."

I wrote to the lady that day, and she accepted the invitation. Then I collected all the literature I could find about her, and left it lying about the house; after which I announced the coming reception in her honor. Jeanne and Robert, Jr., made no comment until they had read the clippings. Then Jeanne came to me.

"Why, mother," she said, "she is one of the old X.'s. Did you know? Do you think I should have a new dress?"

That, in itself, was a triumph. Usually, Jeanne announced that she needed a new dress without asking my advice. Then Robert, Jr., came in.

"Father says he is sure you won't mind asking a few of the fellows," he said. "Will you send them invites, Mother? I'd like to have them meet her." That was another triumph.

As for Miss X., she rose nobly to the occasion. She was all that a mountain-climbing celebrity could be, and, without solicitation, gave a really thrilling tale of her escapades. And the next morning, before anyone save those two were up, she put on one of Leroy's suits and went fishing with him. We had a good deal to say about Miss X. for some weeks after her visit, and by the time she had worn out as a topic of conversation, we had become somewhat accustomed to talking together.

Some months later Elsie was telling how she had won at a tennis tournament that day, and how Mother had watched her every minute.

"I think it's so nice of you and Father," said Jeanne, "to give all of us so much of your time."

"Say, Father," Leroy cut in, "when are you goin' fishin' with me again? That bass you hooked last time is the heaviest this year, did you know it?"

Later I drew Robert into the hall. "Did you hear them?" I asked. Jeanne is going to the Woman's Club with me to-day, and she is studying a play with Elsie. And, Robert, they like it. We are a united house at last."

Dromedary Cocoanut

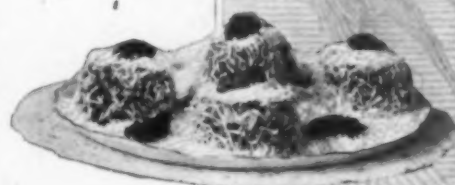


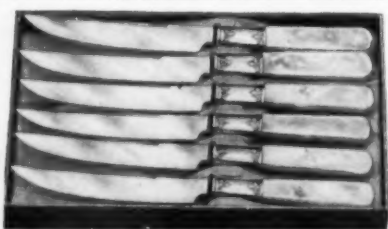
SUCH freshness, such richness of flavor! Yet Dromedary Cocoanut is a highly nutritious, easily digested food that saves bread and meat. Add it to soups, curries, salads, etc., it increases nutritive value, and improves the flavor. Unexcelled for all the usual, well-known cocoanut purposes—cakes, cookies, pies, puddings, candies, etc.

The round top of the Dromedary packages goes back on, keeps box air-tight so contents are always fresh, always flavorful. Try Dromedary Cocoanut today!

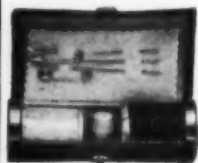
A one-cake package and "40 Unique Recipes" for 5c and your grocer's name.

The Hills Brothers Company
Dep't 23, 375 Washington Street
New York

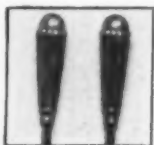




No. 801. Set of Six Pearl Handled Fruit Knives, with sterling silver ferrules and silver plated blades. Set is furnished in lined box. Quoted at a special price **\$5.00**



No. 719. Pocket Sewing Roll of Army Khaki, containing spools of white and brown thread, thimble, needles and pins **75c**



No. 327. Solid 10K Gold Hat Pins with best quality steel spikes. We are offering this pair at a low price **50c**

The "Baird-North Way"

Picture yourself sitting at home in the evening with the family, or imagine yourself alone during the dull hours of the day with nothing particular to do. What wonderful occasions to consider the Christmas Gift Problem!

For opportunities such as these, why not have the Baird-North catalogue when it is impossible to have the stores? With it you can settle your gift problems, economically, speedily and easily.

This is the "Baird-North Way"—shopping along the lines of least bother, with the counsel and advice of the family or the careful thought due to quietness.

The "Baird-North Way," with our particular attention to price and service, has made us the Largest Mail Order Jewelry House in the World. Send for our 200-page catalogue of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Leather Goods, Novelties, Toiletware, Tableware, etc.

Every article is guaranteed to satisfy you or we will refund your money. We guarantee free, safe and prompt delivery.

BAIRD-NORTH CO.
DIRECT FROM WORKSHOP
YOU SAVE MONEY
Gentlemen: Please send me FREE without obligation your 200 page catalogue, containing 10,000 articles of jewelry and gifts.
BAIRD-NORTH CO., 122 Broad St., Providence, R. I.

Name.....
Address.....

Baby Won't Cry in a Rock-a-Bye

BABY does not have to be watched or amused if he has a Rock-a-Bye Baby Swing. He amuses himself, away from dirt, out of draughts. He can't fall out and the swing can't break or wear out.

The Rock-a-Bye is Strong and durable. Has steel frame, reinforced hangers and heavy, washable duck basket. Can be hung anywhere; easily moved from place to place. No home with a baby in it should be without a Rock-a-Bye.

COSTS ONLY \$1.00

Shipped Anywhere in U. S. Postage Paid. Enclose 12c extra on foreign orders. Send cash or money order for a Rock-a-Bye Swing today.

Money back if you and baby are not delighted. Catalogue FREE.

PERFECTION MFG. CO.
2707 N. Leffingwell Ave.
ST. LOUIS, MO.
Write for proposition.



When answering ads. mention McCALL'S

THE ADVENTURES OF ALFRED

FIRST ADVENTURE—BUYING HIM

By KATHARINE K. CROSBY, the Owner of Alfred

Addressed to every woman who owns a car or ever expects to own one

MY friends drove me into it. "Don't you should take them as they come and be buy a second-hand car," they said; glad instead of sorry.

"You'll be sorry if you do."

"But why?" I asked.

"Because it is the greatest gamble you could possibly invest in," they argued.

"I can't afford to buy a new one," I protested.

"Then don't get any," they advised cheerfully.

A bookish friend of mine says that I am negatively suggestible. This means, as I understand it, that telling me not to do a thing is the best way to make me do it. Moreover, the idea of its being a gamble rather appealed to me. I don't approve of playing cards for a prize, but somehow this is different.

It isn't that I wanted to be pernickety, though. I want to learn enough about handling a car so that I can be of some use when most of the men have gone to the front. Driving an ambulance is out of the question, because the big machines are too heavy for me to crank, but there will be plenty to do right here at home, by the look of things. And the best way to learn how to handle a car is to handle a car. There is no teacher like it, especially if the car is a used one. I learned more from my little Alfred in the first four days than I did in a month at the Y. W. C. A. school.

My friends were half right. A used car is a gamble. Horse-trading isn't in it for pig-in-the-pokishness. But it is a perfectly legal and respectable gamble, with a lot of extra thrills thrown in. And they were half wrong, because I haven't been sorry for a minute, not even that time when—well, more of that later.

To be sure, you have to cultivate philosophy. You want to look for mishaps, to expect them, to regard them as profitable experiences and not to be avoided. Of course, I don't mean you should go out of your way to get experiences, but that

Nobody should buy a used car unless she can drive it herself on the try-out.

A good demonstrator can make a rattle-trap run like a ball-bearing baby-carriage, and the purchaser will never know the difference till it is too late. And there are several ways in which a woman can protect herself—to a certain extent. I'll tell you how I bought Alfred, and you can see.

Alfred is a small runabout, not a flivver, but next door to it. The man who sold him to me had owned him less than a year, having bought him new in the fall of 1916. He was a conservative chap, the owner, and very guarded in his statements. It seemed to trouble him to think he was selling to a woman. Some folks are still old-fashioned enough to think it is worse to withhold damaging information from a woman than from a man. But I'm not complaining—far from it.

First, I looked the car over to see the condition of the body. Without question, it was shabby. The paint was dull, the wheels dirty, the metal parts rusted or unpolished. The top was worn but had no holes; the side curtains fitted all right and were efficient except that one of the celluloids was cracked. The upholstery was imitation leather, very dusty and worn through on the arms. But the body had good lines, and, as I noticed later, did not creak or rattle. Still, Alfred was not much to look at, and I was glad, because a woman likes to fuss 'round where the results show, and it would be fun grooming him. They say most women pick a car for its appearance, and I was proud of my superiority to mere externals.

Then I looked at the tires. On all the used cars I have tried—and Alfred is a long way from being the first—there

[Continued on page 71]



WITH The WEST STOCKING SHIELD

WITHOUT THE WEST STOCKING SHIELD

No more "runs"!

absolutely prevents cutting, drop stitching and "runs", no matter how tightly the stocking is drawn. Simple, easy to adjust, of finest chamois, linen sewn, and in all colors.

10c for a card of four

Made by the same firm that manufactures the West Electric Hair Curlers. Ask your dealer for the West Stocking Shield or send us his name with money or stamps. Satisfaction, or money refunded.

WEST ELECTRIC HAIR CURLER CO.
148 Columbia Ave. Phila., Pa.

TREO ELASTIC GIRDLE

The Corset Without Laces

Made entirely of porous woven surgical elastic web, which "gives" freely to every movement of the body, yet firmly holds the figure. It lends grace with absolute comfort at all times. Our patented methods of construction, and character of material used, make it equally desirable for street, dancing, evening or sport wear, and make unnecessary the use of corset laces. In short and long lengths, white and flesh. Retail \$2.50 to \$3.

Important Information

THE TREO ELASTIC GIRDLE has a three inch strip of elastic above the elastic waist-line band. This feature is absolutely necessary for comfort and style. Other similar all-elastic garments are simply hip confiners and not elastic corsets. Insist upon receiving the Treo Elastic Girdle. If local dealer cannot supply you write for illustrated free booklet.

Treo Co., 160W Fifth Ave., N.Y.
In Canada: Klemm & Co., Toronto

An Excellent Tonic for Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair

BALDPATE

Registered in U. S. and Canada

HAIR TONIC NEVER FAILS

Nourishes and strengthens the follicles and thus promotes the growth of the hair. Relieves the scalp of unhealthy accumulations and secretions. Gives a rich gloss, is highly perfumed and free from oil.

Makes the hair light and fluffy.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send \$1.00

Send 10c for Trial Size

Applications obtained at the better Barber Shops

BALDPATE CO., NEW YORK
467 West 34th Street, Dept. F.
SOLD EVERYWHERE

\$5 TO \$10 A DAY easily earned taking orders for our high grade Soaps and Toilet Preparations. Our goods well known—nationally advertised. Ladies and men make 100% profit. No experience necessary. Write for simple case offer. Crofts & Reed Co., Dept. C-101, Chicago, Ill.

THE ADVENTURES OF ALFRED

[Continued from page 70]

was one new tire, one good one, one fair one, and a poor one. Garage men are usually frank about tires, perhaps because they see a chance of selling you spares. They let you know the worst unless they think your buying the car depends on the tires, which it should not. The little runabout had the usual equipment, with a couple of tubes and an old shoe extra—the junkman gave me enough for them to buy a vulcanizing set.

With low-priced cars there is not much in the way of tools. Alfred had a pump and a jack tucked away in his boot, along with a couple of tire-irons, wrenches, and a hammer and screw-driver. I mean to get a socket wrench and another jack. You should try out your jack before going off on a long trip; some of them work, but most of them don't. I learned the frailty of mine the first time I tried to change a tire; I had to rout out an old house-moving jack from behind the barn and dig a hole in the ground under the front axle to set it in. This happened in our own yard, fortunately, but the mosquitoes found I was no more puncture-proof than the tires, and it is not a process I should recommend. A lot of things can go wrong with a jack. Sometimes oil helps, or an iron pipe to extend the handle. There was also a blow-out patch in the boot, and an oil-can.

It is well to notice whether the tread of either front tire is badly worn, as that may indicate that the wheels are out of alinement.

FOR equipment, Alfred was about as he was born—with a horn and an indicator on the gas-tank, and nothing else, except acetylene lamps.

Well, I decided there was nothing in the little car's appearance that counted either for or against him. Next thing to do was to crank up and go for a ride. Before turning on the switch, though, I tested the cylinders to see if there was, by any chance, a weak sister among them. You do this by turning the crank half a dozen times and noting whether the resistance is the same each time. If you are green, as I am, you will have to crank more than six times to get the feel of it. I was glad Alfred had only four cylinders and that he cranked so easily.

Now the man who is trying to sell you a car is likely to have a special hill that he would like to have you try, but you should choose your own road. A bit of good road, first, smooth and level. Throttle it 'way down and see how slow it will go, on high gear. Not how fast, but how slow, is the test of a good engine. Let her loaf along, the car in

[Continued on page 72]



CHENEY SILKS

Along the Silken Thread

Somewhere along the silken thread, as it becomes Man's art, the craftsmanship of the Cheney touches it and makes it a thing apart—sought for by most women who appreciate the better things of life.

Cheney Silks are designed, woven and dyed among the peaceful hills of Connecticut, where the higher-paid workers of the silk world are drawn together in a clean, contented life, to work with pride in their craft. That means richer, better silks.

Is it, therefore, any wonder that you will prefer them as did your Mother and your Grandmother?

Zantine
the all-beautiful silk

—leader of the silks for Fall—the newest Cheney creation. In subtle harmony of design and alluring beauty of pastel colorings, Zantine is truly the all-becoming silk.

Quickstep Shoe



HAS THE HIGH COST OF SHOES AFFECTED YOU YET?

Join the "Quicksteppers" and save money.

Buy direct from the manufacturer and save the profits that the wholesaler and retailer make on your shoes. You will like our shoes when you see them, and you will appreciate the money saved in buying from us.

We guarantee to satisfy you, or refund your money.

Send for Big Fall Catalogue D.

You can't help being pleased with the styles and prices.

Quickstep Shoe Co., Box 2664, Boston

When answering ads. mention McALL'S



INDOOR and outdoor girls, in fact all types of careful people, agree that the most simple and effective hair cleanser is

CANTHROX SHAMPOO

Your hair's natural beauty and waviness is brought out to its best advantage when you use Canthrox. This daintily perfumed hair cleanser has been the favorite for many years because it immediately dissolves and removes all dandruff, dirt and excess oil and leaves the hair so fluffy it seems much heavier than it is. The very first shampoo removes most of the dandruff and after each succeeding shampoo, you find the flakes smaller and fewer until they disappear.

15 Exhilarating Shampoos for 50c at Your Druggist's

This is about three cents a shampoo. No good hair wash costs less; none is more easily used or works so thoroughly. Just dissolve a teaspoonful of Canthrox in a cup of hot water and you have enough shampoo liquid to entirely saturate all your hair instead of just the top of the head, as is ordinarily the case. For this reason Canthrox is the one Shampoo that loosens and carries away all the impurities.

Free Trial Offer

To prove that Canthrox is the most pleasant, the most simple, in all ways the most effective hair wash, we will gladly send one perfect shampoo free to any address.

H. S. PETERSON & CO., Dept. 51, 214 W. Kinzie St., CHICAGO, ILL.

SPRING-STEP RUBBER HEELS

The heel that provides protection, comfort and long wear, but has no holes to track mud and dirt—Ask for the heel with the Red Plug.

Obtainable in all sizes—black, white or tan. 50c attached—all Dealers

2 Packs Playing Cards Tally-bo quality, sent for 50c (elsewhere 50c) Spring Step, 106 Federal Street, Boston



THE ADVENTURES OF ALFRED

[Continued from page 71]

motion without jerking. Then open the throttle quick and see if the engine responds instantly. Don't condemn a car if it doesn't answer these tests well. Give the owner or a garage man a chance to see what he can do in the way of adjustments.

Alfred has a sweet little engine, and you can hear his breathing, just as even as a child's, at any speed. When I let him out on the road, he showed what he could do, with a pretty forty-mile-an-hour gait.

For real power, of course, one should try hill-climbing. But be reasonable and don't expect the impossible. No car would take a steep, rough grade on high speed unless it got a good start before it began to climb.

More important than climbing hills is going down them, for that tests your brakes, and it is often more important to be able to stop when you want to than to rush the side of a mountain. The law in this State—and no doubt in many others—requires that every car shall have two brakes, either of which can lock the wheels. If you ever get into trouble, don't lay it to the brakes, because they are supposed to work, and if they don't, you are a law-breaker. Lay it to the steering-gear or your lack of judgment, or anything else.

Speaking of the steering-gear, I was glad to notice that Alfred's wheel didn't have much play—no more than the permissible two inches. Then if there is a gasoline-indicator and an oil-gage on your car, and also a speedometer, try it out for economy. Some small cars simply guzzle oil, and my Alfred is a pig that way—a quart to fifty miles, where some big cars will do several hundred miles on the same quantity, I am told. But he will go thirty miles on a gallon of gasoline, which makes up for the oil.

Having played with the car to my heart's content, I decided that it was a good buy, and said so. The owner's lack of enthusiasm did not impress me. He agreed that it was a perfectly safe car for a woman to drive, and I have found it so. It will stand without hitching, and has—or rather, had—another horsey habit which he forgot to mention. But more of that later.

There's a thrill in owning your first car, isn't there? All kinds of thrills, in fact. There's the delicious sense of impending danger, when you know the next moment may be your last, but don't give a hang if it is. This wears off after a while, and you come to adore the feeling of mastery it gives you, this creature with the power of twenty horses so obedient to your slightest touch, so dependent on your care and guidance. I really

[Concluded on page 107]

When answering advertisements kindly mention **McCALL'S MAGAZINE**

DEMONSTRATING IN THE HOME

A Message from the Department of Agriculture to the Housewives of America

BY the time this magazine is published, the Department of Agriculture hopes to have increased its force of women county agents and women home demonstration agents to such an extent that their services will be available to the majority of the communities of the United States. This is not the announcement of a new organization; it is merely the development of work which began in 1910 with the organization of canning clubs in three counties in Virginia and one in South Carolina. Ever since the declaration of the existence of a state of war, the Department has been planning the development of this work so as to bring the information and experience of the Department, through trained deputies, to the women of America.

It is vital to the success of this movement that the readers of the great women's magazines of the United States should understand the educational system which the Department of Agriculture has been building up during the last seven years. It is probably news to most women that early in the summer there were over 500 home demonstration agents and an enrollment in canning clubs of approximately 100,000 women and girls. In these emergency days, when the work of women is so important to the safety of the country, enrollments have multiplied by the thousands and our experts estimate that during 1917 there will be ten times as many girls and women carrying on some phase of the home demonstration work as there were in 1916. This will make an army of about a million with trained leaders enough to guarantee efficiency as well as success throughout the ranks.

The history of the home demonstration work has been a natural process of development. The county agents have had the girls and women make their demonstrations with fundamentals and necessities. They started with vegetables and fruits; later they took up work with bread and meat; soon they began to use milk and butter. All along, incidental things were interwoven and incidental instruction was given. Canning, preserving, brining, curing, and drying are but incidental processes in the campaign of saving food. Instead of academic lessons in sewing, the club members were taught to make their own caps, aprons, uniforms, towels, and other things necessary to the work in hand. Time- and labor-saving devices were bought as the occasion arose. Thousands of fireless-cookers were made to utilize the products put in the pantries by the girls in connection with the chicken, eggs, and meats being studied by the women, and the best ways of utilizing

[Concluded on page 77]

New York's Styles FREE Catalogue now Ready

You Need This Bedell Book, Now—

Don't put off writing another day! Get this complete array of latest New York Fashions now. See the beautiful new models just designed for the exclusive clientele of the famous Bedell Retail Shops in all the leading cities. At the same low prices—for which Bedell is internationally known—you find each style accurately reproduced and offered in this de luxe catalogue. And remember, Bedell pays all express to your home.



Largest
Suit and
Coat
House
in The
World

Bedell Prices
Always Lowest
In addition to our Mail Order business, we conduct retail stores in

New York
Pittsburgh
Newark
Brooklyn
Rochester
Milwaukee
Boston
Philadelphia
St. Louis
—giving us such volume our prices are always very lowest anywhere.

We
Guarantee
To Please You
or Refund
Money

This Dress
\$6.98

Write
To-day
Free
Book

This Beautiful Silk Poplin Dress

Smart Contrasting Collar
Chic New Peg-Top Pockets \$6.98

No. 4—Captivating Afternoon Gown. Beautiful quality soft, lustrous Silk Poplin, at once dressy and serviceable. Late New York style brought out in model—with wide contrasting white collar effectively trimmed with silk soutache loops and buttons. Skirt is laid in deep plaits all around and has twin box-plaits front and back. Chic Peg-Top Pockets, with gilt stitching, gives dashing new silhouette. Wide crushed girdle and large buckle. Colors: Black, Navy Blue, Green or Belgian Blue. Sizes: 34 to 44, and misses' 14 and 16. Price—we pay express—\$6.98

Frill
Blouse
\$1.25

No. 6.—This pretty white voile blouse is fashioned with all the season's newest style touches. A wide sailor collar joins the rippling front frills with a wide band of filet pattern lace and forms inset medallions outlined with lovely embroidery. Matching filet lace beautifully trims the edge. Deep roll cuffs with hemstitched finish. Sizes: 34 to 44 bust. Price—we pay the mail—\$1.25.



We invite
comparisons
at all times
to show
Bedell can
positively
save you
money.

Bedell

34th Street—Fifth Avenue—New York

We Pay
All Mail or
Express Charges
To Your
Home



A Practical Home Grand

Such is the Ivers & Pond "Princess" shown above. Not too large nor too expensive it still retains the musical and decorative charm of the parlor grand. We early foresaw the small grand's popularity and the "Princess" is the embodiment of our broad experience.

Ivers & Pond PIANOS

are built in but one quality—the best—by the same interests with the same artistic ideals today as in 1880. They are used in over 450 leading Educational Institutions and 65,000 homes.

Where no dealer sells the IVERS & POND we quote lowest prices and ship "on approval" tho' your home be in the most remote village in the United States. Attractive easy payment plans. Liberal allowance for old pianos in exchange. Every intending buyer should have our new catalogue. Write for it.

Fill Out and Send This Coupon to

IVERS & POND PIANO CO.
149 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

Please mail me your new catalogue and valuable information to buyers.

Name _____

Address _____

Use This Chest FREE



Sent on Free Trial Famous Red Cedar Chest. Your choice of 50 styles and designs sent on 10 days' free trial. We pay the freight. **Piedmont** protects furs, woolens, and pianos from moths, mice, dust and damp. Distinctly beautiful. Needed in every home. Lasts for generations. Finest Xmas, wedding or birthday gift at great saving. Write today for our great catalog and reduced prices—all postpaid free to you. **Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Co., Dept. 67, Statesville, N. C.**

When answering ads. mention McCALL'S

WOOL-GATHERING

By LAURA GATES-SYKORA

A WOMAN does not care about the quality of the material," said the buyer of woolen cloth in a large department store. "The first thing she thinks of is color, and then if she likes the style of the dress or the suit, it makes no difference to her what the fabric is, or what service it may give."

"You are wrong," I responded positively. "There may be some who buy that way, but I never think of doing so and I belong to a large majority."

"Well, how would you buy the cloth for a suit?" he inquired, smiling a little at my vehemence. I have an unfortunate habit of being terribly in earnest about things, even the purchasing of materials.

"The material is my first consideration, or perhaps I should modify that and say that the price I can pay for my suit is the first consideration. After I have determined how much I can pay per yard, I start out to get the best value I can for my money. When I have found a piece of cloth which pleases me, I think, will this be so serviceable that it may be made over once and then do its duty again in some capacity for my small daughter? Of course, I should expect to get the color I wanted, for I would not expect to buy any of the odd shades that are a fancy of the moment. If I had to choose between two suits, one of ordinary material but in a popular color and another of a less desirable color but of much finer goods, I would choose the latter, but you know as well as I that good quality and desirable colors go hand in hand."

The buyer nodded his head. "You are an exception," he said.

"I do not think so," I replied. "Women all over the country are eager to get the best possible results for their money in everything they purchase. Those who do not at least try to buy with judgment are the exception."

"All that women have to do is to come here," said the buyer; "we test every piece of material before it is put on the counter."

"Splendid! But what about the woman who buys from that little store which carries everything from soothing-sirup to broadcloth? I want you to tell me some things which will help her to know whether she is getting what she is paying for in quality and serviceability, whether she is getting all-wool or wool and cotton, what materials will stand hard wear and what will not."

"First of all, she must keep in mind the fact that the adulteration of materials is even greater than that of food. Sizing, teazeling, and pressure will put a temporary finish upon a cloth which will make it appear as good as another fabric costing twice as much. There is a difference, however, which will show up as soon as a drop of water touches either of them. The cheaper material will spot and, if wet to any great extent, is apt to shrink; the nap will roughen up; the sizing will disappear; and the cloth will sink to the level to which it belongs and show its absolute cheapness. The water will not affect the other material, for

it has already been sponged and shrunk before it leaves the factory, the nap will roughen when rubbed the wrong way but will lie smooth when stroked with the hand."

"But how is a woman to know the difference between these two materials except by the difference in price?" I questioned.

"There are a few simple tests which she may use. They are ones that I bear in mind myself when I buy my cloth to sell. Feeling is the greatest guide there is to the quality of the material. This any woman can learn to a degree by feeling of a known quality of material and feeling of a poorer grade of the same. If a sample of material springs out without a wrinkle after being squeezed in the hand, it is an excellent sign. Fabrics which are given a body with sizing can not do this. The next thing to notice is the weave. Good materials are closely and evenly woven. If there is a doubt

(Continued on page 75)



THE FINISHED PRODUCT—
WOOL THAT WEARS

WOOL-GATHERING

[Continued from page 74]

as to whether the material is all-wool or part cotton, try the threads between the teeth. Wool is characteristically gritty between the teeth, and the difference of the sensation can be readily proved by experimenting with cotton thread and woolen thread. Cotton thread crushes between the teeth; wool thread is gritty and unpleasant; and silk thread cuts. Another way of telling is to burn a thread or sample of material. Wool or worsted fibers char and refuse to carry the flame; they have a pungent, disagreeable smell. Cotton thread, on the other hand, burns freely and carries the flame.

"The serviceability of a fabric may be tested by the strain it will endure without tearing or bursting. Every piece of material we carry in this store is tested. For instance, this piece of broadcloth will bear the strain of nineteen and a half pounds. A woman can judge of the strength to a great extent by applying the 'thumb test.' In this rough-and-ready test the fabric is held between the forefingers and thumbs while the knuckles of both hands face each other. With the cloth held firmly, the knuckles are forced together, causing a heavy strain on the fabric; and the ease or difficulty with which the fabric tears gives the clue to the service the cloth is apt to render."

"What is the difference between wool and worsted material, and which is the more serviceable?" I asked.

WORSTED materials include serges, whipcords, home-spuns, and the like, and usually have a harsher feeling than woolen materials. They are made from the first combings of the wool, and the fibers are longer and coarser than the second or third combings. Worsted materials stand hard wear much better than woolen materials, and are often sold for men's and boys' suits. Wool materials are made from the softer and finer portions of the wool, and the fibers are shorter. Cashmere, velour and broadcloth are included in the wool fabrics. Wool is always softer to the touch than worsted. Worsted can be told from wool by separating a thread from the material and pulling it gently; if it snaps short, it is worsted; if it pulls apart with the fibers clinging to each other, it is wool. This is partly because of the difference in the length of the fibers and partly because of the spinning. Worsted yarn is spun out with the fibers parallel, while the wool yarn is spun out with the fibers running at any angle so long as those lying horizontally help to hold the yarn together.

"Are materials which are a mixture of wool and cotton always poor?" I asked.

[Continued on page 76]



Royal Baking Powder saves eggs

Cakes, muffins, griddle cakes, etc., no less appetizing and delicious may be obtained by reducing the number of eggs one-half or more and adding a small amount of Royal Baking Powder, about a teaspoon, in place of each egg omitted. With eggs at the prevailing high prices this makes a great saving in the food bills.

Try the following recipe which is a practical example and which also conserves flour as urged by the Government.



Corn Meal Muffins

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup corn meal $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt 2 tablespoons sugar
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
NO EGGS 1 cup milk
2 tablespoons shortening

Sift dry ingredients together into bowl; add milk and melted shortening and beat well. Bake in greased muffin tins in hot oven for about 20 minutes.

(The old method called for 2 eggs)

Equally satisfactory results in saving eggs may be obtained by using Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, also made from Cream of Tartar and now manufactured by this Company.

Send for our new free booklet "55 Ways to Save Eggs."
Royal Baking Powder Co., 134 William Street, New York.

Cream of Tartar, the chief ingredient of Royal Baking Powder is of pure fruit origin, derived from grapes, and has no substitute for making a baking powder of the highest quality.

No Alum Royal never leaves a bitter taste No Phosphate

Good for Cold Feet!

Try putting a hot water bottle at the foot of your bed on a cold night. It will keep you warm and comfortable and promote restful sleep. The No. 40 "Wearever" is the hot water bottle to use. It gives good service for a long time. It has no seams or bindings to leak, because it is moulded in one piece—not cemented together. The Patented wide-tunnel-and-neck strengthens the bottle and protects your hands. No. 40 has a smooth, sanitary finish: is maroon color and comes in six sizes:—00, 0, 1, 2, 3 and 4. Sizes 00 and 0 also come in blue color. Ask your druggist to show you a No. 40 "Wearever." The fine value he offers will please you.

Also ask him to show you the No. 50 "Wearever" De Luxe Hot Water Bottle, and No. 24 and No. 25 "Wearever" Fountain Syringes. These are other excellent-value home necessities that merit your attention.

Illustrated Booklet Free

We will send on request an illustrated booklet describing our very complete assortment of Rubber Goods for the Home. Write for it.

THE FAULTLESS RUBBER COMPANY

Makers of a Complete Line of High-Grade Rubber Goods for the Household, Nursery, Toilet and Sick Room

1023 Rubber Street

Ashland, Ohio, U.S.A.



Faultless

"Natural Nurser"

(Patented July 13, 1915)

The nurser with non-collapsing and non-leaking, broad, soft, breast-like nipple, of finest quality fresh, clean, "live" rubber. It is strong, tough and wear-resisting. The nipple that stands repeated sterilizing and gives long service. The patented valve assures natural-like nursing, and an even, steady flow of food. Open end, hygienic, no-neck bottle. Get this nurser at your druggist's. If he cannot supply you, send direct to us.



ESMOND CORTEX FINISH Blanket Comfortables

Useful—Beautiful—Inexpensive

IN producing Esmond Blanket Comfortables our designers and weavers are creating genuine works of art. Made in many attractive patterns and colors, they are as serviceable as they are beautiful.

Insist on Esmond Blanket Comfortables, Afghans and Bath Robes, for then you get the famous "Cortex Finish" which gives an exceptionally full, even nap and strength to the fabric and a feeling like that of the finest wool. Esmond Blankets are washable and sanitary. Look these blankets over at any dry goods store—they are very moderately priced.

Send for Sample Bunny Blanket

Send 10c and the name of your little boy or girl and we will mail you a large, doll size blanket in light blue and white, decorated with the famous Bunny Cortex. Gives the children lots of fun.

THE ESMOND MILLS, Dept. C, Esmond, Rhode Island



Be sure and look for the Bunny Trade-mark on all Esmond Goods

FOR YOUR ACHES

—of head, tooth or stomach—
for gout or lumbago, apply

Vaseline Capsicum

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

PETROLEUM JELLY

Better than a mustard plaster.

Sold in tin tubes at Drug and Department Stores everywhere.

Avoid substitutes.

Write for new illustrated booklet.



Chesebrough Manufacturing Company
(Consolidated)

5 State Street

New York

WOOL-GATHERING

[Continued from page 75]

"When cotton is found in any material that is called all-wool or all-silk, it is an illicit ingredient, but it is not true that cotton is always a disadvantage. Some of our handsomest silk brocades have a cotton mixture in the figure to make it firm. A proportion of cotton in some wool material makes it more valuable from all points. Cotton is often to the material what the framework is to the house. It holds the material together and makes it more serviceable. Poplin and Bedford cord are two such materials. Even a fabric like velour, selling at \$4.60 per yard, does not scorn a thread of cotton to give body and strength to its weave. Tweeds and other materials in mixed effects are also often made with a little cotton. It is in the very cheap fabrics where it predominates that it is really a great detriment, and should be avoided, for, like many other things, a little will go a long way. The materials which have too much cotton absorb moisture, lose their dressing, and soon become like rags.

A WOMAN stands less chance of getting poor value for her money when buying piece goods than she does when buying a ready-to-wear garment. Many pieces of cloth are sold to garment manufacturers which are too poor to be sold over the counter.

"How about shoddy?" I inquired.

"Shoddy is the general name for materials which are made from old cloth, and is, strictly speaking, the recovered fibers from knitted or woolen materials. Shoddy can be detected because of the shortness of the fibers, which are usually matted or felted together, and it is used mostly for cheap coatings, which are heavy and without durability. A shoddy material will feel stiff in the hand and not as flexible as the materials made from new wool.

"If more sheep were raised, there would probably be less shoddy employed, except for the making of carpets, than is now the case."

"I had my first experience with a piece of shoddy not so very long ago," said I.

"How was that?" inquired the buyer, looking keenly interested.

"In going through a store, I came to a counter of coatings selling for the phenomenal price of sixty-nine cents a yard. I felt of them, and they seemed firm and strong, though stiff, so I bought enough for a coat for my little girl. It scarcely wore the winter. It cut at the edge of the hem and sleeves—the nap wore off at once, and when I pulled it apart, I learned just what you have told me. The fibers pulled apart in chunks rather than threads, and they were very short and matted together."

[Concluded on page 77]

DEMONSTRATING IN THE HOME

[Continued from page 73]

these products so as to insure a nutritious, healthful, and economical diet are also being taught. Lessons and lectures on sanitation have been found to be ineffective compared with showing the necessity for cleanliness in putting up nice packs of vegetables and fruits, and in making high-class butter and cheese. Sanitation is learned by creating a demand and showing a necessity for it. More fly-traps and fly-swatters have been made, more doors and windows have been screened, and more water-works established, in order to aid the club girl and her mother in making their community a simple object-lesson in saving food than could possibly have been done in any other way.

The Department contemplates taking up this same kind of work with the city women. Although the club members in the cities may not be able to produce foods in such large quantities as those in the rural districts, they have greater opportunities for saving, collecting, marketing, and preparing foods. In the city work it is expected that organized bodies of women will be used as in the county work, and that the method of getting demonstration done in the homes will have a permanent place in this new line of work.

The Department urges the women of the United States to inform themselves as to the home demonstration work which is about to be so rapidly extended, that, working together with the Federal Government, they may successfully meet not only this emergency, but build better and happier households for the coming years.

If you do not know who your county agent is or whether you have a county agent, get in touch with the Director of the Extension Service at the State Agricultural College. He will be able to put you on the road to cooperation along the lines suggested.

Al True

Director of States Relation Service.

WOOL-GATHERING

[Continued from page 76]

"Well, you will know how to tell a shoddy fabric again," said the buyer. "Now about the other things I have told you, can you remember them?" We laughed together, and then thanking him for giving me so much of his time, I gathered up my notes, and resolved to apply my information at the earliest possible opportunity.

Don't Envy A Good Complexion

Beautify a sallow skin; get the good, red blood coursing through your cheeks by the famous Pompeian method.

A pinch of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream rubbed in, then out again—that's all. But what a difference it makes! Youth stays in your face. Don't envy a good complexion; use Pompeian and have one.

Jars: 50c, 75, and \$1, at the stores

POMPEIAN

Is anybody in your family troubled with Dandruff? If so, don't let the matter be neglected, as Dandruff often causes the hair to fall out.

Our new product, Pompeian HAIR Massage, has already won thousands of friends all over the country because it has stopped their Dandruff.

It is a liquid (not a cream) and is not oily or sticky. Delightful to use. 50c and \$1 bottles, at the stores. Both of the above products are guaranteed by the makers of the famous Pompeian NIGHT Cream.



Mary Pickford Art Panel

(No advertising on front)

For a trial jar of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream, and the beautifully colored new 1918 Art Panel of adorable Mary Pickford, (size 7¼ by 28 inches, value 50c) send only 10c. Please clip the coupon.

(Stamps accepted, dime preferred)

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 2009 Superior Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
Gentlemen: I enclose 10c for a 1918 Mary Pickford Art Panel and a trial jar of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

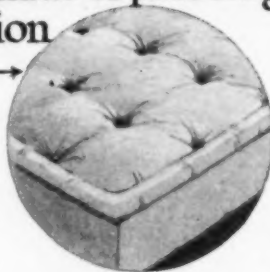


Sanitary Tuftless Mattress is made of pure long fibre cotton without the old fashion knots like this →



Trade-mark Reg.

You rest all over when you sleep on the Sealy. The soft air-woven cotton batt supports all parts of the body equally.



The Sealy has no tufts—hence no humps and hollows—no tabs to catch dirt—no stitch holes to permit entrance of foreign matter. The Sealy Pillow, also made by the Sealy Process, is a clean, sweet, odorless head rest.

Sold by good dealers everywhere

For 35 years the Sealy has been the standard of mattress perfection. It never needs remaking.

Cannot separate into lumps or bunches and always resumes its full oval shape as soon as weight of body is removed.

First cost is your only cost—for the Sealy is the mattress that never needs to be remade.

Sealy Mattress Company, Sugar Land, Texas

You Sleep Soundly on a Sealy—ask any alarmclock



Sealy Mattress Company
Sugar Land, Texas

M 10—

Send me free and without obligation on my part, box containing samples of cotton and cotton seeds.

Name
Street and Number
City and State

Don't Cut the Cuticle
Employ the Simplex Method of Home Manicuring—requires no tools. Assures quick and perfect results.

Simplex
MANICURE PREPARATIONS

At all Good Stores

FREE Simplex Sample Manicuring Outfit, consisting of Cuticle Remover, Nail Polish, Nail Enamel, Nail Whitener, Orange Stick, Emery Board, also Booklet of Home Manicuring Lessons. Send 10 cents to pay for postage and packing.

Dr. W. G. KORONY 151 S. Fifth, Louisville, Ky.

Freeman's
FACE POWDER

Pure as a garden of lilies, with fragrance as lasting and delicate. Does not rub off. Money back if not satisfied. All toilet counters. Sample mailed free.

25c

The Freeman Perfume Co.
Dept. 59, Cincinnati, O.

CLOTHING THE CHILDREN

Descriptions for page 45

NO. 7952, BOY'S SUIT; knee trousers. Pattern in 3 sizes; 2 to 6 years (15 cents).—Size 6 requires 3 yards 32-inch khaki. With soldiers everywhere, is it not natural that the small boy should like a military suit?

NO. 7958, GIRL'S FANCY DRESS COSTUME (Martha Washington or Shepherdess); straight gathered skirt in two lengths; with two styles of panner. Pattern in 5 sizes; 8 to 16 years (20 cents).—Size 10 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch material for the skirt, 2¾ yards 44-inch figured material for the panniers, waist and sleeves, and 1½ yards 36-inch net for fichu and sleeve ruffles. The width of the skirt is 3½ yards around the lower edge.

NO. 7790, CHILD'S ROMPER AND ONE-PIECE SUN-HAT. Pattern in 4 sizes; 6 months to 3 years (10 cents).—Size 2 requires 2 yards 36-inch material and ¾ yard 27-inch material for the collar. An unusually attractive little garment is this romper. Transfer Design No. 318 used on sun-hat in small view. Price, 10 cents.

NO. 7908, GIRL'S TIE-ON OR BUTTON-ON DRESS; with or without shield. Pattern in 6 sizes; 4 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 8 requires 2½ yards 36-inch material, and ½ yard 27-inch for the collar and cuffs.

NO. 7810, CHILD'S ROMPER OR BEACH SUIT; suitable for boy or girl; body and sleeve in one; dropped back. Pattern in 3 sizes; 2 to 6 years (10 cents).—Size 4 requires 1¾ yards 36-inch material, and 1 yard 27-inch material for trimming. Galatea, gingham, rep, poplin, chambray, duck and drilling are the materials generally used for every-day suits.

NO. 7950, GIRL'S YOKE NIGHTGOWN. Pattern in 7 sizes; 1 to 12 years (10 cents).—Size 8 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch striped outing flannel and ¾ yard 27-inch plain. Feather-stitching from Transfer Design No. 448 (10 cents).

NO. 7990, CHILD'S NIGHT DRAWERS; suitable for boy or girl; two styles of sleeve; with or without feet. Pattern in 7 sizes; 1 to 12 years (10 cents).—Size 6 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch Canton flannel. Since little boys wear their clothes buttoning left over right, and little girls with right over left, this little suit may be made to fasten either way.

NO. 7062, CHILD'S DRESS. Pattern in 4 sizes; 1 to 6 years (15 cents).—Size 6 requires 1½ yards 38-inch plaid, ½ yard 38-inch plain material, and ¾ yard 27-inch contrasting material for collar.

When answering advertisements kindly mention McCALL'S MAGAZINE

IN THE RANKS

[Continued from page 19]

make you feel young again;' and although it's now fully a half-hour before meal-time, he calls to Mother, 'Isn't dinner ready yet?—why, I'm half starved, Mary.'"

Boone, Iowa.

My Part in the War

Winner of a Five-Dollar Prize

I WAS pursuing a personal goal with all my might, when the United States took up the great struggle for world liberty. As one after another of my neighbors' boys volunteered, I felt my fighting blood warming; but what could I do? I had no boys to send; my family consists of all girls, and they are not old enough even to join the Red Cross.

"I studied, night and day, to think of some way in which I could help. Then came the Liberty Bond call. Yet how was I to buy one?"

"I thought and thought. Then, suddenly, I remembered my brown leghorn hens—they were doing good work. But how I could spare any of that money was the question. Nevertheless, right here, I began to work on my Liberty Bond. I could wear real old clothes, and do without that new set of chairs, and that new seat for the lawn. This was little enough to do for world liberty. I thought I had to have a new spring suit, but, really, do you know, it did not hurt a bit to add that twenty dollars to my Liberty Bond?"

"What else could I do without? Well, shoes were my next attack. I had everyday ones, but I could stay at home and not tell anybody why I could not be seen. So these were promptly scratched off my personal list, and three dollars and fifty cents more was placed in my 'war pocket-book.'

"Always, before, I had bought plants about the first part of June to set out in my flower-beds. I had to send to the greenhouse, and they cost me ten cents each, and, all told, my flower-garden cost me about five dollars. Giving up that luxury was a crushing blow, I love flowers so well—but not as I love liberty; so, again, I added five dollars to my war fund.

"Next, I went out and searched every nook and corner for hidden nests, and was more than rewarded. That night, my egg-basket was carefully counted, and I had twenty dozen eggs instead of fourteen. At last, to my delight, I had the bond money. I could have shouted. I gave it to my husband when he was going down-town that evening. He stared hard at me, but took the money, and when he came back, the deposit slip was for one hundred dollars instead of fifty dollars. Action and enthusiasm are contagious, as you say, and mine has been doubly effective."

Martinsville, Mo.

Perry, Dame & Co.

New York Styles

WEARING APPAREL and QUALITY SHOES

for Women and Children

Satisfaction
Assured
or Your
Money
Returned

We Pay All
Delivery
Charges

This exquisite dress for \$15.50 is one of Perry, Dame & Co.'s Values. Their Catalog of all kinds of Women's and Children's Wearing Apparel shows thousands of others equally good.

Strikingly beautiful Satin Frock. Entirely new and entirely original in design. Crepe Georgette collar and sleeves. Effective combination of contrasting color Satin. Grey trimmed with Copenhagen or Navy trimmed with green. Sizes: 32 to 46. \$15.50

Save Money
buy from the new, big
Perry, Dame & Co.
Mail Order Catalog
Write for It Today
It Is FREE

IX31
\$15⁵⁰



Perry, Dame & Co.

145 East 32nd Street, New York City

"101 daily uses"



"The Little Nurse for Little Ills"

CHAFED or broken skin, cuts, bruises, burns—you'll find nearly "101 daily uses" where Mentholatum will relieve quickly. The First Aid for over 24 years in many thoughtful homes.

A HEALING CREAM
Mentholatum

Always made under this signature *L.H.H.*

At all druggists:
in tubes, 25c;
jars, 25c, 50c, \$1.



PLEASE: Write today for small Testing Package, free. Or send 10c for Physician's size.

The Mentholatum Co., Dept. C, Buffalo, N. Y.

EAT SKINNER'S THE BEST MACARONI



MY SIGNATURE
Paul Skinner
ON EVERY PACKAGE



Sell Dress Goods and Hosiery

Big Textile Mills want ambitious men and women everywhere to show latest dress fabrics, shirts, underwear and hosiery. 400 patterns. Easy sales. Values beat stores. Earn Big Money. All or spare time. Complete sample outfit starts you. Call at our mills, or write: Steadfast Mills, Dept. 27, Cohoes, N. Y.

Over 30,000 CHURCHES use

THOMAS INDIVIDUAL COMMUNION SERVICE

The Cleanly Sanitary Method. Send for catalog and Special offer. Outfits on Trial. THOMAS COMMUNION SERVICE CO., Box 479, LIMA, OHIO

THE HOME AND THE SCHOOL

By SIDONIE MATZNER GRUENBERG

Author of "Sons and Daughters," "Your Child To-day and To-morrow"

ON the occasion of her first visit to his kindergarten, the quiet and diffident, almost timid Richard made his mother open her eyes very, very wide. This model of modest decorum was wiping the floor with his mop of hair, as his mother came into the room, to the obvious amusement of the other children, and to the great discomfort of the teacher. In the course of the next few minutes, the mother was informed that her Richard had been a constant source of trouble from the beginning. He was always in some mischief, playing the clown, upsetting chairs, or making unusual sounds. He was not exactly "bad," but he certainly was a nuisance.

If the mother had not witnessed the floor-wiping performance herself, it would have been extremely difficult to convince her that her Richard was capable of doing anything at all out of the ordinary. And very likely the rest of the teacher's complaints would have been met with the usual answer: "He never does anything like that at home."

It seems to be very difficult for most parents to understand that the child they know at home is a different one from the child that performs at school—or on the playground, or on the street, for that matter. And it seems to be equally difficult for teachers to understand that the child who is often troublesome in school is quite a different child at home.

The conduct of any child is greatly influenced by his surroundings, and especially by his human surroundings. The child alone or in a small group will behave in one way; the same child in a large group will behave in a different way. The child surrounded by members of the family or by intimates is one child and—strange as the case may seem—the same child surrounded by strangers appears entirely different.

The diffident Richard, stimulated by the presence of cheerful and easy-going little girls and boys, put forth all his efforts and strained all his ingenuity to attract the favorable attention of his admiring companions. The disapproval and even the "punishments" of the teacher were of no avail to dissuade him from

these impulses to "show off." Mother was quite right when she said that "he never does anything like that at home." There is neither the stimulus to do such things, nor would there be any satisfaction in doing them. In the kindergarten everything is different.

Parents and teachers are inter-

ested in the same ends; they both seek to attain the fullest development of the child's powers and character. The mistake is to assume that parents and teachers must use identical means. The first thing for us to recognize is that the school and the home have different functions to perform in relation to the common end. They must do different things with the same child—partly because they have different resources to work with, and partly because, figuratively speaking, it is not the same child. Yet the home and the school can cooperate most helpfully if they recognize that they have different tasks before them, different contributions to make to the child's growth.

DURING a large part of his school career, the child is required to master the so-called "tools" of intercourse, the fundamentals of language and numbers, some knowledge of the world and of his country. In general, it may be assumed that the school is sufficiently well equipped to do the necessary teaching of these subjects. At any rate, it is a very rare home that can do this work more effectively or more expeditiously than can the school. The home can not help the school here by

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HIS FIRST SCHOOL DAY

THE HOME AND THE SCHOOL

[Continued from page 80]

duplicating any of its work, nor by helping the child with the technical difficulties of his school subjects.

The best that the home can do at this stage, so far as home lessons are concerned, is to provide the most favorable physical conditions for the child's study, and to establish a certain attitude toward the school, through which the child will come to take it for granted that school requirements are to be met without evasion and without question. There is, to be sure, a great deal of controversy among professional educators as to the place of home work in the child's daily program. Some go so far as to maintain that all work pertaining to the school and to the studies should be left behind when the child leaves the building for the day—just as the artisan or the business man is supposed to leave all trade or business concerns when he goes home after the day's work. On the other hand, there is a strong tendency to establish more definite connections between the child's activities inside the school and his activities outside. Yet both extremists are inclined to agree that the place for the formal study of lessons is within the school, under the direction of men and women who understand this business, and under conditions that are as favorable as the community can provide.

UNDER the newer ideas of supervised study during school hours the children are likely to bring home problems of a different sort from those their parents puzzled over. They may want to copy the labels of the medicine bottles or of the parcels in the pantry; they may want to measure off the wall-paper in the sitting-room, or grow mushrooms in the cellar. Whatever it is that the children bring home as a school assignment should be given the same serious consideration that we are prepared to give to additional problems in fractions or to drill on the capitals of Asiatic countries. We have to assume that the school people know their business, that the work they are doing with the children is worth while, and that the business of the home is to support the authority of the school so long as the latter is reasonably exercised.

And just because the tasks that the school to-day assigns to the children are so different from the ones upon which we were brought up, it is more incumbent upon us to find out just what the teachers are trying to do. For this reason parents should make every effort to find occasion to visit the schools, to become acquainted with the teachers of their children. The least that we can do is to take part in the conferences of parents and teachers that

[Concluded on page 82]



Don't Treat Them Like Tidbits These Steam-Exploded Grains

This is to housewives—to the hundreds of thousands—who regard Puffed Grains as bubble-like tidbits, to be served in a mincing way. They are dainties, of course—thin, flaky and savory. They taste like food confections. But that fact makes these perfect foods inviting.

The facts are these: All folks need some whole-grain diet. They must have minerals and enzymes of which flour foods are robbed. And whole grains must be wholly digestible to yield their elements in full. Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are whole grains. By Prof. Anderson's process—shooting from guns—every food cell is exploded. Every atom is fitted to feed.

No other process does that. Hours of cooking will usually leave half the food cells unbroken.

Then there are many times when you want a food which doesn't tax the stomach—between meals or at bedtime. And Puffed Grains are the ideal foods for these times. So every day, at some time, it is wise to serve a Puffed Grain.



**Puffed
Wheat**

**Puffed
Rice**

and Corn Puffs

Each 15c Except in Far West

At breakfast serve with sugar and cream, or mixed with any fruit. They taste like bubbled nut-meats. For luncheon or supper, float in bowls of milk.



For after school, douse with melted butter, to be eaten like peanuts or popcorn. Also use in candy making or as garnish for ice cream. Every ounce is clear nutrition, in a bouillon form.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(1684)

What and Why Is the Internal Bath?

By WALTER WALGROVE

Much has been said and written about the present generation living unnatural lives and being, for that reason, only half as energetic, enthusiastic, ambitious or even healthy as it should be.

And this is so.

The confined lives that we live, the lack of constant exercise (for it must be constant to be effective), and the strenuous requirements of our business or social duties, directly bring on a condition, to which little attention has been paid in the past, though it does more to rob us of power, spirit and ambition than any other one thing known to medicine.

But Nature has provided, as in so many other cases, an immediate and perfectly natural relief for this condition, and over five hundred thousand Americans are already taking advantage of it.

When you are ill and a physician is called, the first step that he takes, no matter what is the matter with you, is to clean out the colon (large intestine).

There are two reasons for this:

One is that no medicine can possibly take effect while there is waste matter in the colon—

The other and most significant reason is that if the colon did not contain this waste, it is safe to say that you would not have been ill at all.

The penalty for the lives we live is agreed on by all physicians to be the clogging up of our colons with waste matter which the system does not voluntarily carry off—

This waste is extremely poisonous; the blood circulation comes in sufficiently close contact with this waste to take up these poisons by absorption and distribute them throughout the body—

The result is a gradual weakening of the blood forces; the liver becomes sluggish; biliousness asserts itself; we be-

come heavy, dull, and develop a more or less nervous fear of anything we undertake—the more this waste accumulates, the more we are affected, until at last we become really ill and incapacitated.

Now the Internal Bath is the one process, with the assistance of simple warm water, properly introduced in a new and natural way that will keep the colon as clean and sweet and pure as Nature demands it to be for perfect health.

It is rather remarkable to find, at what would seem so comparatively late a day, so great an improvement on the old methods of Internal Bathing as this new process, for in a crude way it has, of course, been practised for years.

Enlightened physicians by thousands are prescribing this new method which is fully explained in "The What, The Why, The Way of Internal Bathing," by Chas. A. Tyrrell, M. D., 134 West 65th Street, New York City. This he will send, free, on request if you mention McCall's Magazine.

It explains just why this method has proven superior to any other (including drugs), for removing this troublesome waste; it also contains many other interesting facts and statistics which cannot be touched on here.

It is surprising how little is known by the average person on this subject, which has so great an influence on the general health and spirits.

So if you are nearly well and want to get really up to "concert pitch;" if you want to feel consistently bright, confident, ambitious and enthusiastic—in fact, no matter what your condition, sick or well, the experience of other hundreds of thousands would prove it worth your while to at least send for the book, and look further into this method and its history. (Adv.)



Amolin
Deodorant
Antiseptic

"Try Amolin, dear—it's the Real Deodorant"

"I like Amolin because it relieves from perspiration annoyance quickly and harmlessly. Amolin does not prevent perspiration, but neutralizes perspiration odors, making you feel fresh and sweet."

Amolin is a personal deodorant powder, antiseptic and perfectly dependable for every use claimed for it. Sold at toilet counters in 15c and 25c cans. Call for it by name—Amolin.

AMOLIN CHEMICAL CO., Lodi, N. J.

Beautify the Complexion

SURELY, QUICKLY

Nadinola Cream

The Supreme Beauty Requisite
Used and Endorsed by
Thousands



NADINOLA banishes tan, freckles, pimples, liver-spots, etc., extreme cases. Rids pores and tissues of impurities.

Leaves the skin clear, soft, healthy. Directions and guarantee in package. By toilet counters or mail, two sizes, 50 cents and \$1.00. Address Dept. M.

NATIONAL TOILET COMPANY, Paris, Tenn.

THE HOME AND THE SCHOOL

[Continued from page 81]

are now becoming so common. Even where we are not quite clear as to what the school is aiming at, we should manifest our confidence in the institution and in the people who are conducting it. In this respect the native Americans have much to learn from many of the immigrants in our larger cities. In the poorest sections of the cities, inhabited by people of foreign birth, teachers often complain that children come to school improperly nourished, improperly clad, often filthy; but seldom do they have occasion to complain that the home attitude toward the school is one of antagonism or of indifference.

Through becoming acquainted with the teacher we are frequently enabled to clear up misunderstandings of the child's conduct, and to work out a plan for concentrated attention upon the formation of needed habits, or upon the removal of some undesirable habit. And whatever mutual respect and confidence may come from a better understanding will produce substantial benefits for the child concerned.

It is unfortunately true that there are many teachers among the half million in this country who are not competent, and many who are not worthy of confidence. As to these it is the obvious duty of parents, as well as of citizens generally, to secure their removal. But however incompetent the teacher of your children may be, so long as she remains the teacher, you must countenance her. That is, you lose more by discrediting a poor teacher before your children than you do by supporting her until she can be replaced.

The home and the school can help each other if each does its distinctive work. In the school the child learns to adjust himself to larger groups than he ever meets at home, and to the more impersonal institutions. Here he learns to expand such loyalties as he has acquired at home to embrace the city, the nation or all of humanity. But it is the home that nurtures his responsibilities as an individual, and makes him aware of his obligations to others. The home furnishes this foundation; the school elaborates the superstructure.

The home can help the efforts of the school not by duplicating any of the latter's efforts, but by supplementing them. Neither institution alone can do all that modern life requires for the children. Each is necessary for just those things that the other can not furnish. The responsibility for unifying the various forces that act upon the child lies with the home, because the relationships of the child in the home are continuous, whereas those in the school are frequently interrupted and changed. It is the home, therefore, that must take the initiative in coöperation.

THE NAMELESS MAN

[Continued from page 24]

just kneel down under the light and balance yourself as if you were going to topple forward on your face; yes, that's about right; now, hold the position—steady"—Barclay raised his right arm, hand closed as if he grasped a revolver butt. "See, the window at the curve of the hall is just in line—the bullet passed directly through it."

"Without breaking the glass?" asked Mitchell, lifting his eyebrows.

"The window was open," answered Barclay, "and the current of air coming from there lifted the smoke right here so that I could see a man's figure crouching where Norcross is—thanks," he added as Norcross rose. "Now, I hope you are satisfied, Mitchell?"

But Mitchell looked unconvinced. "It's pretty thin," he grumbled. "You've got to produce that bullet from somewhere in this neighborhood before I'll believe your bullet did not go into Patterson's body."

"It's a poor rule that doesn't work both ways," exclaimed Ethel, who had loitered behind for a second. "If Mr. Barclay's bullet entered Mr. Patterson's body, Mr. Mitchell, what became of the bullet which struck this safe—see the mark—and ricocheted from its bullet-proof surface? That bullet, if it did not strike Mr. Patterson in the back, had to go somewhere—now, where is it?"

The men stared at her in dumbfounded surprise; then, simultaneously, they turned and gazed at the uninjured, unmarked wall-paper down the hallway, and when they turned back to Ethel their faces were as blank as the wall.

"Ethel, you've struck the nail on the head," shouted Ogden. "Now, Mitchell, take off those handcuffs and apologize to Mr. Barclay."

Mitchell, with a bad grace, did the former, but not the latter. "I have two bullets to trace now, instead of one," he said, "but that does not exonerate you, Mr. Barclay; and you will have to accompany me to headquarters. I take it you will come peaceably?" dangling the handcuffs suggestively before returning them to his pocket.

"Certainly," Barclay looked as if years had been taken from him. "And my cousin, Mr. Walter Ogden, will go surety for me, if you desire it."

Ogden dropped the cigar he was lighting. "No," he said, his face red from the exertion of stooping; "I'm not a property owner in the district."

"But I am," put in Norcross. "I own this house, Mitchell, and if anything is wanted, call on me."

Barclay paused to wring the professor's hand, and when he turned back to

[Continued on page 84]

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THE NAMELESS MAN

[Continued from page 83]

the others Ethel and Lois were nowhere in sight.

"You must come with me at once, Mr. Barclay," insisted Mitchell at his elbow. "Just a minute." Barclay tore a leaf from his memorandum book, and scribbled:

ETHEL:

I must go at once to detective headquarters. I go with a greater courage, a newer, happier faith in human nature, inspired by you—the most loyal friend a man ever had. My life—my love is yours. I pray God that soon I can stand before you cleared of all suspicion, and ask the question which honor forbids while I am under a cloud.

JULIAN.

Barclay folded the note and addressed it; then, catching up with Norcross and Ogden, and with Mitchell at his heels, hastened into the lower hall. Charles, much agitated, met them at the foot of the staircase, and, before he could speak, Barclay thrust the note into his hand with a bill.

"Take this note at once to Miss Ethel," he directed.

"Yes, sor," promised Charles. "Mr. Ogden, luncheon is served, sor."

"Well, thank Heaven for small mercies!" ejaculated Ogden. "Come on in, Norcross."

CHAPTER XXIII

The loud, imperative ringing of the front door bell reached Walter Ogden's ears, and, making a sign to Maru Takasaki, commanding silence, he tip-toed softly across the library and listened behind the portières. It was some moments before Charles appeared, struggling into his coat.

"Sure, be aisy," Ogden heard him mutter, as the bell pealed again. Reaching the front door, the butler pulled it open with some force, but the sight of a tall, distinguished man standing in the vestibule checked his inclination to be impertinent.

"No, sor, Mither Ogden is not home," the butler's loud voice reached Ogden, "and Mrs. Ogden is sick in bed; no, nothin' serious, sor, just enough to have Dr. McLane."

"Can I see Miss Ethel Ogden?" and, at the sound of the visitor's voice, Ogden started violently.

"No, sor, Miss Ogden has retired for the night," answered Charles, and, thinking to forestall further questions, he added: "And Professor Norcross is dinin' at the Club, and Mither Barclay ain't returned since luncheon. Shall I tell them who called, sor?"

"Colonel Carter Calhoun," was the reply. "I will call to-morrow. Good-night."

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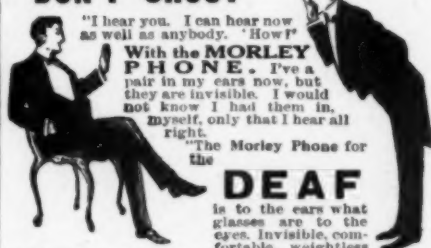
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THE NAMELESS MAN

[Continued from page 84]

"Good night, sor!" Charles watched Calhoun go down the steps and enter a taxicab, then closed the door. "Sure, he's an ilegant gintleman," he said, garulousness having grown upon him. "I'll remimber him."

"And so will I." Ogden's involuntary remark was muttered in so low a whisper that it reached no ears but his own.

Ogden found his solitary guest sitting where he had left him. Neither of the men spoke until Ogden had resumed his old seat.

"That was Carter Calhoun," announced Ogden, but the name aroused no apparent interest in the expressionless face and manner of his companion. "He's coming again."

"When?"

"To-morrow."

"So," Takasaki thought a minute, picked up a small writing pad and, using his gold pencil, jotted down a number of figures, tore off the sheet and handed it to his companion. Ogden's eyebrows went up as he read the numerals and the sign before them; then, crushing the scrap of paper in his hand, tossed it into the open fire on the hearth. Shifting his position slightly, Takasaki contemplated Ogden at his leisure by aid of the movable standing lamp, the only electric light turned on in the room. The seconds had become minutes before Takasaki spoke.

"To-night is fair," he said; "to-morrow may be stormy."

Ogden stirred as if aroused from a hypnotic trance. "Probabilities indicate a fair night."

Takasaki looked about the comfortable room, then rose slowly to his feet. "I must not keep you longer," he said, shaking hands. "You so good to see me."

"I'll go with you to the door," and Ogden also rose.

"It not necessary," protested Takasaki politely. "You have much to do—I know way out."

But paying no attention to his protest, Ogden accompanied the Japanese attaché to the front door, and, had Charles been loitering in the next room or the floor above, he would not have guessed their presence. They moved like shadows across the hall.

Ogden closed the door upon Takasaki with care that it should not slam, then, walking heavily over to the pantry, he called to Charles.

"Comin', sor, comin'," came the answer, and the butler arrived in breathless haste.

"Have Mr. Barclay and Professor Norcross returned?"

"No, sor." Charles came a step nearer. "Mr. Barclay telephoned an hour

[Continued on page 86]

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THE NAMELESS MAN

[Continued from page 85]

back, sor, to say he'd be in about midnight, sor; but not to wait up for him, because, sor, he still has the house key Mrs. Ogden gave him the night of the charity ball."

"Very well." Ogden hesitated. "When Professor Norcross returns, tell him that I have gone to my room."

"And, Charles"—the butler, stopped on his way downstairs—"close the house now, and after Professor Norcross gets here, go to bed."

"Very good, sor," and Charles at once started on his rounds of locking doors and windows, while Ogden went straight to his wife's bedroom. Ethel met him at the door, a finger on her lip.

"Cousin Jane has just fallen asleep," she whispered, stepping into the hall.

"Dr. McLane says it was only a nervous breakdown, and that she will be all right to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" echoed Ogden. "Good. Go to bed, child; you look as if you need a night's rest"; then he added, as Ethel hesitated, "I'll sit up with Cousin Jane and be on hand if she requires anything."

"Be sure to call me if I can be of assistance." Ethel took a step down the hall and then returned. "Have you heard anything from Julian?"

"Charles said he telephoned that he would be back about midnight," answered Ogden impatiently. "Probably the police put him through the third degree, and found they hadn't enough evidence to hold him."

Ethel's fervidly whispered "Thank God!" was too low to reach her cousin's ears, and, with a lighter heart than she had known in many hours, she went to her bedroom; but before starting to retire, she read again and, yet again, Julian Barclay's hastily scrawled note brought to her by Charles before luncheon.

For his size, Walter Ogden was remarkably light on his feet, and his restless pacing to and fro never disturbed the sleeper on the bed. Many minutes dragged themselves away before Ogden dropped wearily into his wife's favorite chair. But a veritable demon of unrest drove him out of its comfortable depths before he had been there ten minutes, and he was passing the door when footsteps in the hall reached him and he recognized Norcross's voice speaking to Charles. Before he could make up his mind to go out and speak to the professor, he heard him close his bedroom door.

Crossing over to the hearth, on which burned a small fire lighted by Ethel to take the chill out of the room, Ogden drew first one document out of his pocket and then another, tossing them in succession into the blaze. "I've got to do it," he muttered, between clenched teeth, and the

firelight showed the dogged determination of his set, stern face. "Barclay, well, Barclay's got to"—he closed his outspread hands slowly, forcefully, and turning about, again sat down, this time nearer the fire, and where his gaze would not fall on his wife, still sleeping peacefully. Sleep, however, was far from Ogden's eyes as he sat brooding over the fire. So great was his absorption that he never heard Julian Barclay, his footsteps lagging and weary, pass down the hall to his bedroom.

Once in his room, Barclay threw his coat and waistcoat on the nearest chair, kicked off his shoes, and, flinging himself on the bed drew up the outer sheet and quilt, and was soon asleep, the heavy dreamless sleep of utter exhaustion.

No sound broke the stillness except Barclay's even breathing, and the moonlight flooding his bedroom fell softly across the bed where he slept. A movement of the bedclothes caused a ripple in the light, then a shadow appeared, a shadow which moved ever nearer. Barclay's head until a hand was outlined on the white pillow. The groping fingers, with touch as delicate as a woman's, at last found the object they sought; but the soft sigh of triumph which came from the side of the high four-post bedstead was premature.

Barclay felt the breaking of the cord which held Ethel's miniature suspended around his neck, and, throwing out his hands, his fingers closed on a human wrist which tore and writhed in his grip. Struggling to retain his hold and sit up at the same instant, Barclay was horrified to hear Ethel's voice raised in a scream of terror.

"Help, Julian, for God's sake, help!"

The hand was torn from his grasp as his fingers relaxed their hold, and Barclay, forgetting all else, rushed to Ethel's aid. He stopped bewildered in the hall; there was no sign of Ethel, and, half crazed at the thought of her in peril, he ran madly down the staircase, her voice, fainter now, guiding his footsteps. As he bounded down stairs he collided with a man racing upward, and the contact brought them both to the floor. Through the blinding stars produced by his head coming in violent contact with the sharp edge of the newel post, Barclay glimpsed Yoshida Ito just staggering to his feet, and made a futile grab at him. The agile Japanese avoided his hand and flew upward, two steps at a time. Barclay was not slow to follow him, his fury lending wings to his feet, and one idea obsessing him—the Japanese had frightened, perhaps injured Ethel before he could get there to save her.

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THE NEW RAFFIA KNITTING-BAG

By ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL

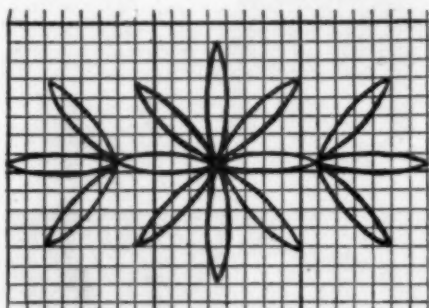
QUITE the latest development in knitting-bags is one crocheted in raffia, which is practical, sensible, and absolutely fascinating in its artistic combination of brilliant colors. In the shops these bags are selling anywhere from fifteen to twenty dollars apiece, merely because they are new and attractive. But the work is as simple as A, B, C, and, by following these directions, the bag can be copied for



NEW STYLE RAFFIA BAG

about a dollar and a quarter. If colored raffia is not obtainable at school-supply or florist shops in your vicinity, read the editor's note at the end of this article.

A good way to handle the raffia is to pull out the strands one at a time from a bundle, knot ends together and roll into a ball. Then as you crochet it, keep cutting off the rough edges as they appear. When the end of a strip is reached, knot a strand



BLOCK PATTERN FOR FLORAL MOTIF ON RAFFIA BAG

of the next color to the one you are finishing. After the bag is made, dampen it well and press it on both sides with a hot iron. This stiffens and smooths the raffia.

(Concluded on page 88)



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THE NEW RAFFIA KNITTING-BAG

[Continued from page 87]

A colored silk or silkoline lining should then be tacked inside the bag, which measures about 18 inches wide and 16 inches deep.

Materials used.—2 bundles ($\frac{1}{4}$ pound each) of purple raffia, 1 bundle in natural color, 1 in red, 1 in green, and a coarse celluloid crochet hook.

DIRECTIONS.

Abbreviations: Chain, ch.; stitch, st.; slip stitch, sl. st.; double crochet, d. c.

Ch. 130; join in ring with a sl. st. In each ch. make a d. c.; continue around, making first two rows red, 4 purple, 2 natural color, 4 purple, 2 green, 4 purple, 2 natural color, 4 purple, 2 red, 15 natural color, 2 red, 4 purple, 2 natural color, 4 purple, 2 green, 4 purple, 2 natural color, 4 purple, 2 red, and then break raffia. Overhand lower edges together with red raffia threaded in a coarse needle.

The handle of the bag is made in two parts, then joined together at the top. Begin handle with 22 ch. in red. In each chain make a d. c., and continue for 4 rows; then 4 green, and 4 natural color (starting with the natural color, make one st. less at the end of every row until the last row is reached), 4 purple, 4 natural color, 4 green, break raffia. Make the other half just the same; then overhand the two halves together at the top with green; and overhand each end of handle to top of bag with red.

Make the four floral motifs in lazy-daisy stitch, to decorate the center strip. To make these, use the little block pattern, counting the squares for stitches. Use purple and green for center flower, and green for three leaves on each end. In next motif use red and green for center flower, and so on.

Editor's Note.—If colored raffia is not obtainable in your vicinity, information as to where it can be purchased will be gladly supplied upon request. Address Miss Elisabeth M. Blondel, Embroidery Editor, McCall's Magazine, McCall Building, 236-250 W. 37th Street, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped envelope for reply.

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SILVER SLIPPERS

(Continued from page 11)

She heard now a new sound—Widener's heavy tread on the stair.

"Can you come here, Jim?" Mrs. Dingley called, evidently much perturbed.

That was sufficient. Scarcely knowing what she did, Ann Caroline was making the slippers into a bundle. Outside her window was a trellis work for the roses, and it was not the first time she had been tomboy enough to use it. Now she threw her bundle out and the next minute her canny feet were feeling for the openings. Her instinct was to reach the junction, a matter of three miles away, and to mail the slippers to Miss Dingley. Sick and frightened by the enormity of what she was doing, she kept as near as possible to the edge of the road. After running until her breath gave out, she broke into a dog trot, half run, half walk. Some loiterers accosted her with loud laughter, but she eluded them like a deer.

Then, of a sudden, two great illumined eyes came over the hilltop behind her, trapping her in a long path of radiance. A familiar horn turned her to stone. Widener sprang out of the car and caught her elbow. In Ann Caroline's eyes something seemed dead, yet pleading mutely to be brought back to life; Jim's face was very pained, perplexed and compassionate.

"Ann Caroline," he panted, as though it were he who had been walking, "did you take them? How could you?"

Now, more than ever, she realized it was no trivial thing she had done; it involved a principle, and principles were everything to Widener. "Yes," she said wretchedly, "I took them."

He held her roughly and searched her face with terribly intent eyes. "Ann Caroline, I can't believe it. You have never cared about girl's trumpery. Why, all of a sudden, you should—"

"I don't know," she shivered, dry-eyed, but suffering, "what made me do it, but I did want them. Oh, they are so beautiful."

"We searched for an hour," he said dully, and all the fire and hope had gone out of him, "and I would not believe they were not in the house. I'd never in the world have suspected you if Mrs. Dingley—"

"Of course it would be—her," laughed Ann Caroline ungrammatically.

"She thought your staying up-stairs all the time very odd," he went on, unheeding, "though I assured her it was because you were not in the house. You did—you did not stay for the chance of taking them?"

She laughed, again, that tragic little laugh, inspired by recklessness. "Oh, I dare say I did; perhaps, unconsciously, I was waiting for a chance to try them on."

His voice went cold, though pitying still, "You were tempted, poor child."

(Continued on page 91)

Now Every Woman Can Make Her Own Clothes

By Elizabeth June Christie

THE other day I was coming out from town with a very dear friend of mine. She was wearing such a charming dress that I simply had to express my admiration.

"Maybe if I could afford to patronize the exclusive shops just once," I ventured, and I fear just a bit enviously, "I could have a gown as stylish and becoming as that."

And then Grace looked at me and smiled and kept on smiling, and finally she said: "Would you really like to meet the modiste who designed and made this dress? Then gaze upon her. I made it all myself!"

"Why, my dear," I exclaimed, "I never knew that you did any sewing at all."

"I never did until a few months ago. But in those few months I've learned to make all my own clothes, and to make them as clothes are made in the best shops. I've learned to draft from my own measurements patterns that fit perfectly or to adapt any tissue pattern. I've learned really to develop style in a garment, I've learned how to copy a garment I see on the street, in a shop window, or in a fashion magazine, and yet put in those little individual touches that are meant just for me."

"Then I've learned every step of fitting, making, trimming, finishing—everything. Not a hand but mine touched this dress. And here's something more. I know you well enough to tell you that this dress, which would be priced at least \$40 in a shop, cost me just exactly \$13.50!"

"But tell me," said I, still puzzled almost beyond belief. "Where did you go to learn it all? How did you find the time?"

"I went to school," she answered, "on my own front porch and in that sunny back sitting-room. I went whenever I had an hour or even a few minutes to spare. My teacher I have never seen, although I feel that she is one of my warmest friends. I learned it all, my dear Elizabeth, by mail! And let me say that if you want to give your readers some news that will win their everlasting gratitude in these days of soaring prices, tell them the story of what the Woman's Institute is doing for more than 7,000 women."

SO that is how, three days later, I happened to be sitting across the table from Mrs. Mary Brooks Picken, Director of Instruction of the Woman's Institute of Domestic Arts and Sciences, listening to the perfectly wonderful story of this great school, which is bringing happiness and the joy of having pretty clothes, and savings almost too good to be true, into thousands of homes.

"Every woman knows," she was saying, "that she could have many more clothes for much less money if she could make them herself. But how is a busy housewife to learn if she must leave her home to become a dressmaker's apprentice or to attend a resident school? It was that problem that led us to develop our method of teaching entirely by mail. Now any woman, no matter where she may live, may learn everything about dressmaking right in her own home in spare time."

"The remarkable success of our students," she continued, "is due to the simplicity of

our lessons. These are written in words that even children can understand. Then, too, every step is not only fully explained, but is actually shown by means of pictures—hundreds and hundreds of actual photographs."

Then Mrs. Picken took me through the big Instruction Department and I watched the teachers examining lessons, inspecting students' work and dictating personal letters, and I understood why the method of teaching is so successful, for every student receives the help of an expert on her own clothes problem.

As we came back to Mrs. Picken's office she turned to a great pile of students' letters on her desk. "They come to us like this every day," she said.

One was from a girl only 16 who now not only makes all her own clothes, but has already earned enough sewing for others to pay for her own entire course.

Another was from a woman of 63 who wrote that she has opened a shop in her home that enables her to support an invalid husband and still be with him all day.

"YOU see," Mrs. Picken went on, "we not only teach a woman to make her own and her children's clothes, but we give her so thorough a knowledge of dressmaking that she is able to take it up as a profession if she desires. Hundreds of our students learn dressmaking in spare time while doing other work, and then step right into good positions as dressmakers or open their own shops, where they sometimes make two or three times as much money as formerly."

"One wonderful thing about our work," she said, "is that we can reach everyone. Among our students are housewives, business women, teachers, school girls, girls employed in offices, stores and factories. And there are, oh, so many mothers who simply pour out their thanks to us for teaching them how to have dainty clothes for their little ones at a mere fraction of what their clothes cost before."

"Then, too, we have a course in millinery just as complete and practical, by which a woman can quickly learn to make her own hats or take up millinery as a business."

"But tell me," I asked, "how do you get your students?"

"Largely through students who send us the names of their friends," she replied. "Then we publish two books, entitled 'Dressmaking Made Easy' and 'Millinery Made Easy,' either of which is mailed free on request."

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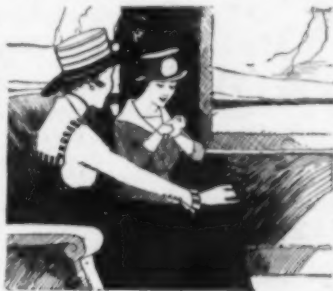
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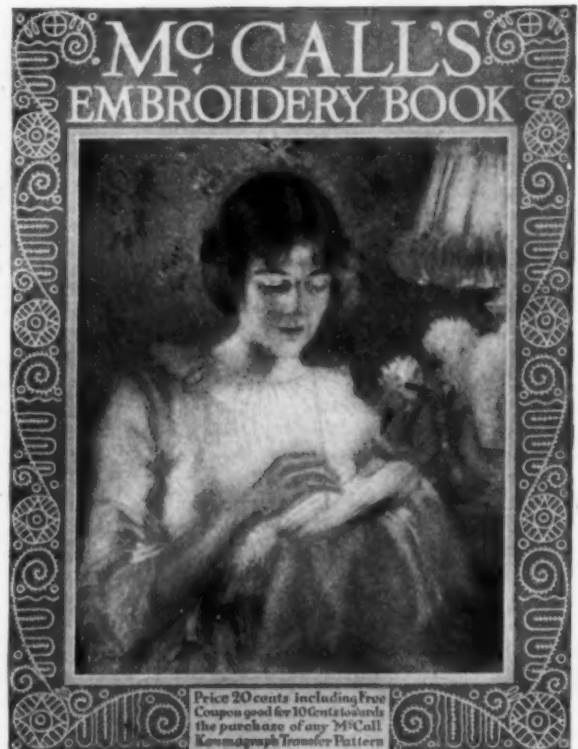
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—Adv.

SILVER SLIPPERS

[Continued from page 89]

"Yes," she said. "Oh, Mr. Widener, don't let them put me in prison."

"Don't talk nonsense," he snapped her up impatiently. "You'll have to return them to Miss Dingley and apologize, though. She has cried her eyes out."

Ann Caroline, guilty as she was, sniffed contemptuously. She forgot how she had herself adored the silver slippers. Once on their way back in the car, she caught at his sleeve in a tempest of real agony.

"You won't take Buddy and Peter away from me? I love them so dearly."

He did not answer. Only when they were entering the lighted hallway he gave her shoulder a kind, reassuring pat, as though promising to see her through. The Dingleys had heard the car, and sped down.

"Did you find her, the little thief? Mother, he's brought her back."

In her rapacious mood, Miss Dingley was hardly pretty at all; she looked tired and a wee bit hard about the mouth. Her mother brought up the rear with an expression on her face like one afraid she would be late to a hanging. The arrivals were equally chastened but confronted them without flinching.

"Ann Caroline is very sorry," began Jim, clearing his throat, "and she doesn't know what made her do it. Please be as easy upon her as possible. She has brought them back to you."

"They were so pretty," said Ann Caroline with touching simplicity, "I had never seen anything like them before," and she produced the silver slippers.

A great laugh went up from Widener, but Miss Dingley leaped to the wrong conclusion.

"My slippers, too? Well, you are a thief. But where are the pearls?"

"Pearls? I don't understand," and Ann Caroline raised beseeching eyes.

Widener was as red beneath his tan as though he were the one suspected.

"Miss Dingley lost her string of pearls somewhere in the house. We thought, you must forgive us, Ann Caroline, that you knew where they were."

Ann Caroline threw back her head in sudden understanding, white to the lips.

"Oh, how I hate you—I hate all of you. I have not seen your pearls, I never wanted them," her breath escaped in a sobbing sigh, "only the pretty slippers."

Widener was annoyed by a misting of the eyes. He bent over her, feeling himself seven-kinds of a cad.

"Can you possibly forgive us?" he pleaded urgently. "Don't look like that, Ann Caroline. I knew it could not be. Why, I'd trust you with my life, just as I have with my boys. I think we all owe her an apology!"

[Concluded on page 92]



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SILVER SLIPPERS

[Continued from page 91]

Sylvia Dingley was sitting stupidly with the slippers in her hand. She seemed about to speak when her maid appeared.

"Please, Miss," she announced, "I've found 'em. They were caught on the gown you wore last evenin'." And she dropped the precious string in Miss Dingley's lap.

An involuntary sigh of relief passed about the circle, like a summer breeze. Miss Dingley took the pearls lovingly between her fingers and gloated over them delicately. When she had fully tasted the sweets of their recovery, she experienced some ignoble regret. The situation had made a heroine of Ann Caroline, the last thing in the world she wished to do. She regarded her and Widener with narrowed apprehension.

"If you wanted slippers, why didn't you tell me?"—and Sylvia Dingley could have sworn he said, "dear."

Ann Caroline gave him one grateful, tempestuous, revealing glance, and then fled. Widener was left with his anything-but-gracious guests.

"You see," he explained with pleasant unaffectedness, "she has been growing, and I never noticed, her love of beauty along with the rest of her. Perfectly natural development, and sort of pathetic when you come to think of it. Perhaps you'll tell me, Miss Dingley, where the slippers came from so I can duplicate them for Ann Caroline."

Mrs. Dingley gave a scream. "Really, Jim, this is carrying it too far. Being a relative of your dear dead wife, one might overlook all your solicitude on her behalf, but when it comes to a man making his governess intimate gifts—"

He accepted the indictment. "Governess? I suppose so, tho' I never think of her that way."

"Don't tell me," pursued the lady relentlessly, "that you regard her as a daughter."

He thrust an embarrassed hand in his pocket and smiled engagingly.

"Not exactly that"—he stood his ground—"but I am fond of her. You see, she is such a dead game little sport."

"She certainly should not accept your intimate gifts," protested Miss Dingley with jealous rancor, "that is, unless you intend making her Mrs. Widener," she finished with killing sarcasm.

But, somehow, it did not kill him.

"I might do that," he pondered whimsically, "if Ann Caroline would have me. Do you think she would?"

The silver slippers, ordered by Widener, came very quickly. They must have been winged slippers to account for their haste, but the Dingleys had departed before the day of their arrival at Heathercliff. When Ann Caroline was summoned down to try them on, the twins accompanied her. Widener was in a great stir of excitement. You could see that. On his knees before her, he removed the unsophisticated shoe of his ward and slipped the silver one on with due solemnity. The twins watched him with concern. It was a perfect fit.

"But governesses do not dress in silver," he then said with tender raillery. "Mrs. Dingley told me that. What shall I do with you?"

"She's crying," betrayed Buddy promptly, discovering her joyous tears. "Mebbe you'd better kiss her."

"And what do you think, Cinderella?" the prince laughed, reddening.

Ann Caroline regarded the toes of her twinkling feet.

"Oh, Sir, Mr. Widener," she said demurely, "whatever you think best."

THE NAMELESS MAN

[Continued from page 86]

As he ran upward, Barclay became dimly conscious that others were keeping step with him. Who they were he never stopped to see; a stinging pain in the back of his head and warm blood trickling down his back dazed his senses. Another pajama-clad figure appeared in one of the doorways as Barclay sped down the second-floor hall, and stared aghast at Norcross.

"Don't stop, don't stop," he panted, "hurry, Norcross, he's just ahead of you; there, jump for him."

The Japanese, apparently confused by the chase, had lost his bearings and cut back on his tracks, and, a second later he and Norcross went to the floor, locked in each other's arms. Barclay, struggling to

lend his aid to Norcross, bent over the fighting men, but which was which was more than his failing sight could distinguish. A strong hand dragged him back, and Mitchell, with the aid of Dr. McLane, pulled the men apart.

Barclay leaned weakly against the wall and stared at them. His eyes were deceiving him. He checked an hysterical laugh. "Mitchell, you fool," he gasped, "you've put the handcuffs on the wrong man."

Carter Calhoun, standing in the background, advanced and laid his hand on Barclay's swaying shoulder. "The handcuffs are where they belong, Barclay—on the wrists of Richard Norcross, naturalist, murderer, and ventriloquist."

[To be concluded in the November McCall's]



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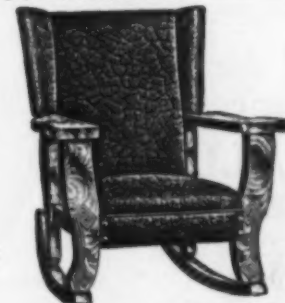
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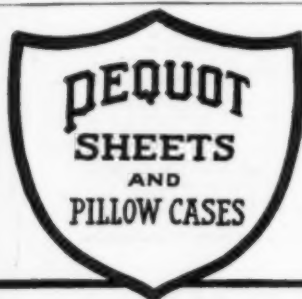


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THE BELOVED THORN

[Continued from page 17]

except where a strange flush lay on the too prominent cheek-bones. He stood before the burnished lectern shaped like a golden dove, reading a psalm of Thanksgiving from the poet David—this modern David, of no less ardent passions, no less stern determination to master them than the singer of old.

In the midst of the psalm, the Vicar's voice stopped suddenly. The anxious watcher in Lady Mary's pew saw him stagger and fall forward upon the lectern.

The congregation half rose to its feet while two wardens rushed forward and carried the Vicar into the vestry-room.

The crisis of the Vicar's fever was at hand. A trained nurse cared for him by night; the veiled lady, whom the village children called secretly "Saint Teresa," nursed him by day. But, to-night, she knew the crisis was to come. So she would not return to Annersley Hall but lay down to rest in the vicarage. At twelve o'clock she got up again and stole silently into the sick-room.

The nurse, a kindly woman in a blue-and-white uniform, looked up understandingly. She liked this strange veiled lady, who spoke only when necessary, was efficient, and never made any fuss.

Quietly, the graceful veiled figure went to the little table holding the night light. She read anxiously in the nurse's record-book the night's changes in the Vicar's temperature, pulse, and respiration.

At two o'clock in the morning, that mysterious hour of turning-point in some fevers, the Vicar's temperature rose alarmingly. The nurse hastened for cold water with which to sponge him in order to bring it down again. The silent, gray-veiled figure glided into the chair at his bedside and sat with him alone.

Suddenly, his hot, labored breathing ceased and he raised himself on one elbow. His lips moved feverishly. The woman at his bedside smoothed the covers, trying to persuade him to lie down again, but he thrust out his arm impatiently.

"Mary!" he cried in a voice thick with delirium. "Why do you always laugh, Mary? Why must you always mock me and my work?"

The woman, with a trembling hand, lifted a glass of medicine from the stand by the bed and held it gently to his lips.

"No, no!" he muttered. "Take it away! It smells of roses—Count Lozzi's roses."

The veiled woman laid her hand, icy cold, on his burning forehead. She stroked back the dark hair gently, with trembling fingers. But David would not be quieted. With a sudden cry, he sat upright in bed.

"Mary!" the feverish voice rang through the silent house. "Mary!"

[Concluded on page 95]

THE BELOVED THORN

[Continued from page 94]

The gray figure at the bedside leaned over him wistfully, tenderly, almost as a mother might lean over her child. Her veiled face was inscrutable. But there were both love and service in her attitude.

David's eyes rested upon her and the look in them grew quieter, more natural. Even before he spoke, she realized that he was no longer delirious.

"Your—your sister-in-law—Lady Mary—is she at Annersley?"

The veiled head nodded, its gray chiffon folds shimmering silken in the soft light. The Vicar groped at the bed covering with one gaunt, fever-wasted hand.

"I shall not—get well," he said slowly. "Do you think—she would see me? Only for a little while?"

The woman nodded again, silently. Tears were raining fast behind the veil.

"I will tell her," she said when she could speak. "I know she will come. Now you must sleep."

Again she laid her slender white hand on the coverings to straighten them.

This time David's eyes, no longer fever-blinded, rested curiously upon the little hand. Suddenly, with a strength and passion incredible in one so ill, he crushed its icy fingers in his own burning grasp.

"Mary!" he cried unbelievably. "It is you! Mary!" His face was white.

Lady Mary, seeing that he knew the truth at last, lifted her veil.

Of course, such a shock at a critical moment, should have sent David's fever up out of all bounds, might, in fact, have killed him. But happiness has a healing power that no medicine on earth can equal.

When Nurse came back at last, having been delayed by a refractory water-tap, she found a beautiful, unveiled lady kneeling at the Vicar's bedside. And the Vicar himself, exhausted after the fever's raging had dropped off into a quiet sleep, rational and refreshing.

All night, Lady Mary knelt in her cramped position at the bedside fearing to rouse him from the sleep which, at this turning-point, meant life or death.

At dawn, the Vicar stirred. Lady Mary lifted her aching head from the covers and rose stiffly from her knees. David spoke—as if to himself—yet with a dreamy calm which showed that the fever had left him.

"Goodness—with me—was a narrow thing once. God's goodness—is larger."

Then he fell asleep again.

The nurse turned from the window where she had been watching the rising sun over the fields of Annersley. She looked into Lady Mary's white, anxious face and smiled.

"The crisis is over," she whispered softly.



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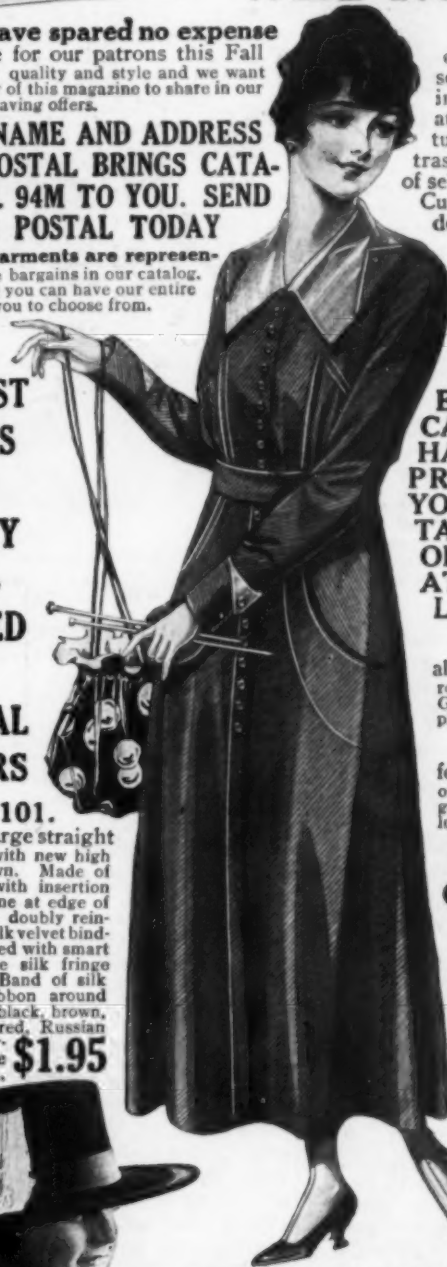
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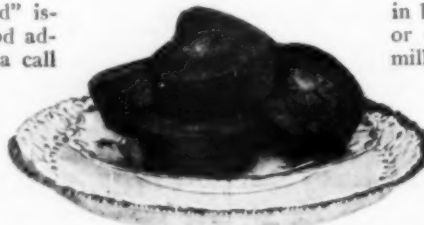
EVERY HOUSEWIFE CAN HELP WIN THE WAR BY PERSONAL SERVICE

By MARGARET B. FOULKS

The receipts here published have been submitted to the Food Administration and have been found to conform with its rulings in the wise and careful use of wheat, meat, butter fat, and milk, and in the substitution of other foods for the foods to be conserved. I am glad to approve these receipts as contributing to our common cause. The woman who follows them is doing her part in conserving the nation's food supply.

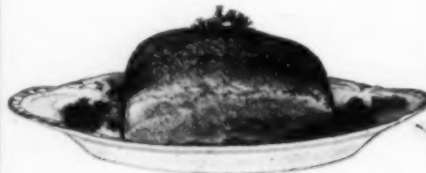
(Signed) *Herbert Hoover*

THE "Home Card" issued by the food administration is a call for the help and coöperation of every true American housewife. If the suggestions on the card are followed in every American home,



WAR MUFFINS OF STALE BREAD AND CORN-MEAL

in baking squash, eggplant or cheese dishes, and for milk toast, muffins, pancakes, and griddle cakes. This can be dried out when the oven is in use and then rolled or run through a chopper and put into a jar ready



HAMBURGER ROAST



CORN-MEAL BATTER BREAD

there will be a plentiful supply of food for ourselves and our allies. The quickest and only permanent way to solve the high cost of living and have food to spare is for each family, rich or poor, to buy and eat only the food they need and to eliminate every particle of waste.

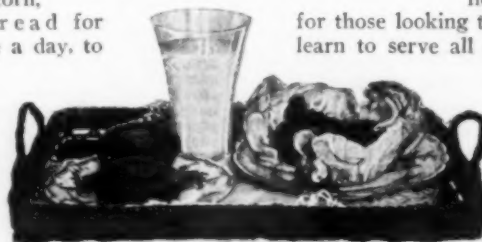
To substitute corn, rye, or barley bread for wheat bread once a day, to eat less meat, eliminate waste, and use a greater amount of fresh fruit and vegetables would seem good advice for times of peace as well as war.

Wheat bread will not be missed if an appetizing corn bread appears at breakfast, luncheon, or dinner. Rye or barley bread is also a pleasant change from wheat bread, and one of these used each day by every family in America means millions of bushels of wheat to send our allies. Left-over bread need not be wasted. It can be utilized in stuffing fish or chicken,

THE HOME CARD

Issued by the United States Food Administration

Save the Wheat
Save the Meat
Save the Milk
Save the Fats
Save the Sugar
Save the Fuel
Save the Perishable Foods
Use Local Supplies



A TEMPTING WAR-TIME LUNCHEON

for those looking to us for food. Also learn to serve all cuts of meat in the most appetizing ways.

Milk need never be wasted as it is quite as good for cooking purposes after souring or can be made into cheese which is a splendid substitute for meat. Fat in the form of butter and cream is a very healthful food and should be used on every table. To make this possible, use vegetable oils and fat for cooking and leave all rich pastry and fried foods out of the menus. Vegetables are best baked or steamed, to retain the minerals.

[Continued on page 97]

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THE "HOME CARD" MENU

[Continued from page 96]

The week of menus given was planned and used with the object of saving something each day without taking from the food value of the meals. Wheat bread is omitted from one meal each day; fish, chicken or the little-used cuts of meat called for; and one day no meat appears at any meal. Cakes are not iced, which saves the sugar for jelly and jam. Left-over milk is made into cottage cheese for sandwiches. When apple sauce or baked apples are used, jelly is made of the cores and parings. Corn bread is made with water or sour milk.

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST

Iced cantaloup
bread Creamed chipped beef
Milk or coffee

DINNER

Baked chicken Baked sweet potatoes
Corn paprika
Stuffed tomatoes on lettuce French dressing
Lemon sherbet Sunshine cake
Iced tea

SUPPER

Cottage cheese-lettuce-pimento sandwiches
Sunshine cake
Fruit Iced tea

MONDAY

BREAKFAST

Peaches
Creamed codfish on toast Boiled potatoes
Coffee or tea

LUNCHEON

Peanut butter sandwiches (crackers)
Baked apples Hot-water gingerbread
Iced tea

DINNER

Hamburger roast Iced watermelon
Buttered beets Rye bread Onion sauce
Lettuce French dressing Lima beans
Iced tea

TUESDAY

BREAKFAST

Cantaloup
Sautéd mush Rolls Coffee

LUNCHEON

Vegetable salad (beets, potatoes, beans)
Corn muffins Buttermilk

DINNER

Broiled fish Baked potatoes
Carrots Baked squash
Tomatoes on lettuce French dressing
Iced tea

WEDNESDAY

BREAKFAST

Apple sauce
Baked omelet Coffee or tea Graham biscuit

LUNCHEON

Sardine-and-lettuce sandwiches
Sponge drop cakes Iced tea Soft peaches

DINNER

Smothered chicken Brown sauce
Steamed rice Eggplant au gratin
Water corn bread
Fruit salad on lettuce Iced tea

[Continued on page 98]



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THE "HOME CARD" MENU

[Continued from page 97]

THURSDAY

BREAKFAST

Soft peaches on uncooked cereal Thin cream
Corn muffins Scrambled eggs
Coffee

LUNCHEON

Potato salad on lettuce
Rye bread-and-butter sandwiches Iced tea
Corn on cob

DINNER

Bean soufflé Baked bananas
Stuffed potatoes Okra and tomatoes
Frozen custard Wafers
Iced tea

FRIDAY

BREAKFAST

Uncooked cereal Top milk
Eggs-in-nests on toast Baked apples

LUNCHEON

Tomatoes and cottage-cheese on lettuce
French dressing
Bread-and-butter sandwiches
Peaches Iced tea

DINNER

Stuffed fish Tartar sauce
Steamed potatoes Green beans Corn pones
Cucumbers on lettuce French dressing
Lemon sherbet Wafers Iced tea

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST

Cantaloup Stale-bread muffins
Coffee

LUNCHEON

Cheese-lettuce-rye bread sandwiches
Baked peaches Iced tea

DINNER

Iced watermelon
Spanish eggs Stuffed potatoes
Creamed cabbage
Tomatoes and green pepper on lettuce
Iced tea

RECEIPTS USED IN MENUS

CORN-MEAL MUFFINS.—One cupful of white corn-meal, one egg, one cupful buttermilk, one-half teaspoonful each of salt, soda, and sugar, one tablespoonful of vegetable fat. Sift the dry ingredients together and rub fat into this. Beat egg until light, add buttermilk, and beat into dry ingredients. Pour into smoking-hot and well greased muffin-rings and bake quickly

CORN-MEAL-BATTER BREAD.—One cupful of white corn-meal, one and one-half cupfuls of boiling water, one cupful of buttermilk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of baking-powder, two eggs. Scald the meal with the boiling water, and stir until well blended. When cool, add the buttermilk and soda, baking-powder, and salt, then the eggs well beaten. Put two tablespoonfuls of vegetable fat in a baking-dish, and let it get smoking-hot. Pour the batter in and bake in a quick oven.

[Concluded on page 99]

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THE "HOME CARD" MENU

[Continued from page 98]

WATER CORN BREAD.—Two cupfuls of white corn-meal, three tablespoonfuls of bacon drippings, one teaspoonful of salt, one and a half cupfuls of water. Sift the meal and salt together, add the melted fat and stir until smooth. Wet the hands with cold water and shake the mixture into small pones. Brush a griddle over with fat, let it get smoking-hot, then place the pones on it. Bake in a moderate oven.

STALE-BREAD MUFFINS.—One cupful of softened bread, two teaspoonfuls of dark molasses, one egg, one-half cupful of buttermilk, one-third teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of melted fat, and corn-meal. After soaking bread in warm water until soft, measure one cupful, add the well-beaten egg, buttermilk, salt, molasses and fat. Stir in enough corn-meal to make batter consistency of cake mixture. Add soda, and beat thoroughly. Pour in smoking-hot muffin-rings and bake quickly.

LIMA BEAN SOUFFLÉ.—One cupful of strained bean pulp, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-half cupful of sweet milk, three eggs, one-half teaspoonful of paprika. Add milk to bean pulp, and heat. Remove from fire, and while hot add yolks of eggs and beat until smooth. When cool, add stiffly beaten whites and seasoning and bake in a deep, buttered dish.

SPONGE DROP CAKES.—Two eggs, one-half cupful of granulated sugar, one-half cupful of pastry flour, one-fourth teaspoonful of baking-powder, one-fourth teaspoonful of grated lemon-rind. Beat yolk of eggs until thick and lemon-colored, add sugar and lemon-rind. Sift flour and baking-powder three times, add to first mixture, fold in the stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Drop spoonful in bottom of ungreased muffin-rings and bake quickly.

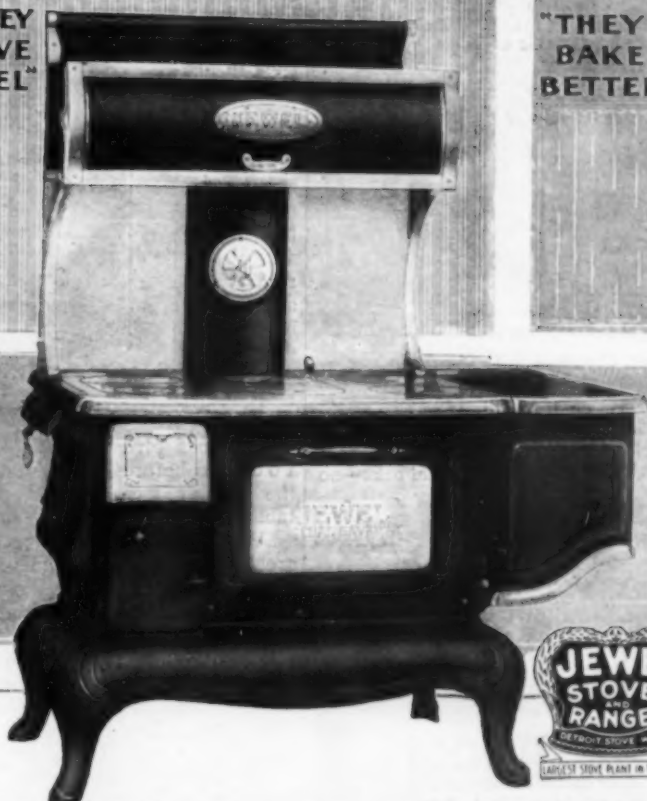
RYE BREAD.—One pint of boiling water, one and one-fourth teaspoonfuls of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of fat, one yeast-cake and three cupfuls of rye flour. Add sugar, salt, and fat to boiling water, cool until tepid, and add yeast softened in a little warm water. Beat in the rye flour, then add enough rye flour to make soft dough. Let raise until double in size, knead again with little white flour until all bubbles are out of dough. Place in greased bread-tins, bake in moderate oven about forty-five minutes.

PAPRIKA CORN.—Two cupfuls of fresh corn, three tablespoonfuls of beef-drippings, two teaspoonfuls of paprika, salt to taste. Cut corn from cob, add butter and seasoning, and pour into baking-dish. Bake in moderately hot oven thirty minutes.

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PLANNING THE HOME BEAUTIFUL

[Continued from page 12]

rugs in bedrooms that is justified from the standpoint of comfort and practicality. With an oblong rug at each side of the bed, or the pair of beds, one usually finds, nowadays, another extending across the foot or before the dressing-table.

While all high-grade floor-coverings are made from wool and are, in consequence, expensive, their wearing qualities are far superior to those made of cotton, grass and fiber. When selecting woolen rugs a safe rule to remember is that one is not paying for design or color, but for the quantity and quality of the wool woven into them. The best wool is imported. American wools, which are used extensively in carpet manufacture, are too soft and fine to be durable. Two rugs may look practically identical, yet one may contain a third more wool, and wool of better quality than the other, which insures just that much additional wearing quality. By "breaking" a rug—bending it sharply backward—one can tell whether it is a two- or three-shot weave. Any reliable dealer will explain the difference to you.

The weaves known as Wilton, Axminster, velvet, chenille, and velours have superseded the body Brussels type in popular favor. The former are woven over slender steel wires, forming a loop, which is cut, leaving a soft, long-fibered pile; the latter is composed of a mass of wiry, uncut tufts.

In domestic rugs, which, by the way, may be imported, and are so called to distinguish them from Orientals, there are three types from which to choose floor-coverings suitable for the down-stairs living-rooms of a house. There are plain colors, which include rugs with a two-toned border, and figured rugs which



RUGS OF GRASS, PAPER, LINEN, FIBER, RAGS, AND CRETONNE ARE EXCELLENT WITH WICKER WARE. (SEE ALSO PHOTOGRAPH BELOW)

may be divided into two classes; those having purely domestic designs and colorings and those imitating Orientals. In high-priced rugs these imitations are unquestionably beautiful. In them, much of the color and silky sheen of the

genuine has been faithfully reproduced and, probably, at less than one-third the cost of the original. There are people who, when they cannot afford diamonds, scorn rhinestones. There are others who, if they cannot have diamonds, accept substitutes rather than be deprived of all glitter. So, as far as good taste is concerned, the question becomes one of personal conviction rather than arbitrary rule.

For the up-stairs rooms there are so many beautiful rugs in novelty weaves and fabrics that there is little excuse for any floor being unattractively or unsuitably covered. Such rugs are made of grass, paper, linen, fiber, rags, and cretonne, all of which are inexpensive, serviceable and artistic. Most of them are made in large sizes to cover the room. Since there is no long pile to be matted down by heavy furniture which must be moved frequently, their use in bedrooms, especially where the floors are not of hardwood, solves an often difficult problem.

Among rugs of this type, reversible linen-flax and wool-fiber are the most expensive, but, because of the wearing qualities of the linen and wool woven into them, to reinforce the materials with which they are combined, the first cost is justified by service. A nine-by-twelve flax rug costs about thirty-five dollars, while a wool-fiber the same size sells for less than half that price.

For year-round bedroom use, the wool fiber is ideal as it combines the virtues of



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PLANNING THE HOME BEAUTIFUL

[Continued from page 100]

both types; the fiber making it lightweight and easily handled, and the wool giving warmth and softness and the semblance of a heavier quality. Many of these have plain centers in neutral tints and a Chinese effect in the border. A delightful bedroom recently furnished contained a wool-fiber rug in wistaria, with hangings of light olive green. The popular colors this season in this type of rug are light blue, rose, golden brown, fawn, and gray.

It is difficult to believe that prairie grass can be transformed into such ravishing floor-coverings as one finds in the stores for amazingly low prices. These are not comparable to the coarse, fibrous grass rug of stereotyped design so long on the market. They come in all the delicate shades, some with Japanese arbor effects, some in Egyptian patterns, and others with conventionalized borders. Such rugs, in a nine-by-twelve size, cost nine dollars. For the summer living-room, or sun parlor, they are ideal. Being reversible, they give double service.

Hand-woven cretonne rugs are the latest addition to the rag-rug family, and, in them there remains fascinating suggestions of the original patterns in the superb colorings usually found in this material. Because of the frequent cleaning necessary for rag rugs, manufacturers are making alluring ones in grays, tans, and black-and-white mixtures. A rag rug with a steel-gray background and a silver-gray and rose border will not show soil, and contributes to a sleeping-room an almost Puritanical serenity. Those of black and white, hit-or-miss weave, with a black-and-white checkerboard border shot with color, will make a room brisk and tonicky, especially if the color-scheme is carried out in the draperies.

"Grandmother" rugs, as the oval braided ones are called, tempt one because of their quaint shape and suggestion of snug domesticity. Adroitly placed, they are charming; but, because of their unusual shape, they possess dangerous possibilities for the unwary. The small ones, suitable for use before dressing-tables, at bedsides, and before the hearth, are comparatively easy to manage. Those ten or twelve feet long are more difficult. They may be used to advantage in a long, narrow room or in a room where there is a bay window. Carpeting a bay is always more or less of a problem which can often be solved by the use of a long oval rug, which has the happy faculty of taking the bay into the family, so to speak. Rugs of this shape are now being made of the various materials used in the manufacture of floor-coverings.

The problem of Domestic versus Oriental is one that comes to almost every

[Concluded on page 103]

The Inspiration of a Woman's Needs Produced this New Kind of a Sewing Machine



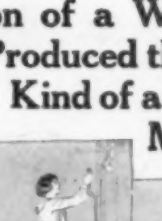
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YOUR SHARE

[Continued from page 8]

Red Cross resembles a railroad, express, or telephone company with its branches all over the country. We shall utilize these branches as the centers for our work, and from them we shall direct, not merely the making, but the mobilizing of the millions of articles to be shipped to our troops at home and abroad.

Only the other day, cables came from France calling for three hundred and fifty thousand bathrobes and convalescent gowns, one hundred thousand pairs of bed socks, seven hundred thousand handkerchiefs, six hundred and fifty thousand hospital bed shirts, eight hundred thousand pairs of socks, four hundred and fifty thousand suits of pajamas, two hundred and fifty thousand pairs of war slippers, three hundred thousand shoulder wraps.

These are numbers almost past the imagination of the woman who thinks of the army in terms of sons—a blue-eyed boy from South Carolina, or of a stalwart young aviator from Maine. But the Woman's Bureau is to be the bureau of all the women of America. It must think in terms of millions of men, and in the needs of whole armies, our own and those of Belgium, France, Russia, Serbia, England, Rumania, Portugal, Japan, Italy, Servia, Montenegro, all who wage the common battle of the Allied cause.

The task before us is colossal. Only with the most careful planning can we hope to do our best. The Woman's Bureau has been asked to standardize all the knitted articles and all hospital supplies. That means that we must study every demand from the hospitals of Europe. We have already sent two of our own agents to find these things out for us. If we arrange to send the doctors in our base hospitals the kinds of supplies that they, not we, know to be the best and handled with the least trouble, it is as though we added an extra doctor to a hospital staff. In the same way, every child's garment that we send to France may take the weight of worry from some mother who has taken her husband's place in the shop or factory.

Fortunately, we have gone to work with the experience of the French, Belgian, and British Red Cross societies before us. We have thoroughly investigated the price and quality of materials available for us to work with. Already we have arranged, through the Red Cross supply department, for a reserve of from eight hundred thousand to one million pounds of wool with which our women can knit helmets, sweaters, mittens, and socks for the men who, this winter, may be serving in the treacherous valleys of the Vosges, or braving the storms of winter seas. We have already published two manuals on the making of standardized

[Concluded on page 103]

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YOUR SHARE

[Continued from page 102]

garments. Every Red Cross chapter is being supplied with these, while traveling exhibits of perfectly finished articles are to be sent about the country to serve as models of instruction.

No doubt, the sewing of garments will sometimes seem hard and dull. But it will never seem hard to the woman who really knows what war means, or to the women who have said good-by to their sons.

No letters can ever mean to the boy more than the muffler knitted by his mother's fingers—or somebody else's mother's—will mean when the wind tears and chills the trooper's face in the icy rain and blinding storms of northern France. Every muffler will be a sign to the man "out there." It will bring to his mind a picture of the home side of the Atlantic, of a fireside once happy * * * of dear eyes. He will see them bent on stitches * * * twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two * * * he will hear a voice that he loves counting as the gray yarn follows the flashing needles.

Later we may undertake, as a part of the Woman's Bureau, to enlist for service the twenty-two million school children of America. If they are to learn the lessons that war brings and find their proper patriotic tasks, they must be given only pieces of work suited to their powers of making things. They must be taught to cherish materials and to give work that is never less than their best.

But for the present, it is women's work that the Bureau will hope to standardize. We are finding out now at Washington the best and quickest way of making the articles needed. Women over the whole country will have their patterns ready for them, approved by the Bureau, and the work to be done by the loyal women of America for the Army and Navy of their land will surely be new cause for the faith our men had in us when they gave us this responsibility.

PLANNING THE HOME BEAUTIFUL

[Continued from page 101]

other woman about to plan her home. Usually, practical common-sense, abetted by a modest pocketbook, defends the domestic weaves, while artistic instinct and love of beauty plead for the Orientals. There is much to be said in favor of both, however, and the decision must finally rest on the family treasurer and on the type of house the rugs are to furnish.

Editor's Note.—When your home-furnishing becomes a problem write us, enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope. We are always ready and glad to help.



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THE CARE OF HOME PLUMBING

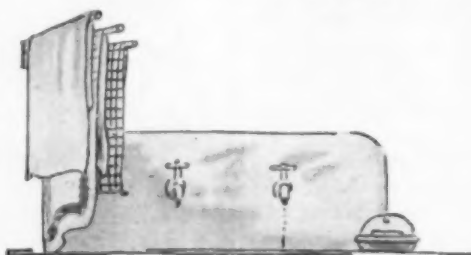
By BERTHA B. TROXELL

EVER since we have been keeping house, which is over eight years, husband has been the proverbial "handy man about the house." I have never had to bother my head about leak-

ing spigots, stopped up drains, or any of the petty annoyances which are bound to crop up in the best-regulated household. Never having had any mechanical inclinations whatever, and husband having been born with them, he naturally attended to these matters and I made no attempt whatever to learn anything about them. If anything got out of order during the day, George fixed it when he came home in the evening while I washed the dinner dishes, utterly unconcerned as to how the mending was done, just so it was done. But when George's firm sent him traveling last year, things were different. It seemed to me that something was always out of order, and as George only got home over week-ends, he spent most of his time doing odd jobs. George is a very good-natured husband and likes to work, but after two or three Sundays of odd jobs he rebelled. One Sunday, after a particularly hard week, I asked him to fix the cold-water spigot in the kitchen sink. This had been dripping all week and was making a nasty yellow mark in the porcelain. George became quite peeved when I asked him and said he thought I might do a little thing like that myself when the washers were hanging on a nail in the laundry where I saw them every day. The truth of the matter was I didn't know a washer when I saw one, but I didn't tell George that. Instead I asked him very meekly if he would show me how to put one on. That morning, I received my first lesson in practical plumbing. I was

amazed to find out how easy it was to put on a new washer. Dripping water makes me nervous and I hate yellow spots in the sink—it takes work to remove them successfully without the use of acids. George

said in a rather disgusted tone, "Any woman with ordinary intelligence and strength could do a little thing like that," so I determined to show George that I had, at least, ordinary intelligence, and asked him to write out a list of directions for all plumbing emergencies. After a few more Sundays of odd jobs and a little coaxing, George made out the list. It seemed a whole lot to learn at first, but I pinned it to the kitchen wall and studied it between times, and now I am a first-rate plumber's assistant and George spends his week-ends



SAVING A PLUMBER'S BILL

in peace. Any woman who really tries can do what I have done and save herself many annoyances and plumber's bills, not to mention the waste of water.

To keep the plumbing system of any ordinary house in smooth running order, care should be taken of the spigots, drains, toilets, and pipes. Of course, all plumbing fixtures are not alike, but I think that these suggestions will fit almost any house.

Leaking spigots are annoying and wasteful. For the expenditure of one cent and a little time a leaking spigot can usually be fixed. The dripping of water from a spigot usually means that the washer is worn out. The washer is a small, round, flat piece of rubber composition with a small hole in the center. To find the washer, it is necessary to remove the top part of the spigot. The first thing to do is to turn off the water flowing into the pipes which feed these spigots. It is

[Continued on page 105]

THE CARE OF HOME PLUMBING

[Continued from page 104]

not at all difficult to find these "turn stops" in the cellar and discover which pipes they control. If you cannot do this, turn the water off altogether while you are doing this repairing. It is a very simple matter to turn it on again. After the water has been turned off, adjust a small monkey-wrench to fit the cap of the spigot through which the handle extends and turn until the cap slides up on the stem. Then turn the handle as when turning on the water and the top will come out. On the end of the stem will be found the washer held on by a small screw. Remove the screw and then the washer and replace with a new one and reverse the whole operation. This usually corrects the trouble. If the first washer does not do it, try another, as sometimes there is a slight difference in thickness. If this does not correct the trouble, there is something radically wrong with the spigot. These washers cost one cent each or ten cents a dozen. If you have no washer, cut one out of an old rubber for a temporary repair.

The drain in the kitchen sink is in most households a very much abused article. It is asked to "digest" many things which do not agree with it. Consequently, it very often becomes stopped up and refuses to "swallow" even water. In this event there are two or three "cures." The most simple one is to allow about two inches of water to flow into the sink. Then place an empty vegetable can or similar utensil over the outlet—the open end down, of course—and move up and down quickly, causing suction. Nine times out of ten, this will cause the water to flow out quickly. If this fails, then look under the sink for an S-shaped pipe lying on its side. Remove the screw from the bottom of this "goose-neck;" place a bucket under it to catch the water, and probe for the obstruction with a piece of wire. This almost always proves successful. After removing the obstruction and replacing the screw, pour boiling hot soda water into the drain and there will usually be no further trouble. It is well to use the soda water frequently as it is almost impossible to keep some grease from going into the drain pipe. Coffee grounds, not pulverized, will not stop up a sink but, to the contrary, are quite beneficial if used with a great deal of water as they cut the grease. Chloride of lime should be used now and then as a disinfectant, but great care should be used to wash out the sink thoroughly afterward. Borax and hot water are perhaps safer.

If the drains in the tubs, wash basins, and bathtubs ever become stopped up, take an ordinary wire hair-

[Continued on page 106]

"The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," but the hand that spends most of its time rubbing and scrubbing has little chance to rock the cradle."

WHAT chance has a woman to care for children, or do anything else, when long hours of washing and cleaning stare her in the face?

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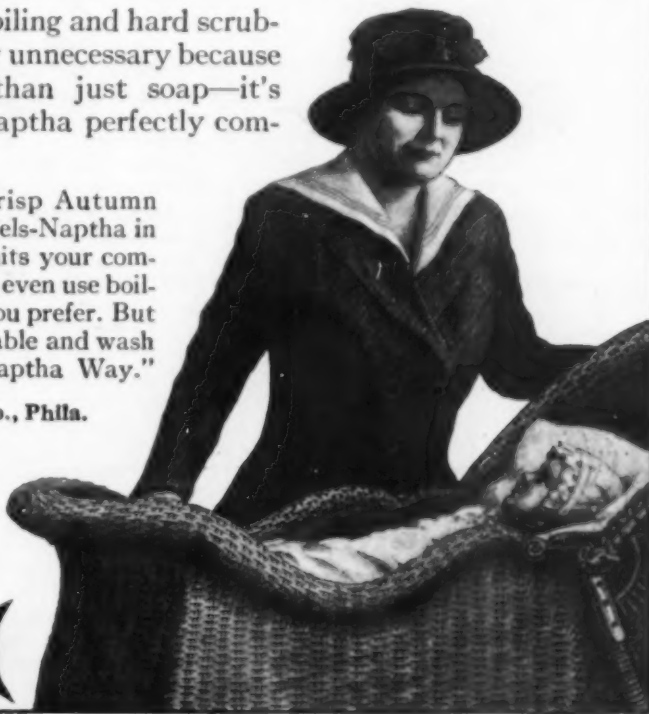
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"The Range with a Reputation"

One quality; many styles and sizes. There is a Majestic dealer in every county of 41 States. Send for free booklet and name of dealer near you.
Majestic Manufacturing Co.
Dept. 128, St. Louis, Mo.

President's Proclamation
—every housewife who practices strict economy puts herself in the ranks of those who serve the nation. In
have taken time
to make good the
made during war
days and during times



John Wanamaker
NEW YORK

All American families living in towns or cities away from New York Who cannot find in their own stores the fashions they want Ought to consider having a Wanamaker Catalog in their homes.

Your copy of this Fall Fashion Catalog (war-time edition) showing many specials at economical war-time prices will be sent upon request.

Write today asking for Catalog DD

John Wanamaker, New York.



Sprinkle a little 3-in-One on some cheese-cloth. Let it stand a short time until the oil permeates every part of the cloth. Then you have a real, sanitary Dustless Dusting Cloth.

"3-in-One Dusting Cloths are ridiculously low in cost and far superior to any I can buy for 25c to \$1.00." Mrs. T. F. Hussa, New Jersey.

Try 3-IN-ONE FREE. Write for generous free sample, Dustless Dusting Circular and the 3-in-One Dictionary—all free to you. Write today!

Sold in all good stores in 3 size bottles: 15c (1 oz.), 50c (3 oz.), 80c (8 oz., 1/2 pint). Also in the Handy Oil Can, 3 oz., 85c.

3-IN-ONE OIL CO.

165 DW. Broadway New York City

What Is Hair Style?

Fashioning the hair this way or that counts for naught unless it is soft, and radiant with health.

Pétrole Hahn, containing natural Petroleum (delicately perfumed), enriches, stimulates and cleanses the hair. Seek beauty of the hair first, then Style is easy. Sizes \$1.50 and \$1.00. At dealers or by parcel post.

PARK & TILFORD, Sole Agents, New York

"The Crowning Glory"—a fascinating little brochure, sent free on request.

Pétrole Hahn

THE CARE OF HOME PLUMBING

[Continued from page 105]

pin, straighten it out, and then bend the end to form a small hook. Underneath the little grating is a sort of trap and this you will probably find full of hair, lint ravelings from clothes, and a great deal of soft soap mixed with them. After removing all that it is possible to get, use the hot soda water and you will find the water running out much more quickly.

If the outside drains become stopped up, they can be treated in much the same way after removing the grate over the drain pipe. However, a much heavier and longer piece of wire must be used.

In nearly all modern houses the water-tank which supplies the water for flushing the toilet, is placed directly above the hopper so that it is easy of access. If it is at all possible for you to see the inside of the tank, minor repairs are very easily made. The most frequent trouble I have had with my toilets is the continuous running of water—that is, after the hopper has been flushed, the water continues to run into the bowl in a small stream. By removing the top of the tank, you can tell at once if the ball system is used. In my locality they are used almost exclusively. The construction of these tanks is very simple. There are two balls in the tank—one a tin arrangement which floats on the top of the water, and the other a rubber ball which is at the bottom of the tank. This rubber ball is attached to an upright rod and, as the tank fills with water, automatically closes the valve of the supply pipe and causes the water to stop flowing. By simply pressing the upright rod down about a half-inch, thereby closing the valve more firmly, this trouble is usually eliminated.

ANOTHER cause of running water is a worn out or poorly fitted rubber ball. This may be replaced with a new one by unscrewing the small L-shaped rod to which it is attached, removing the old ball and putting on the new one. If both these remedies fail, an experienced plumber should be consulted as the construction of the intake valve is too complicated to be understood by the laywoman.

Great care should be taken to avoid the throwing of waste articles into the toilets. Nothing should be thrown into them except tissue or thin crêpe paper. The waste pipes are necessarily small in diameter and they become clogged very easily. Long-handled stiff brushes especially made for toilets may be purchased for a small amount and are most satisfactory for keeping the bowl clean and white. Chloride of lime or any other stainless disinfectant should be used frequently.

Often when the water is turned on, we are very much startled at a grinding and

[Concluded on page 107]

McCALL'S Will Give \$150.00 To Your CHURCH or Society

If you realized how much McCall's "Church-Fund-Raising Plan" has meant to ten thousand other Churches and Societies, and how much it may mean to yours, you and every woman interested in promoting the welfare of your Church would write to us to-day for free particulars of our remarkable Fund-Raising Plan, and our still more remarkable offer to your Church. Also an ideal plan to help raise money for the Red Cross. No obligation if you write. Address:

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GLOW NIGHT LAMPS



The most convenient night light for the bathroom, the hall, the bedroom, or anywhere in the house—is the Glow Lamp. It is artistic. It is odorless. It is safe. And it is inexpensive—giving a steady white flame for 200 hours on a single cent's worth of Kerosene. Its price is only \$1.00—delivery free. Money back if not absolutely satisfied. Free book on request.

H. C. McFaddin & Co., 31 Warren Street, New York

200 Hours of Light for One Cent

Be A Nurse

Earn \$15 to \$25 per week

Thousands are taking up this congenial respected vocation. Offers unusual social advantages. Excellent income. Any woman of 18 or over can learn under our simple, perfected system.

LEARN AT HOME

Our system founded 1902 is endorsed by leading physicians. Dr. Perkins, the founder, will personally instruct you, assure thorough training yet saves a lot of time. Low tuition; small monthly payments. Send for 32 lesson pages and large illustrated catalog today—ALL FREE upon request. Write now.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING—Est. 1902. 116 N. Michigan Boulevard Chicago

AGENTS: \$15 A WEEK IN YOUR SPARE TIME

By introducing our One-Year Guaranteed Healers for men, women and children. Must wear one year or replaced free. Agents having wonderful success. Mrs. Schurman averages \$60 a month with two hours' work a day. Mrs. McClure working full time made over \$200 first month. Mrs. Perry made \$27 a week in afternoons. Sworn proof. Every home a prospect. Build up a big business. Sell every day in the year. Often sell one dozen pairs to one family. Repeat orders will make you a steady income. Finest line on the market. Write today for terms and free sample to workers.

Thomas Mfg. Co. 3003 Elk St. Dayton, O.

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every Deaf Person Knows That. I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address

GEO. F. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)
13 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

THE CARE OF HOME PLUMBING

[Continued from page 106]

banging noise. If you are familiar with your cellar, you will have noticed that the water pipes are suspended from the floor joists and invariably tight against one joist and some distance away from the next. This grinding noise is caused by the pressure of the water in the pipes, which makes them spring slightly when the water is turned on and off. This may be remedied by placing pieces of felt between the pipes and the joists which will act as buffers and banish unpleasant sounds.

The sweating and consequent dripping of water from overhead pipes is very objectionable. This is caused by the condensation of the air due to the difference of the temperature of the pipe and the air. To eliminate this trouble, purchase from your hardware man some sheet asbestos and wrap the pipes. This will insulate them against the action of the outside air. Freezing of pipes exposed to extreme cold may be prevented in the same way.

THE ADVENTURES OF ALFRED

[Continued from page 72]

think the reason so many of us like to drive is because it tickles our vanity!

But it didn't tickle my vanity to take Alfred out the way he was looking, and I determined to give him a fine grooming before my family had a glimpse of him. So I ran him into the barn and shut the door and went to work.

First off, the little duffer got a bath—a cold sponge bath without any soap, because I hadn't supplied myself with the kind to use on autos. The paint on his dull olive body and black wheels and guards was in good condition when it could be seen. After it was dry, I sprayed it with furniture polish (which you can make a lot cheaper than it can be bought) and left it to dry. Before all this, of course, the cushions and upholstery had come in for a thorough cleaning, and I daubed shoe-blackening on the worn places.

After polishing the metal parts, I fetched out a can of white tire-paint—and when I was through, Alfred certainly did look sporty. Father came along and poked his head in the door and said: "Why, daughter, I thought you were going to buy a second-hand car—this is a new one!"

A garage man tells me that if I will put out a few dollars on canvas seat-covers, I can use the car all the fall and then sell it for more than I gave. As the men say, it's a good "spec." That is another phase of the adventure!



HELP CONSERVE The Nation's Rations

The American Housewives are the first line of defense in the war against waste.

Women of America cannot control food prices, but they can help to prevent food waste. Food saving is imperative, and these three UNIVERSAL Home Needs will help you to do your bit.

UNIVERSAL

Bread Maker Food Chopper Percolator

Home-made bread is more nutritious than baker's bread and costs less. With the UNIVERSAL Bread Maker there is no waste of materials, and the mixing and kneading is done in three minutes. Four sizes, \$2.00 to \$3.50.

turns the left-over pieces of meat, vegetables, fruits, etc., into delicious, nutritious dishes. Eliminates waste, cuts down your food bill and saves you time and work. Soon saves its cost in the food it saves. \$1.35 to \$2.75.

The UNIVERSAL uses about one-third less coffee than is ordinarily used, thus conserving the supply—saving you money and providing a more delicious and healthful beverage every day. \$3.25 and upward.

Ask your dealer for a demonstration of the appliances, and see for yourself the fourfold economy—saving of food, saving of time, saving of work, saving of money.

On Sale at Good Stores Everywhere. Write to Dept. No. 535 for Free Booklets.

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK New Britain, Conn.

SO-E-Z

TRADE MARK

THE SPRING SNAP FASTENER WITH THE TURTLE-BACK

THAT curved back allows room for and prevents cutting of thread, yet lies flat (no knobs to protrude). Large oblong holes make sewing on SO-E-Z. Rolled edge prevents fraying of even the most delicate material. SO-E-Z holds tight. SO-E-Z

are American made and individually inspected. For satisfaction seek the turtle back card, inc. Or if you can't get it, order by mail (state size and color), in which event you get FREE a SO-E-Z Memory Reminder. Very useful.

Made by The Autrey Co.
A. L. CLARK & CO., Inc., Sole Distributors,
652 T. Broadway, New York City.

SO-E-Z TO OPEN

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Made in U.S.A. silver and fast black.

Prophylactic is the

ONE Tooth Brush in universal use! today—everywhere

This New Range Is A Wonder For Cooking

Although it is less than four feet long it can do every kind of cooking for any ordinary family by gas in warm weather, or by coal or wood when the kitchen needs heating.



There is absolutely no danger in this combination, as the gas section is as entirely separate from the coal section as if placed in another part of the kitchen.

Note the two gas ovens above—one for baking, glass paneled and one for broiling, with white enamel door.

Gold Medal Glenwood

The large oven below has the Indicator and is heated by coal or wood. See the cooking surface when you want to rush things—five burners for gas and four covers for coal.

When in a hurry both coal and gas ovens can be operated at the same time, using one for meats and the other for pastry—It

"Makes Cooking Easy"

Write for handsome free booklet 126 that tells all about it.

Weir Stove Co., Taunton, Mass.

Makers of the Celebrated Glenwood Coal, Wood and Gas Ranges, Heating Stoves and Furnaces.



Plays All Disc Records

Victor, Columbia, Edison, Pathe, Emerson, Little Wonder Big as similar instruments selling for \$20. Our price much less. Sent anywhere for 30 days' trial. Get the Beautifully Illustrated Symphonola Catalog. Shows this and other beautiful styles.

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With it you'll enjoy the best Popular, Patriotic, Dance, Classical, Operatic, Sacred, Band records made by the world's greatest musicians. Write for offer today.

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Conducted by HELEN HOPKINS

A SUET HINT.—If a teacup of sweet milk is added to about three pounds of suet (or added in proportion to the amount of suet) at the time it is being rendered, there will be no odor of melting fat, as is otherwise sure to be the case. The milk also serves to render the suet beautifully white and prevents it from crumbling.—A. M., New York, New York.

TO GIVE LONG LIFE TO GARBAGE PAILS AND ICE-WATER PANS.—All tin or zinc receptacles are subject to rust if not properly cared for from the time they are new. To insure long life to such containers, clean and dry them thoroughly and give the surface inside and outside a coat of red-lead paint. When this is dry, cover it with a coat of flat white paint, and lastly, a coat of white enamel. If this treatment is given pails or pans once a year, they will never rust and their wearing value will be tripled.—Mrs. R. P. M., Brooklyn, New York.

TO CLEAN WHITE WOODWORK.—Most soaps deaden the luster of enameled woodwork, and yet some agency besides water is necessary to remove the dirt. To clean woodwork without injury to the polished surface, use one tablespoonful of kerosene to one quart of equal parts of milk and water, heated, and polish immediately with a soft rag. The oily substance of the milk seems to neutralize any harmful effect of the kerosene used alone, and leaves a bright permanent gloss.—Mrs. L. H. O., Greencastle, Indiana.

TO REMOVE ONION ODOR.—Rub the hands on a stick of celery after peeling onions, and the odor will be entirely removed.—A. O., New York City, New York.

TO KEEP YOUR CHIMNEY CLEAN.—Instead of throwing away the old-style tops of Mason jars, keep them in a convenient place, and every little while burn one in your kitchen range. The zinc, in burning, forms a gas, which clears the stovepipe and chimney. This is a good way to use the tops which are no longer

useful as such, and performs a welcome service at the same time.—M. H. N., Spokane, Washington.

WHEN WASHING DISHES.—Never place the handles of any riveted knife in the water, or the blade will become loosened. Use a quart measure or other pitcher and fill with hot water and a pinch of washing-powder. First clean the blade with a cork and cleanser, then stand it upright in the pitcher; wash, after the other dishes are finished, in clear rinsing water.—C. F. N., New York City, New York.

TO PREVENT BLUING FROM STREAKING.—To prevent clothes from becoming streaked with bluing when the latter is added to water that is hard, mix the bluing first with hot water before adding it to the final rinsing.—Mrs. C. L. H., Fort Morgan Colorado.

CHOPPING HINT.—When chopping dates, citron, or raisins for cake or other pastry, mix in with the ingredients a portion of the flour which is to be used in the baking. This prevents the fruit from sticking to the chopper. It is an especially commendable precaution to take when making fruit cake.—D. J. M., Sacramento, California.

AN IMPROVED METAL POLISH.—To keep the metal of pipes, faucets, and other brass or lacquer ware bright and shining, cleanse it thoroughly with the usual metal polish and then paint the polished surface with a coating of banana oil which may be obtained at any hardware store. The oil seems to act as a preservative on the polish and triples its endurance.—M. O., Brooklyn, New York.

Editor's Note.—We want your best ideas and suggestions for every phase of the home woman's activities. We will pay one dollar for each available contribution. Ideas which have appeared in print or are not original with the sender cannot be accepted. Unaccepted manuscripts which enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope will be returned.

*-and you'll spend less
time at your kitchen sink*



ONE TABLESPOONFUL
**JUST
ENOUGH**



Let your skin really breathe at night

Powder by day as often as you like, but if you really want the charm of "a skin you love to touch," do, do let your skin breathe at night

If you care for the looks of your skin, if you really want a clear, fresh complexion, don't go to bed a single night with powder flakes and the dust and grime of the day still lodged in the delicate pores of your face.

Use this special Woodbury treatment regularly each night and see what a wonderful difference it will make in your skin.

Dip a cloth in warm water and hold it to the face until the skin is damp. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and go over your face *with the cake itself*. Then dip your hands in warm water and with the tips of your fingers work up a lather from the soap left on your face. Rub this cleansing, antiseptic lather thoroughly into the pores of your skin, always with an upward and out-

ward motion. Rinse thoroughly with warm water, then with cold. If possible rub your face for a few minutes with a *piece of ice*.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap today and begin tonight this famous skin treatment. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks.

Send now for a week's-size cake

If you would like a sample of Woodbury's Facial Soap, send 4c and we will send you a cake large enough for a week's use. Write today! Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., 1510 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

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